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SCOTTISH POEMS

OF

ROBERT BURNS

In his Native Dialect

BY

SIR JAMES WILSON, K.C.S.I., M.A. EDIN.

AUTHOR OF 'THE DIALECT OF ROBERT BURNS AS SPOKEN IN CENTRAL AYRSHIRE'

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FOREWORD

This volume is an extension, or rather an adaptation for a specific purpose, of the plan adopted by the author in his recently published work *The Dialect of Robert Burns as Spoken in Central Ayrshire*, in which he gives examples of the spelling and pronunciation of Ayrshire words embedded in the proverbs and common sayings of the people, in idiomatic expressions, and in some of the poems and songs of Burns. This new volume is confined to the last of these lingual storehouses, the evident intention being to enable English speakers everywhere to pronounce the Ayrshire tongue as Burns himself spoke it, and at the same time to grasp the full meaning of word and phrase, not by the usual and frequently futile method of glossarial synonyms, but by a free translation in English of the whole text, line by line and stanza by stanza. The first of these objects is attained by the use of a few simple phonetic symbols which can be mastered in a few minutes. Having been favoured with a perusal of the proof-sheets, we are enabled to testify to the effectiveness of these symbols in reproducing with remarkable fidelity the characteristics of the language of Burns, which is still spoken with little or no change in the parishes of Tarbolton, Mauchline, and the middle district of Ayrshire generally. In fact, the phonetic versions submitted are so successful throughout as to confer a special value on the volume apart from everything else. The second object was a hazardous undertaking, in pursuance of which the sensible course of excluding any attempt at rhyme or even rhythm has been followed, and the reader presented with an impressionist rendering of the text in plain Anglo-Saxon, without superfluous verbiage or unnecessary paraphrasing. The text of the principal pieces selected is taken from the Kilmarnock edition edited by Burns himself, which, however, contains only three of his songs. For the text of the songs other authorities have consequently been consulted, the selection

being apparently guided by their suitability as typical examples of the vernacular. This was unavoidable in a work in which every item selected demanded three times the usual space. A larger proportion of Burns's lyrics than is generally supposed do not lend themselves to this method of treatment, and are best left as Burns wrote them, for the all-sufficient reason that the few and unimportant Scots words they contain present little difficulty to the general reader. Burns's marvellous conversational powers were demonstrated in the lingual vehicle of cultured Edinburgh, and there is convincing evidence in not a few of his lyrics that he, deliberately and of set purpose, reduced his use of the vernacular to the lowest possible minimum.

To all desirous of acquiring some knowledge of the ' raucle tongue ' of Burns and its proper pronunciation, we would suggest a reading of the translations concurrently with the original text, followed by a careful study of the phonetic versions after the guiding symbols have been mastered.

D. McNAUGHT, LL.D.

KILMAURS,
June 1st, 1924.

INTRODUCTION

When Robert Burns published at Kilmarnock in 1786 the First Edition of his *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect,* he was twenty-seven years old, and had lived practically the whole of his life in Central Ayrshire between Ayr and Mauchline (Mawkhlin). Most of those early poems he had written at the farms of Lochlea (Loakhlie) and Mossgiel (Musgeel), within four miles of the village of Tarbolton (Turbowtun), which was his social centre during the greater part of that period. He says in his Preface, speaking of himself, 'Unacquainted with the necessary requisites for commencing Poet by rule, he sings the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers around him, in his and their native language.' I have therefore made a study of the present speech of old residents of Tarbolton, who have always lived in that neighbourhood and habitually spoken Scotch. There cannot have been any very great change in the ordinary speech of the country-folk since Burns's day; and at all events this is the best means now available of arriving at an idea of how he himself spoke, and pronounced his Scotch verses.

The result of my study, in which I received very valuable help, among others, from Dr. D. McNaught, the veteran ex-President of the Burns Federation, will be found in my book on *The Dialect of Robert Burns as Spoken in Central Ayrshire,* published by the Oxford University Press. In that book I have given the present pronunciation in Central Ayrshire of most of the words commonly used in everyday speech, as well as of the less common words used by Burns in his Scotch poems, spelt phonetically in such a way as to suggest the pronunciation to the ordinary reader of standard English; compared the Ayrshire pronunciation word for word with that of standard English; and discussed the grammar and idiom of Ayrshire Scotch.

Burns unfortunately followed the traditional method of

writing Scotch by basing his system of spelling on the spelling of standard English, often adopting the English spelling as it stands, although the pronunciation of the word in Scotch may be very different. For instance, he writes *out* for the Ayrshire ' oot '—*house* for ' hoos '—*father* for ' faithur '—*part* for ' pairt '—*where* for ' hwawr '—*was* for ' wiz '—*moon* for ' min '—*soon* for ' shin '—*fought* for ' foakht '—*brought* for ' broakht '—*mornin* for ' moarnin ' —*ill* for ' ull '—*milk* for ' mulk '. In his First Edition he says that the termination of the present participle in Scotch is ' an ' or ' in ' instead of the English ' ing ' ; but he himself in the Scotch poems in that edition does not adhere closely to this rule, and in his later editions he generally drops the distinction and often spells both the present participle and the verbal noun as ending in the English ' ing ', although in all Scotch dialects the termination is pronounced ' in ' or ' un ', not ' ing '. Most people become slaves to the printed word, and the consequence of this system of spelling is that even a Scotch reader of Burns's Scotch poems is apt to pronounce them as if they were a mixture of standard English and Scotch, and readers, especially if they are not themselves familiar with any Scotch dialect, get no true idea from the printed words as to how Burns himself and his neighbours pronounced them.

Many admirers of Burns, not only in England and abroad, but even in Scotland itself, have not a sufficient knowledge of vernacular Scotch to enable them to understand the meaning of his Scotch poems without the use of a dictionary, and even with such help fail to thoroughly appreciate the humour and pathos of those poems. In order to assist such students and to spread a more accurate knowledge of Scotch dialects, I have in this book given most of Burns's best-known Scotch poems and songs (1) as they are usually printed ; (2) with each word spelt as it is now pronounced in Central Ayrshire ; and (3) translated into ordinary English prose.

In his Scotch poems and songs Burns often introduces verses which he obviously meant to be pronounced as standard English. I have left such verses as they stand.

Sometimes it is doubtful how far he meant his verses to be pronounced in English or in Scotch, and probably he himself would make them more English in reading them to a refined Edinburgh audience than when reading them to his friends and cronies in Central Ayrshire. I have, in the phonetic rendering, given those verses in the broad Ayrshire dialect, leaving it to each reader to decide for himself how far, in reading or in singing, he will give them a more or less Scotch or English character.

I am indebted to Dr. D. McNaught of Kilmaurs, a life-long student of Burns; to Mr. George Strathairn, a native of Central Ayrshire, formerly Rector of Morrison's Academy, Crieff; to Mr. Robert Bain, English Master at that Academy; and to Mr. George Watson, author of the *Roxburghshire Word-book*, for the ready help they have given me by careful criticism of my phonetic rendering and translation.

J. WILSON.

CRIEFF,
August 1924.

SPELLING ADOPTED

The letters I have used to give the pronunciation of words represent the following sounds :

CONSONANTS

The consonants are to be pronounced as they ordinarily are in English, with the following qualifications :

c, k, ck, q	have the sound of **k** in ' kick '.
g	has the sound of **g** in ' gag '.
th	has the sound of **th** in ' thick ', ' thin ', or in ' this ', ' then '.
hw	has the sound of **wh** in ' which ', ' when ', as pronounced in Scotland, **h** being pronounced before **w**.
r	in Scotch words has a distinct trill.
s	has the sound of the sibilant in ' hiss ', ' sister '.
z	has the sound of the sibilant in ' buzz ', ' disease '.
sh	has the sound of the sibilant in ' shop ', ' dish '.
zh	has the sound of the sibilant in ' measure ', ' vision '.
kh	has the sound of the German **ch** in ' nacht '.
ch	has the sound of **ch** in ' church '.

I have retained the use of the letter **j**, although the sound might be represented by **dzh** ; of **x**, where it is pronounced **ks** ; of **c** hard before **a, o,** or **u,** and of **q,** which have exactly the same sound as **k** : of **ch**, which might be written **tsh,** and of the familiar combinations **ng, sh,** and **th,** which represent single, not double sounds.

VOWELS

Spelling.	Sound as in the English words
a or **aa**	Ah ! (**aa**), far (**faar**), father (**faathur**), calves (**caavz**).
ai or **ay**	maid, sail, day, may.
aw	all (**awl**), awe (**aw**), paw.

Spelling.	Sound as in the English words
e	hen, pet, best.
ee	feet, deed, see, me (**mee**).
ei	Not found in English, but common in the pronunciation by a Scotchman of such English words as mine (**mein**), night (**neit**), tile (**teil**).
i	pin, mist, mill.
ii	I (**ii**), eye (**ii**), my (**mii**), die (**dii**), five (**fiiv**).
o	hot, fond, lost.
oa	go (**goa**), road, roll (**roal**).
oi or **oy**	oil, boy, moist.
oo	foot, food, cool, would (**wood**), do (d**oo**).
ow	how, cow, our (**owr**), house (**hows**).
u	sun, but, must.

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SCOTTISH POEMS OF

ROBERT BURNS

IN HIS NATIVE DIALECT

POEMS OF RURAL LIFE

THE

COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A. * * *, ESQ.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.
GRAY.

I.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
No mercenary Bard his homage pays ;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The *lowly train* in life's sequester'd scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What A * * * in a *Cottage* would have been ;
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween !

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn C O T T E R frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his *spades*, his *mattocks*, and his *hoes*,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

I.
(English.)

II.

Cold November blows loud with angry blast,
The shortening winter day is near a close,

POEMS OF RURAL LIFE

THE COATUR'Z SETTURDAY NIKHT.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

I.

(English.)

II.

Noavembur chill blawz lood wi ang-rie sukh ;
  The shoartnin wuntur-day iz neer a cloaz ;
The miirie bees ritreetin fay the pyukh ;
  The blacknin trainz oa crawz tay thur ripoaz :
The teil-woarn Coatur fay hiz laibur goaz (gayz),
  This nikht hiz weeklie meil iz at an en,
Coalecks hiz spaidz, hiz mattucks, un hiz hoaz (howz),
  Howpin the moarn in eez un rest tay spen,
Un weerie, owr the mair, hiz coors diz haimwurd ben.

The muddy beasts (the horses) are coming from the plough,
  And the black flights of crows to their repose.
The toil-worn Cottager leaves his work—
  To-night his weekly drudgery is at an end—
Gathers his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
  Hoping to spend the morrow in ease and rest,
And wearily bends his course homeward over the moor.

III.

At length his lonely *Cot* appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant *wee-things*, toddlan, stacher through
To meet their *Dad*, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty *Wifie's* smile,
The *lisping infant*, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary *kiaugh* and care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

IV.

Belyve, the *elder bairns* come drapping in,
At *Service* out, amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her *Parents* dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

With joy unfeign'd, *brothers* and *sisters* meet,
And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.

III.

At length his lonely cottage appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
The expectant little ones, toddling, stagger out
To meet their daddy, with fluttering noise and glee.
His tiny fire glancing prettily,
His clean hearth-stone, his thrifty wife's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Beguile all his weary anxiety and care,
And make him quite forget his labour and his toil.

IV.

Soon the older children come dropping in,
Out at service among the farmers round about,

III.

At lenth hiz lainlie coat appeerz in vyoo,
  Uneeth the sheltur oa un aijid tree ;
The expectunt wee thingz, toadlin, stakhur throo
  Tay meet thur Dad, wi' flikhturin noaiz un glee.
Hiz wee-bit ing-ul, blinkin boanilie,
  Hiz cleen herth-stain, hiz thriftie Weifie'z smeil,
The lispin infant, prattlin oan hiz nee,
  Diz aw hiz weerie kyawkh un cair bigeil,
Un maks him queit furget hiz laibur un hiz teil.

IV.

Biliiv, the eldur bairnz cum drappin in,
  At sairvis oot, umang the fermurz roon ;
Sum caw the pyukh, sum hird, sum tentie rin
  A cannie eerun tay a neebur toon :
Thur eldist howp, thur Jennie, wummun-grown,
  In yithfa blim, luv sparklin in hur ee,
Cumz haim, mebbee tay shaw a braw nyoo goon,
  Or deepozeit hur sair-wun penny-fee,
Tay help hur pairunts deer, if thay in hardship bee.

V.

Wi joaie unfaind, brithurz un sesturz meet,
  Un eech fur ithur'z weelfair keinlie speerz :
The soashyul oorz, swift-wingd, unnoatist fleet ;
  Eech tellz the uncaz thut hee seez or heerz.

Some drive the plough, some herd cattle, some carefully run
  A simple errand to a neighbouring homestead.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, grown to womanhood,
  In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her eye,
Comes home, perhaps to show a fine new gown,
  Or deposit her sorely-won cash wages
To help her dear parents, if they are in hardship.

V.

Brothers and sisters meet with unfeigned joy,
  And each of them kindly enquires about the others' welfare.
The social hours swift-winged flit past unnoticed.
  Each tells the news that he has seen or heard.

The Parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view;
The *Mother*, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's and their Mistress's command,
The *youngkers* a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:
'And O! be sure to fear the L O R D alway!
'And mind your *duty*, duely, morn and night!
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his *counsel* and assisting *might*:
'They never sought in vain that sought the L O R D aright.'

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily Mother sees the *conscious flame*
Sparkle in *Jenny's* e'e, and flush her cheek,
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it 's nae wild, worthless *Rake*.

The partial parents eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation points the view forward.
The mother with her needle and her scissors
Makes old clothes look almost as well as new.
The father mixes all with due admonition.

VI.

The young people are all warned to obey the commands of their master and mistress,
And to attend to their work with a diligent hand,
And never, though out of sight, to dally or play.
'And O! be sure always to fear the Lord.
And remember to pray duly each morning and night!
Lest you go astray in temptation's path,

The pairunts parshul ee thur howpfa yeerz ;
  Antisipaishun furrit peints the vyoo ;
The mithur, wi hur needul un hur sheerz,
  Gurz awl claiz luk umaist az weel'z the nyoo ;
The faithur mixiz aw wi admuneeshun dyoo.

VI.

Thur maistur'z un thur mustriz'z coamawn,
  The yunkurz aw ur waarnd tay oabay ;
Un mein thur laiburz wi an eidunt hawn,
  Un neer, thoa oot oa sikht, tay jawk or play :
'Un O ! bee shair tay feer the Loard awlway,
  Un mein yur dyootie, dyoolie, moarn un nikht !
Lest in temtaishun'z pawth yee gang ustray,
  Imploar hiz coonsul un assistin mikht :
Thay nivvur soakht in vain thut soakht the Loard urikht.'

VII.

But hark ! a rap cumz jentlie tay the doar ;
  Jennie, hwaw kenz the meenin oa the saim,
Tellz hoo a neebur lawd cam owr the mair,
  Tay day sum eerunz, un convoaie hur haim.
The weilie mithur seez the coanshus flaim
  Sparkul in Jennie'z ee, un flush hur cheek,
Wi' hert-struck, angshus cair inqueirz hiz naim,
  Hweil Jennie hawflinz iz ufraid tay speek ;
Weel-pleezt the mithur heerz, it 's nay weil wurthlus raik.

Implore his counsel and assisting might.
  They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
  Jenny, who knows what it means,
Tells how a neighbouring youth came over the moor,
  To do some errands and convoy her home.
The knowing mother sees the conscious flame
  Sparkle in Jenny's eye and flush her cheek.
With heart-struck, anxious care she asks his name,
  While Jenny is half afraid to speak.
Well-pleased the mother hears it's no wild worthless rake.

VIII.

With kindly welcome, *Jenny* brings him ben ;
A *strappan youth* ; he takes the Mother's eye ;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the *visit 's* no ill taen ;
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
The *Youngster's* artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the *youth* sae bashfu' and sae grave ;
Weel-pleas'd to think her *bairn 's* respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
And sage E X P E R I E N C E bids me this declare—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
'One *cordial* in this melancholy *Vale*,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, *modest* Pair,
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A Wretch ! a Villain ! lost to love and truth !
That can, with studied sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
Are *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Conscience*, all exil'd ?
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child ?
Then paints the *ruin'd Maid*, and *their* distraction wild !

VIII.

With kindly welcome Jenny brings him in,
A strapping youth, he takes the mother's eye.
Happy Jenny sees the visit is not badly taken.
The father chats of horses, ploughs and cows.

VIII.

Wi' keinlie walcum, Jennie bringz him ben ;
A strappin yith, hee taks the mithur'z ee ;
Bliith Jennie seez the veesit's noa ill tain ;
The faithur cracks oa hoarsiz, pyukhs un kii.
The yungstur'z airtlus hert owrfloaz wi joaie,
But blait un laithfa, scairs can weel bihaiv ;
The mithur, wi' a wummun'z weilz, can spii
Hwit maks the yith say bashfa un say graiv ;
Weel-pleezt tay think hur bairn'z rispeckit leik the laiv.

IX.

(English.)

X.

(English.)

The youngster's artless heart overflows with joy,
But shy and bashful, he can hardly behave properly.
The mother, with a woman's knowledge, can see
What makes the youth so bashful and so grave :
She is well-pleased to think her child is respected like the rest.

IX and X.
(English.)

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome *Porritch*, chief of SCOTIA'S food:
The soupe their *only Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The *Dame* brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
And aft he 's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal *Wifie*, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his *Father's* pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His *lyart haffets* wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in ZION glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
'*And let us worship GOD!*' he says with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their *hearts*, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far of SCOTIA'S holy lays:
Compar'd with these, *Italian trills* are tame;
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they, with our CREATOR'S praise.

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple table,
The wholesome porridge, chief of Scotland's food;
The sup their only cow provides,
That snugly chews her cud on the other side of the partition.
The dame brings out, in complimental mood,

XI.

But noo the suppur croonz thur simpul baird,
The hailsum purrich, cheef oa Scoashia'z fid :
The sowp thur oanlie Hawkie diz affaird,
Thut yoant the hallun snuglie chowz hur kid :
The Daim bringz foarth in coamplimentul mid,
Tay grais the lawd, hur weel-haind kebbuck fell,
Un aft hee'z prest, un aft hee cawz it gid ;
The froogul weifie, garrulus, wull tell,
Hoo 'twiz a towmunt awl, sin lint wiz i the bell.

XII.

The cheerfa suppur din, wi sairius fais,
Thay roon the ing-ul foarm a sirkul weid ;
The Siir turnz owr, wi paitriarkul grais,
The big haw-Beibul, yins hiz faithur'z preid :
Hiz bunnit raivruntlie iz laid useid,
Hiz liiurt haffits weerin thin un bair ;
Thay strainz thut yins did sweet in Ziiun gleid,
Hee wailz a poarshun wi joodeeshus cair ;
'Un let us wurship Goad!' he sayz wi soalum air.

(The rest is mainly English.)

To grace the lad, her strong-flavoured, well-preserved cheese:
And often he 's pressed, and often he calls it good.
The frugal woman will garrulously tell
That it was a twelvemonth old, since lint was in blossom.

XII.

The cheerful supper done, they with serious faces
Form a wide circle round the fire.
The Sire, with patriarchal grace, turns over
The big family-Bible which was once his father's pride.
His bonnet is reverently laid aside.
His grey sidelocks are getting thin and bare.
He chooses with judicious care a part of those strains
That once sweetly sounded in Zion (the Psalms),
And says with solemn air, 'Let us worship God.'

(The rest is mainly English.)

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the friend of GOD on high;
Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage,
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny;
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, the wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isaiah's* wild, seraphic fire;
Or other *Holy Seers* that tune the *sacred lyre.*

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
How *guiltless blood* for *guilty man* was shed;
How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head:
How His first *followers* and *servants* sped;
The *Precepts sage* they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmes* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband* prays,
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing',*
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There, ever bask in *uncreated rays*,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their CREATOR'S praise,
In *such society*, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

* Pope's Windsor Forest. (BURNS.)

XVII.

Compar'd with *this*, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of *method*, and of *art*,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
The POWER, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the *Soul*;
And in His *Book of Life* the Inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling *Cottagers* retire to rest:
The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That HE who stills the *raven's* clam'rous nest,
And decks the *lily* fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way *His Wisdom* sees the best,
For *them* and for their *little ones* provide,
But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these, old SCOTIA'S grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man 's the noble work of GOD':
And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the *wretch* of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O SCOTIA! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of *rustic toil*,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From *Luxury's* contagion, weak and vile!
Then howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd ISLE.

THE

TWA DOGS,

A

TALE.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' auld king COIL,
Upon a bonie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him *Cæsar*,
Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure;
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But whalpet some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod.

It was in that place of Scotland's isle (Central Ayrshire)
That bears the name of old king Coil (Kyle),
Upon a fine day in June
When getting on in the afternoon,
Two dogs that weren't busy at home
Met once on a time.

XXI.

O THOU! who pour'd the *patriotic tide*,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy WALLACE' heart;
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Or *nobly die*, the second glorious part:
(The Patriot's GOD, peculiarly thou art,
His *friend, inspirer, guardian* and *reward*!)
O never, never SCOTIA'S realm desert,
But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
In bright succession raise, her *Ornament* and *Guard*!

THE TWAW DUGZ—A TAIL.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

'Twiz in that plais oa Scoatlun'z eil,
Thut beerz the naim oa awl Keeng Keil,
Upoan a boanie day in Jin,
Hwun weerin throo the efturnin,
Twaw Dugz, thut wurna thrang at haim,
Furgethurd yins upoan a teim.

The furst A'll naim, thay cawd um Seezur,
Wiz keepit fur Hiz Oanur's pleezhur;
Hiz hair, hiz siiz, hiz mooth, hiz lugz,
Shawd hee wiz nain oa Scoatlun's dugz,
But hwalpit sum plais fawr ubroad,
Hwawr sailurz gang tay fish fur coad.

The first I'll name, they called him Cæsar;
He was kept for the squire's pleasure.
His hair, his size, his mouth, his ears,
Showed he was none of Scotland's dogs;
But whelped in some place far abroad
Where sailors go to fish for cod (Newfoundland).

His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar
Shew'd him the *gentleman* an' *scholar*;
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he,
But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's *messan*:
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie,
Nae tawted *tyke*, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a *ploughman's collie*,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had *Luath* ca'd him,
After some dog in * *Highland sang*,
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' *tyke*,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;
His breast was white, his towzie back,
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal. (BURNS.)

His locked, lettered, fine brass collar
Showed him to be a gentleman and scholar.
But though he was of high degree,
The devil a pride had he;
But he would have spent an hour caressing
Even a tinker-gipsy's mongrel.
At Church or Market, Mill or Smithy,
There was no shaggy cur, however ragged,
But he would have stood as if glad to see him,
And pissed on stones and hillocks with him.

The other was a collie belonging to a ploughman,
A rhyming, roistering, raving fellow,
Who had him for his friend and comrade,

Hiz loakit, letturd, braw bress-coalur
Shawd um the jentulmun un scoalur ;
But thoa hee wiz oa heekh digree,
The feent a preid nay preid hud hee,
But wud hay spent un oor caressin,
Een wi a tinklur-gipsie'z messun :
At Kirk or Markit, Mull or Smiddie,
Nay tawtit teik, thoa eer say duddie,
But hee wud stawnt, az gled tay see um,
Un stroant oan stainz un hullucks wee um.

The tithur wiz a ploomun'z coalie,
A reimin, rantin, raivin billie,
Whaw fur hiz freen un cumrud hud um,
Un in hiz freeks hud Loouth cawd um,
Eftur sum dug in Heelun sang,
Wiz maid lang sein, Loard kenz hoo lang.

Hee wiz a gash un faithfa teik,
Az ivvur lap a shyukh or deik.
Hiz oanist, soansie, bawsunt fais,
Ei gat um freenz in ilka plais ;
Hiz breest wiz hweit, hiz toozie back,
Weel cled wi coat oa gloassie black ;
Hiz gawsie tail, wi upwurd curl,
Hung owr hiz hurdiez wi a swurl.

Nay doot but thay wur fain oa ithur,
Un unca pack un thick thigithur ;

And had in his freaks called him Luath,
After some dog in Highland song
Which was made long ago, the Lord knows how long.

He was as wise and faithful a hound
As ever leaped over a ditch or wall.
His honest, good-humoured face, striped with white,
Always got him friends everywhere.
His breast was white, his shaggy back
Was well clad with a coat of glossy black ;
His bushy tail with an upward curl
Hung over his buttocks with a swirl.

No doubt but they were fond of each other
And exceedingly intimate.

Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket;
Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce,
They set them down upon their arse,
An' there began a lang digression
About the *lords o' the creation.*

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest *Luath*,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the *gentry's* life I saw,
What way *poor bodies* liv'd ava.

Our *Laird* gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonie, silken purse,
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd *Geordie* keeks.

Frae morn to een it 's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are steghan,
Yet ev'n the *ha' folk* fill their peghan

With social nose they sometimes sniffed and smelt (at holes).
Sometimes they dug out mice and moles,
Sometimes dashed away in a long excursion
And worried each other in fun.
Till, tired at last with many a game,
They sat down on their bottoms,
And there began a long discussion
About the lords of the creation.

CÆSAR.

I have often wondered, honest Luath,
What sort of life poor dogs like you have;
And when I saw the life of the gentry,
How poor people lived at all.

Wi soashul noaz hweilz snufft un snowkit;
Hweilz meis un mowdiewurks thay howkit;
Hweilz scoord uwaw in lang excurshun,
Un wurried ithur in divairshun;
Till tiird at last wi munie a fers,
Thay set thum doon upoan thur ers,
Un thair bigan a lang digraishun
Uboot the loardz oa the creeaishun.

SEEZUR.

A'v oafun wunnurt, oanist Loouth,
Hwit soart oa leif pair dugz leik yoo hev;
Un hwun the jentrie'z leif A saw,
Hwit wei pair buddiez leevt uvaw.

Oor Laird gets in hiz rackit rents,
Hiz coalz, hiz cain, un aw hiz stents:
Hee reizis hwun hee leiks himsel;
Hiz flunkiez ansur at the bell;
Hee cawz hiz coach; hee cawz hiz hoars;
Hee drawz a boanie, sulken purs
Az lang'z ma tail, hwawr throo the steeks,
The yella-letturd Joardie keeks.

Fay moarn tay een it 's noakht but teilin,
At baikin, roastin, frii-in, beilin;
Un thoa the jentrie furst ur stekhun,
Yet een the haw-foak fill thur pekhun

Our squire gets in his rackrents,
His coals, his rent-in-kind, and all his dues.
He rises when he himself likes.
His flunkies answer to the bell.
He calls for his coach, he calls for his horse.
He draws out a pretty silk purse
As long as my tail, through the stitches of which
The yellow-lettered George (guinea) peeps.

From morning to evening it is nothing but toiling
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling.
And though the gentry first are stuffed,
Yet even the servants fill their stomachs

Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie,
That 's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our *Whipper-in*, wee, blastet wonner,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony *Tenant-man*
His Honor has in a' the lan' :
An' what poor *Cot-folk* pit their painch in,
I own it 's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough ;
A *Cotter* howkan in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke,
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,
An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
Them right an' tight in thack an' raep.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger :
But how it comes, I never kent yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented ;
An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

With sauces, ragouts, and similar trash,
That is little short of downright waste.
Our huntsman, little cursed wonder,
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner
Better than any tenant
That his Honour has in all the land.
And what poor cottage-folk put in their stomachs,
I own is past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Troth, Cæsar, sometimes they're worried enough.
A cottager digging in a ditch,
Building a wall with dirty stones,
Uncovering a quarry and so on,

Wi saws, ragooz, un sic-leik trashtrie,
Thut 's littul shoart oa doonrikht waistrie,
Oor hwuppur-in, wee, blastit wunnur,
Pair, wurthlus elf, it eets a dennur
Bettur than oanie tinnunt-man
Hiz Oanur hiz in aw the lawn :
Un hwit pair coat-foak pit thur painsh in,
A own it 's past ma coamprihainshun.

LOOUTH.

Trowth, Seezur, hweilz thay'r fasht inyukh ;
A coatur howkin in a shyukh,
Wi durtie stainz biggin a deik,
Bairin a qwaarrie, un sic-leik,
Himsel, a weif, hee thus sustainz,
A smeitrie oa wee, duddie wainz,
Un noakht but hiz hawn-dawrk, tay keep
Thum rikht un tikht in thack un raip.

Un hwin thay meet wi sair dizasturz,
Leik loss oa hailth or waant oa maisturz,
Yee maist wud think, a wee tuch lang-ur,
Un thay mun sterv oa cawl un hung-ur :
But hoo it cumz, A nivvur kent yet,
Thay'r maistlie wunnurfa coantentit ;
Un bairdlie cheelz, un clivvur hizziez,
Ur bred in sic a wei az this iz.

Thus sustains himself, a wife
And a lot of little ragged children,
And has only his own handiwork to keep
Them all right in thatch and rope (with a roof over their heads).

And when they meet with sore disasters,
Such as loss of health or want of employers,
You would almost think that just a little longer
And they must starve of cold and hunger.
But (I never yet knew how it happens)
They are mostly wonderfully contented,
And sturdy lads and active girls
Are bred in such a way as this.

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how ye're negleket,
How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket!
L—d man, our gentry care as little
For *delvers, ditchers,* an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor folk,
As I wad by a stinkan brock.

I've notic'd, on our Laird's *court-day,*
An' mony a time my heart 's been wae,
Poor *tenant bodies,* scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a *factor's* snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll *apprehend* them, *poind* their gear;
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor-folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're no sae wretched 's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink,
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;

CÆSAR.

But then, to see how you are neglected,
How bullied and cuffed and treated with disrespect!
Lord man, our gentry care as little
For diggers, ditchers and such mean people;
They go as disdainfully past poor people
As I would past a stinking badger.

I have noticed, on our squire's rent-day
(And many a time my heart's been sad),
How poor tenant-folk, short of cash,
Must endure a steward's abuse.
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them or distrain their property,

SEEZUR.

But than, tay see hoo yee'r nigleckit,
Hoo hufft, un cufft, un disrispeckit!
Loard man, oor jentrie cair az littul
Fur delvurz, dichurz, un sic cattul:
Thay gang az sawsie bii pair foak,
Az A wid bii a stinkin broak.

A'v noatist, oan oor laird'z coort-day,
Un munnie a teim ma hert's been way,
Pair tinnunt-buddiez, scant oa cash,
Hoo thay mun thoal a factur'z snash;
Hee'll stamp un thraitun, curs un sweer,
Hee'll apprihend thum, pin thur geer;
Hweil thay mun stawn, wi aspik hummul,
Un heer it aw, un feer un trummul!

A see hoo foak leev thut hay richiz;
But shairlie pair foak man bee rachiz!

LOOUTH.

Thay'r noa say rachit 's yin wid think;
Thoa coanstuntlie oan pairtith's brink,
Thay'r say accustumd wi the sikht,
The vyoo oa't gee'z thum littil frikht.

Than chans un foartin ar say geidit,
Thay'r ei in less or mair proaveidit;

While they must stand, with humble aspect,
And hear it all, and fear and tremble.

I see how rich people live;
But surely poor people must be wretched!

LUATH.

They are not so wretched as one would think.
Though constantly on the brink of poverty,
They are so accustomed to the sight
That its appearance gives them little fright.

Then chance and fortune are so arranged
That they are always provided for less or more.

An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest 's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The *prattling things* are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire side.

An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' *nappy*
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' *patronage* an' *priests*,
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation 's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in L O N 'O N.

As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, rantan *Kirns*,
When *rural life*, of ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there 's *care* upo' the earth.

That *merry day* the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;

And, though they are fatigued with constant employment,
A short interval of rest is a great pleasure.

The dearest comfort of their lives
Their thriving children and faithful wives—
The prattling ones are just their pride,
That sweetens all their fire-side.

And sometimes a shilling's worth of ale
Can make these poor folk very happy.
They lay aside their private cares
To attend to affairs of Church and State.
They'll talk of patronage and priests
With kindling fury in their breasts;

Un thoa fatigd wi cloas imploaiemunt,
A blink oa rest 's a sweet injoaiemunt.

The deerist coamfurt oa thur leivz,
Thur grushie wainz un faithfa weivz ;
The prattlin thingz ur jist thur preid,
Thut sweetunz aw thur fii-ur seid.

Un hweilz twalpennie-wurth oa nappie
Can mak the buddiez unca happie ;
Thay lay useid thur priivit cairz,
Tay mein the Kirk un Stait uffairz ;
Thay'll tawk oa paitrunij uh preests,
Wi kennlin fyoorie i thur breests,
Or tell hwit nyoo taxaishun'z cummin,
Un ferlie at the foak in Lunnun.

Az bleek-faist Hallamus riturnz,
Thay get the joaviul, rantin kirnz,
Hwun roorul leif, oa ivrie staishun,
Yooneit in coamun recreeaishun ;
Luv blinks, Wut slaps, un soashul Mirth
Furgits thur'z cair upoa the yirth.

That mairie day the yeer biginz,
Thay bawr the doar oan froastie winz ;
The nappie reeks wi mantlin reem,
Un shedz a hert-inspiirin steem ;

Or tell what new taxation is coming,
And wonder at the people in London.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial noisy harvest-feasts,
When rural life of every class
Unites in common recreation ;
Love glances, Wit hits out, and social mirth
Forgets there 's care upon the earth.

On that merry day on which the year begins
They bar the door to frosty winds.
The ale smokes with mantling froth
And sheds a heart-inspiring steam.

The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse,
The young anes rantan thro' the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them.

Still it 's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd;
There 's monie a creditable *stock*
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favor wi' some *gentle Master*,
Wha aiblins thrang a *parliamentin*,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith lad ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as PREMIERS lead him,
An' saying *aye* or *no's* they bid him:
At Operas an' Plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To HAGUE or CALAIS takes a waft,
To make a *tour* an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.

The glowing pipe and snuff-box
Are handed round with much good will.
The cheerful old people chatting happily,
The young ones romping through the house—
My heart has been so glad to see them
That I have for joy barked along with them.

Still what you have said is too true.
Such a game is now played too often.
There 's many a creditable stock
Of decent honest well-behaved people,
Who are torn out, both root and branch,
To gratify the proud greed of some rascal,
Who thinks he will knit himself the closer
In favour with some high-born master,

The luntin peip, un sneeshin-mull,
Ar hawnit roon wi rikht gid wull ;
The cantie awl foaks, crackin croos,
The yung yinz rantin throo the hoos—
Ma hert hiz been say fain tay see thum,
Thut A fur joaie hay barkit wee thum.

Still it 's owr troo thut yee hay said,
Sic gem iz noo owr oafun plaid ;
Thur'z munnie a craiditubul stoak
Oa daisunt, oanist, fawsunt foak,
Ur rivvun oot baith rit un brainsh,
Sum rascul'z preidfa greed tay qwainsh,
Hwaw thinks tay nit himsel the fastur
In faivur wi sum jentul maistur,
Hwaw aiblinz thrang a pawrlimentin,
Fur Brittun'z gid hiz sawl indentin—

SEEZUR.

Haith lawd yee littil ken uboot it ;
Fur Brittun'z gid ! gid faith ! A doot it.
Say raithur, gawn az Primeerz leed um,
Un sayin Ii or Noa'z thay bid um ;
At Oapuraz un Playz paraidin,
Moargujin, gamlin, masqwiraidin ;
Or mebbee, in a froalic daft,
Tay Haig or Callis taks a waft,
Tay mak a towr un tak a hwurl,
Tay lairn bong-tong un see the wawrl.

Who perhaps busy in Parliament
Enslaving his soul for Britain's good—

CÆSAR.

Faith, my lad ! you know little about it.
For Britain's good ! my faith ! I doubt it.
Say rather, going as Premiers lead him,
And saying aye or no as they bid him ;
Parading at Operas and Plays,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading.
Or perhaps, in a mad frolic,
He takes a voyage to the Hague or Calais,
To make a tour and take a turn,
To learn good manners and see the world.

There, at VIENNA or VERSAILLES,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by MADRID he takes the rout,
To thrum *guittars* an' fecht wi' nowt;
. . . . . .
Then bowses drumlie *German-water*,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
. . . . . .
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction!

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten and harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports,
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The *Laird*, the *Tenant*, an' the *Cotter*!
For thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies,
Fient haet o' them 's ill hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their *Limmer*,
Or shootin of a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, master *Cæsar*,
Sure *great folk's* life 's a life o' pleasure?

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He tears up his father's old entails;
Or takes the route by Madrid
To thrum guitars and fight with bulls.
. . . . . .
Then boozes muddy German water
To make himself look fair and fatter.
. . . . . .
For Britain's good! for her destruction!
With dissipation, feud and faction!

LUATH.

O man! dear me! is that the way
In which they waste so many a fine estate?

Thair, at Veeenna or Versailz,
Hee riivz hiz faithur'z awl intailz ;
Or ba Madrid hee taks the rowt,
Tay thrum gitarz un fekht wi nowt ;

. . . . . .

Than booziz drumlie Jermun-wattur
Tay mak himsel luk fair un fatter,

. . . . . .

Fur Brittun'z gid ! fur her distrukshun !
Wi dissipaishun, fyood un fakshun !

LOOUTH.

Hekh man ! deer surs ! is that the gait,
Thay waist say munnie a braw istait !
Ar wee say foakhun un harast
Fur geer tay gang that gait at last !

O wid thay stei uback fay coorts,
Un pleez thumselz wi kintra spoarts,
It wid fur ivrie yin bee bettur,
The Laird, the Tinnunt, un the Coatur !
Fur thay frank, rantin, ramlin billiez,
Feent hait oa thum'z ull-hertit fallaz ;
Excep fur brekkin oa thur timmur,
Or speekin likhtlie oa thur limmur,
Or shittin oa a hair or maircoak,
The neer-a-bit thay'r ull tay pair foak.

But wull yee tell mee, maistur Seezur,
Shair grait foak's leif's a leif oa pleezhur ?

Are we so worried and harassed
For wealth to go that way at last ?

O if they would stay away from courts
And please themselves with country sports,
It would be better for every one,
The squire, the tenant and the cottager ;
For those frank, roistering, rambling chaps,
Devil a one of them is an ill-hearted fellow.
Except for destroying their timber,
Or speaking lightly of their sweetheart,
Or the shooting of a hare or grouse,
Never a bit are they hard on poor people.

But will you tell me, master Cæsar,
Surely great people's life is a life of pleasure ?

Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The *gentles* ye wad neer envy them!

It 's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;
They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes,
An' fill *auld-age* wi' grips an' granes;
But *human-bodies* are sic fools,
For a' their colledges an' schools,
That when nae *real* ills perplex them,
They *mak* enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion, less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the pleugh,
His *acre's* till'd, he 's right eneugh;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her *dizzen 's* done, she 's unco weel;
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'n down *want o' wark* are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy;
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless.

No cold nor hunger ever can disturb them.
The very thought of it needn't frighten them.

CÆSAR.

Lord man, were you only sometimes where I am,
You would never envy the gentry!

It 's true, they need not starve or perspire,
Through the cold of winter or the heat of summer.
They've no hard work to weaken their bones,
And to fill old age with gripes and groans.
But mankind are such fools,
Notwithstanding all their colleges and schools,

Nay cawl nor hung-ur eer can steer thum,
The verra thoakht oa't needna feer thum.

SEEZUR.

Loard man, wur yee but hweilz hwawr Ii am,
The jentulz yee wid neer envii thum!

It 's troo, thay needna sterv or sweet,
Throo wuntur'z cawl, or simmur'z heet;
Thay'v nay sair-wark tay craiz thur bainz,
Un full awl-aij wi grips un grainz;
But hyoomun-buddiez ar sic fillz,
Fur aw thur coalijiz un skillz,
Thut hwun nay rail ullz perplex thum,
Thay mak unyoo thumselz tay vex thum;
Un ei the less thay hay tay sturt thum,
In leik proapoarshun, less 'ull hurt thum.

A cuntra falla at the pyukh,
Hiz aikur'z tilld, hee'z rikht inyukh;
A cuntra gurl at hur hweel,
Hur dizzin'z din, shee'z unca weel;
But Jentulmen, un Leddiez warst,
Wi eevn doon waant oa wark ar curst.
Thay leitur, loonjin, lank un laizie,
Tho deel hait ailz thum, yet uneezie;
Thur dayz insipid, dull un taistlus,
Thur nikhts, unquait, lang un restlus.

That, when no real ills perplex them,
They themselves make enough to vex them,
And always the less they have to trouble them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,
When his field is tilled, he 's all right.
A country girl at her spinning-wheel,
When her dozen reels are done, she 's very well off.
But gentlemen, and worst of all, ladies
Are cursed with downright want of work.
They loiter, lounging, slack and lazy;
Though devil a bit ails them, yet they're uneasy;
Their days are insipid, dull and tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, long and restless.

An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping thro' public places,
There 's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The *Men* cast out in *party-matches*,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches.

. . . . . .

The *Ladies* arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great an' gracious a' as sisters ;
But hear their *absent thoughts* o' ither,
They're a run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the *scandal-potion* pretty ;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks,
Pore owre the devil's *pictur'd beuks* ;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like ony *unhang'd blackguard*.

There 's some exceptions, man an' woman ;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloamin brought the night :
The *bum-clock* humm'd wi' lazy drone,
The kye stood rowtan i' the loan ;
When up they gat an' shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs* ;
An' each took off his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

And even in their sports, their balls and races,
Their galloping through public places,
There 's such parade, such pomp and art,
That the pleasure can scarcely reach the heart.

The Men quarrel in party-matches,
Then make it all up in deep debauches.

. . . . . .

The Ladies standing arm-in-arm in clusters
Are all as friendly and gracious as sisters.
But if you heard their thoughts of each other
When absent, they're all regular devils and jades.
Sometimes over the small cup and little plate
They prettily sip the scandal-potion (tea).

Un eevn thur spoarts, thur bawlz un raisiz,
Thur gallupin throo public plaisiz,
Thur'z sic paraid, sic poamp un airt,
The joaie can scairslie reech the hert.

The Men cast oot in pairty-machiz,
Than sowthur aw in deep dibachiz.
. . . . . .

The Leddiez airm-in-airm in clusturz,
Az grait un graishus aw az sesturz ;
But heer thur absunt thoakhts oa ithur,
Thay'r aw run deelz un jawdz thigithur.
Hweilz owr the wee bit cup un plaitie,
Thay sip the scandul-poashun prittie ;
Or lee-lang nikhts, wi crabbit luks,
Poar owr the deevil's picturd byuks ;
Staik oan a chans a fermur'z stackyurd,
Un cheet leik oanie unhangd blagyurd.

Thur'z sum exsepshunz, man un wummun ;
But this is Jentrie's leif in coamun.

Ba this the sun wiz oot oa sikht,
Un dawrkur gloamin broakht the nikht :
The bum-cloak humd wi laizie droan,
The kii stid rowtin i the loan ;
Hwun up thay gat un shyuk thur lugz,
Rejiist thay wurna men but dugz ;
Un eech tuk aff hiz sevrul way (wei),
Rizoalvd tay meet sum ithur day.

Or for livelong nights with crabbed looks
They pore over the devil's pictured books (playing-cards);
They stake on a chance the value of a farmer's stackyard,
And cheat like any unhanged blackguard.

There are some exceptions among both men and women,
But this is the usual life of the gentry.

By this time the sun was out of sight,
And the darkening twilight brought the night.
The flying-beetle hummed with a lazy drone.
The cows stood lowing in the lane.
When up the two friends got and shook their ears,
And rejoiced that they were not men, but dogs.
And each of them went off his own way,
Resolved to meet some other day.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS
OF
POOR MAILIE,
THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE,
AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither,
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch:
There, groaning, dying, she did ly,
When *Hughoc* he cam doytan by.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,
Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak,
At length poor *Mailie* silence brak.

'O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My *dying words* attentive hear,
An' bear them to my *Master* dear.

Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As muckle gear as buy a *sheep*,
O, bid him never tye them mair,
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!

As Molly, together with her lambs,
Was one day nibbling tied by a tether,
She hitched the rope round her hoof,
And in her struggles rolled over into the ditch.
There she lay groaning and dying,
When little Hugh (the herd-boy) came blundering past.

With staring eyes and raised hands,
Poor Hugh stands like a statue.
He saw her days were nearly ended,
But alas! he could not help.

THE DAITH UN DEEIN WURDZ

OA

PAIR MAILIE,

THE AWTHUR'Z OANLIE PET YOW,

AN UNCA MURNFA TAIL.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Az Mailie, un hur lamz thigithur,
Wiz yay day nibblin oan the tethur,
Upoan hur clit shee kist a hich,
Un owr shee waarsuld in the dich :
Thair, grainin, deein, shee did lii,
Hwun Hyoo-uk hee cam deitin bii.

Wi glowrin een un liftit hawnz,
Pair Hyoo-uk leik a statya stawnz ;
Hee saw hur dayz wur nerrhawn endit,
But, way'z ma hert ! hee coodnay mend it !
Hee gaipit weid, but naything spak,
At lenth pair Mailie siilins brak.

'O thoo, hwawz lamintubul fais
Appeerz tay murn ma wayfa cais !
Ma deein wurdz attentiv heer,
Un beer thum tay ma Maistur deer.

Tell him, if eer ugain hee keep
Az muckul geer az bii a sheep,
O, bid him nivvur tii thum mair,
Wi wickit stringz oa hemp or hair !

He gaped wide, but said nothing.
At length poor Molly broke the silence.

'O thou, whose sorrowful face
Appears to mourn for my woeful case,
Listen attentively to my dying words,
And carry them to my dear Master.

Tell him, if he ever again has
As much wealth as will buy a sheep,
O, bid him never more tie them
With wicked strings of hemp or hair,

But ca them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will:
So, may his flock increase an' grow
To *scores* o' lambs, an' *packs* of woo'!

Tell him, he was a Master kin',
An' ay was guid to me an' mine;
An' now my *dying* charge I gie him,
My helpless *lambs*, I trust them wi' him.

O, bid him save their harmless lives,
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid *cow-milk* their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel;
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn,
Wi' taets o' *hay* an' ripps o' *corn*.

An' may they never learn the gaets,
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *Pets*!
To slink thro' slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great *forbears*,
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:
So *wives* will gie them bits o' bread,
An' *bairns* greet for them when they're dead.

My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!

But drive them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase and grow
To scores of lambs and packs of wool.

Tell him he was a kind master,
And was always good to me and mine.
And now I give him my dying charge;
I trust to him my helpless lambs.

O, bid him save their harmless lives
From dogs and foxes and butchers' knives;
But give them their fill of good cow's milk,
Until they are fit to look after themselves;
And treat them regularly evening and morning
To handfuls of hay and wisps of corn.

But caw thum oot tay park or hull,
Un let thum wawnur at thur wull :
Say, may hiz floak increes un grow
Tay scoarz oa lamz, un packs oa oo !

Tell him, hee wiz a Maistur kein,
Un ei wiz gid tay mee un mein ;
Un noo ma deein chairj A gee um,
Ma helplus lamz, A trust thum wee um.

O, bid him saiv thur hermlus leivz,
Fay dugz un toadz un buchurz' neivz !
But gee thum gid coo-mulk thur full,
Till thay bee fit tay fend thumsel ;
Un tent thum dyoolie, een un moarn,
Wi taits oa hei un ripps oa coarn.

Un may thay nivvur lairn the gaits
Oa ithur veil, wanrestfa Pets !
Tay slink throo slaps un reev un steel,
At stacks oa peez, or stoaks oa kail.
Say may thay, leik thur grait foarbeerz,
Fur munnie a yeer cum throo the sheerz :
Say weivz ull gee thum bits oa breed,
Un bairnz greet fur thum hwun thay'r deed.

Ma pair tip-lam, ma sun un air,
O, bid him breed um up wi cair !
Un if hee leev tay bee a beest,
Tay pit sum havinz in hiz breest !

And may they never learn the ways
Of other bad restless pets ;
To slink through gaps and rob and steal
From stacks of peas or cabbage-stocks.
So may they, like their great ancestors,
Have their fleeces shorn for many a year ;
So women will give them bits of bread,
And children will weep for them when they are dead.

My poor he-lamb, my son and heir,
O, bid him bring him up with care ;
And, if he live to be grown-up,
Put some good manners into his breast ;

An' warn him ay at ridin time,
To stay content wi' *yowes* at hame ;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

An' niest my *yowie*, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a *tether string* !
O, may thou ne'er forgather up,
Wi' onie blastet, moorlan *toop* ;
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi sheep o' credit like thysel !

And now, *my bairns*, wi' my last breath
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith :
An' when ye think upo' your Mither,
Mind to be kind to ane anither.

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
To tell my Master a' my tale ;
An' bid him burn this cursed *tether*,
An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather.'

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,
An' clos'd her een amang the dead !

And warn him always at mating-time
To stay content with ewes at home,
And not to run and wear out his hoofs,
Like other ill-mannered graceless brutes.

And next, my little ewe-lamb, poor thing,
God keep thee from a tether string !
O may'st thou never make friends
With any cursed ram from the moors,
But always remember to feed and consort
With sheep of credit like thyself.

Un waarn um ei at reidin-teim,
Tay stei coantent wi yowz at haim ;
Un noa tay rin un weer hiz clits,
Leik ithur menslus, graislus brits.

Un neest ma yowie, sullie thing,
Gid keep thee fay a tethur string !
O, may thoo neer furgethur up
Wi oanie blastit, mairlun tip ;
But ei keep mein tay mip un mell
Wi sheep oa craidit leik thiisel !

Un noo, ma bairnz, wi ma last braith,
A lee ma blissin wee yee baith :
Un hwun yee think upoan yur mithur,
Mein tay bee kein tay yin unithur.

Noo, oanist Hyoo-uk, dinnay fail
Tay tell ma Maistur aw ma tail ;
Un bid him burn this cursit tethur,
Un fur thii painz thoo'z get ma blethur.'

This said, pair Mailie turnt hur heed,
Un cloazd hur een umang the deed !

And now, children, with my last breath
I leave my blessing with you both.
And when you think on your mother,
Remember to be kind to one another.

Now, honest Hugh, don't fail
To tell my master all my tale ;
And bid him burn this cursed tether,
And for thy pains thou'lt get my bladder ! '

This said, poor Molly turned her head,
And closed her eyes among the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose ;
Our *Bardie's* fate is at a close,
Past a' remead !
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes ;
Poor Mailie's dead !

It 's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear,
Or make our *Bardie*, dowie, wear
The mourning weed :
He 's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In *Mailie* dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him ;
A lang half-mile she could descry him ;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed :
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him,
Than *Mailie* dead.

I wat she was a *sheep* o' sense,
An' could behave hersel wi' mense :
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Thro' thievish greed.
Our *Bardie*, lanely, keeps the spence
Sin' *Mailie's* dead.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
With salt tears trickling down your nose ;
Our poet's fate is at an end,
Beyond all remedy !
The last sad cope-stone of his woes ;
Poor Molly 's dead !

It 's not the loss of worldly wealth,
That could draw so bitter a tear,
Or make our poet sorrowfully wear
Mourning weeds :
He has lost a dear friend and companion
In dead Molly.

PAIR MAILIE'Z AILIJIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

LAMENT in reim, lament in proaz,
Wi' sawt teerz tricklin doon yur noaz ;
Oor Bawrdie'z fait iz at a cloaz,
Past aw remeed !
The last, sad caip-stain oa hiz woaz ;
Pair Mailie'z deed !

It 's noa the loas oa wawrl'z geer,
Thut cood say bittur draw the teer,
Or mak oor Bawrdie, dowie, weer
The murnin weed :
Hee'z loast a freen un neebur deer,
In Mailie deed.

Throo aw the toon shee troatit bii um ;
A lang hawf-meil shee cood discrii um ;
Wi keinlie bleet, hwun shee did spii um,
Shee ran wi' speed :
A freen mair faithfa neer cam nii um,
Thun Mailie deed.

A wat shee wiz a sheep oa sens,
Un cood bihaiv hursel wi mens :
A'll say't, shee nivvur brak a fens,
Throo theevish greed,
Oor Bawrdie, lainlie, keeps the spens
Sin Mailie'z deed.

Through all the homestead she trotted beside him ;
She could recognize him a long half-mile away ;
When she did see him she quickly ran
With kindly bleat :
A more faithful friend never came near him,
Than dead Molly.

I know she was a sensible sheep,
And could behave herself with good manners :
I declare she never broke a fence
Through thievish greed :
Our poet stays by himself in the parlour
Since Molly's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in *her yowe*,
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread ;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips ;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the TWEED :
A bonier *fleesh* ne'er cross'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—*a raep* !
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread ;
An' *Robin's* bonnet wave wi' crape
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye *Bards* on bonie DOON !
An' wha on AIRE your chanters tune !
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' *Robin's* reed !
His heart will never get aboon !
His Mailie's dead !

Or, if he wanders up the valley,
Her living image in her ewe-lamb
Comes bleating towards him over the hill,
For bits of bread ;
And down fall the briny pearls (tears)
For dead Molly.

She was no offspring of moorland rams,
With matted fleece and hairy hips ;
For her ancestors were brought in ships,
From beyond the Tweed :
A prettier fleece was never shorn
Than dead Molly's.

Or, if hee wawnurz up the how,
Hur leevin eemij in hur yow
Cumz bleetin till um, owr the now,
Fur bits oa breed ;
Un doon the breinie pairlz row
Fur Mailie deed.

Shee wiz nay get oa mairlun tips,
Wi' tawtit ket un hairy hips ;
Fur her foarbeerz wur broakht in ships,
Fay yoant the Tweed :
A boaniur fleesh neer croast the clips
Thun Mailie'z deed.

Way wurth that man hwaw furst did shaip
That veil, wanchansie thing—a raip !
It maks gid fallaz girn un gaip,
Wi choakin dreed ;
Un Roabin'z bunnut waiv wi craip
Fur Mailie deed.

O, aw yee Bawrdz oan boanie Din !
Un hwaw oan Air yur chanturz tin !
Cum, jein the melluncoalius crin
Oa Roabin'z reed !
Hiz hert wull nivvur get ubin !
Hiz Mailie'z deed.

Woe befall that man who first made
That vile unlucky thing—a rope !
It makes good fellows frown and gape,
With choking dread ;
And Robin's bonnet wave with crape
In mourning for dead Molly.

O, all you poets on the lovely river Doon !
And who on the river Ayr tune your pipes !
Come, join the melancholy dirge
Of Robin's reed !
His heart will never rise again !
His Molly 's dead.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR-MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE, MAGGIE, ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIPP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

A *Guid New-year* I wish you Maggie!
Hae, there 's a ripp to thy auld baggie:
Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out owre the lay.

Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide as white 's a daisie,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie,
A bonie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A *filly* buirdly, steeve an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out owre a stank,
Like onie bird.

I wish you a Good New-year, Maggie!
See, there 's a wisp of unthrashed oats for your old stomach.
Though now you are hollow-backed and scraggy,
I have seen the day
When you could have gone like any young stallion
Over the lea.

Although now you're dull, stiff and feeble,
And your old hide is as white as a daisy,

THE AWLD FERMUR TAY HIZ AWLD MEER

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

A Gid Nyoo-Yeer A wish yee, Maggie !
Hay ! thair'z a ripp tay yur awl baggie :
Thoa thoo'z how-backit, noo, un naggie,
A'v seen the day
Thoo cood hay gain leik oanie staggie
Oot owr the lei.

Thoa noo thoo'z dowie, stiff un craizie,
Un thii awl heid az hweit's a daizie,
A'v seen thee dappult, sleck un glaizie,
A boanie gray :
Hee shid been tikht thut dawrt tay raiz thee,
Yins in a day.

Thoo yins wiz in the foarmust rank,
A fillie bairdlie, steev un swank,
Un set weel doon a shaiplie shank,
Az eer traid yird :
Un cood hay flown oot owr a stank,
Leik oanie burd.

I have seen you dappled, sleek and glossy,
A pretty grey ;
The man must have been hardy that dared to excite you,
Once on a day.

You were once in the foremost rank,
A filly well-built, compact and supple ;
And you set well down as shapely a leg
As ever trod earth ;
And you could have flown over a pool
Like any bird.

It 's now some nine-an'-twenty-year,
Sin' thou was my *Guidfather's Meere ;*
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark ;
Tho' it was sma', 'twas *weel-won* gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my *Jenny,*
Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie :
Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie ;
But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That *day,* ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie *Bride* :
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride
Wi' maiden air !
KYLE-STEWART I could bragged wide,
For sic a *pair.*

Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble,
An' wintle like a saumont coble,
That day, ye was a jinker noble,
For heels an' win' !
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin' !

It is now about twenty-nine years
Since you were my father-in-law's mare.
He gave me you and fifty marks
As clear dowry.
Although it was little, it was well-won wealth,
And you were stout.

When first I went to woo my Jenny,
You were then trotting with your mother.
Although you were playful, sly and full of fun,
You were never sulky :
But homely, easily handled, quiet and gentle,
And very good-tempered.

It 's noo sum nein-un-twuntie yeer,
Sin thoo wiz ma Gid-faithur'z meer ;
Hee geed mee thee, oa toakhur cleer,
Un feftie mark ;
Thoa it wiz smaw, 'twiz weel-won geer,
Un thoo wiz stark.

Hwun furst A gaid tay oo ma Jennie,
Yee than wiz troatin wi yur Minnie :
Thoa yee wiz trickie, slee un funnie,
Yee neer wiz doansie ;
But haimlie, tawie, qwait un cannie,
Un unca soansie.

That day, yee pranst wi muckul preid,
Hwun yee bair haim ma boanie Breid :
Un sweet un graisfa shee did reid
Wi maidun air !
Keil-Styoourt A cood braggit weid
Fur sic a pair.

Thoa noo yee dow but hoit un hoabul,
Un wintul leik a sawmunt coabul,
That day, yee wiz a jinkur noabul
Fur heelz un win !
Un ran thum tull thay aw did wawbul,
Fawr, fawr uhin !

You pranced with much pride
On the day on which you carried home my pretty bride.
And she rode sweetly and gracefully
With the air of a maiden.
I could have challenged the whole of Central Ayrshire
For such a pair.

Though now you can only move stiffly and hobble,
And rock from side to side like a salmon-fishing boat,
On that day you were a noble dodger
For heels and wind :
And raced other horses till they all wobbled,
Far, far behind.

When thou an' I were young an' skiegh,
An' *Stable-meals* at Fairs were driegh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
An' tak the road !
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road ay like a Swallow :
At *Brooses* thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed ;
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow,
Whare'er thou gaed.

The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle ;
But *sax Scotch mile*, thou try't their mettle,
An' gart them whaizle :
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble *Fittie-lan'*,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn !
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March-weather,
Hae turn'd *sax rood* beside our han',
For days thegither.

When you and I were young and skittish,
And stable-meals at markets were tedious,
How you would prance, and snort and scream,
And take the road for home !
Town-people ran and stood at a distance,
And called you mad.

When you had had your corn, and I was jovial,
We always started for home like a swallow.
At wedding races you never had a match
For pith and speed ;
But you beat every tail of them hollow
Wherever you went.

Hwun thoo un mee wur yung un skeekh,
Un staibul-mailz at Fairz wur dreekh,
Hoo thoo wid prans, un snoar, un screekh,
Un tak the road!
Toon'z-buddiez ran, un stid ubeekh,
Un cawd thee mad.

Hwun thoo wiz coarnt, un A wiz mella,
Wee took the road ei leik a swalla:
At braiziz thoo hud neer a falla,
Fur pith un speed;
But ivrie tail thoo peit thum hoala
Hwawreer thoo gaid.

The smaw, droot-rumpult, huntur cattul
Mikht aiblinz wawrt thee fur a brattul;
But sax Scoach meil, thoo triit thur mettul,
Un gurt thum hwaizul:
Nay hwup nor spur, but jist a wattul
Oa sawkh or haizul.

Thoo wiz a noabul fittie-lawn,
Az eer in tug or tow wiz drawn!
Aft thee un mee, in awkht oorz' gawn
On gid Mairch-wadhur,
Hay turnt sax rid useid oor hawn
Fur dayz thigithur.

The slender hunters with their drooping cruppers
Might perhaps have beaten you in a spurt;
But in a race of six Scotch miles you tried their mettle
And made them wheeze.
You needed no whip or spur,
But only a switch of willow or hazel.

You were as noble a plough-horse
As ever drew trace or rope.
Often have you and I, in eight-hours' going
In good March weather,
Turned over offhand six roods of land
For days together.

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' flisket,
But thy *auld tail* thou wad hae whisket,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd *brisket*,
Wi' pith an' pow'r,
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,
An' threaten'd *labor* back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I ken'd my *Maggie* wad na sleep
For that, or Simmer.

In *cart* or *car* thou never reestet;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it;
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastet,
Thou snoov't awa.

My Pleugh is now thy *bairn-time* a';
Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw;
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa,
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

You never plunged and pulled by fits and starts and fretted;
But you would have whisked your old tail
And spread out your well-filled chest
With pith and power:
Till rushy hillocks would have roared and rasped,
And turned quietly over (before the plough).

When frosts lay long and snows were deep,
And threatened to keep work behind-hand,
I heaped your corn-measure a little
Above the wooden edge.
I knew my Maggie would not sleep
For that, before Summer.

Thoo nivvur breenjt, un fetsht, un fliskit,
But thii awl tail thoo wud hay hwiskit,
Un spred ubreed thii weel-fulld briskit,
Wi pith un poor,
Tull sprittie nowz wud rairt un riskit,
Un sleipit owr.

Hwun froasts lay lang, un snawz wur deep,
Un thraitund laibur back tay keep,
A geed thii coag a wee-bit heep
Ubin the timmur ;
A kend ma Maggie wudnay sleep
Fur that, or Simmur.

In cairt or cawr thoo nivvur reestit ;
The stei-ist bray thoo wud hay faist it ;
Thoo nivvur lap, un stent, un breestit,
Than stid tay blaw ;
But jist thii stap a wee thing haistit,
Thoo snaivt uwaw.

Ma pyukh iz noo thii bairn-teim aw ;
Fowr gallunt brits, az eer did draw ;
Furbii sax may, A'v sellt uwaw,
Thut thoo hist nurst :
Thay droo mee thretteen pund un twaw,
The vurra waarst.

In cart or waggon you never jibbed.
You would have faced the steepest ascent.
You never leaped and reared and plunged,
And then stood to blow :
But just hastened your step a little
And quietly moved on.

My plough-team is now all your produce—
Four brutes as gallant as ever drew a plough—
Besides six more, which I have sold,
That you have nursed.
They brought me fifteen pounds,
The very worst of them.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
An' monie an *anxious day*, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to *crazy Age* we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

An' think na, my auld, trusty *Servan'*,
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy *auld days* may end in starvin',
For my last fow,
A heapet *Stimpart*, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue.

Many a hard day's work have we two done,
And fought with the weary world;
And on many an anxious day I thought
We should be beaten:
Yet here we are brought to crazy age,
With some strength left.

And don't think, my old trusty servant,
That now perhaps you are less deserving,
And that your old days may end in starving;
For I'll reserve

Munnie a sair dawrk wee twaw hay roakht,
Un wi the weerie wawrl foakht !
Un munnie an angshus day, A thoakht
Wee wud bee bait !
Yet heer tay craizie aij wee'r broakht,
Wi sumthing yet.

Un thinknay, ma awl trustie Sairvun,
Thut noo maybee thoo'z less dizairvin,
Un thii awl dayz may en in stervin,
Fur ma last foo,
A heepit stimpurt, A'll rizairv yin
Laid bii fur yoo.

Wee'v woarn tay craizie yeerz thigithur ;
Wee'll toit uboot wi yin unithur ;
Wi tentie cair A'll flit thii tethur,
Tay sum haind rig,
Hwawr yee may noablie rax yur lethur,
Wi smaw fatig.

For my last feed a heaped measure of corn,
Set aside for you.

We have worn together to crazy years.
We'll totter about with one another.
With watchful care I'll shift your tether
To some reserved ridge,
Where you may nobly stretch your leather (eat your fill)
With little fatigue.

HALLOWEEN.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

Upon that *night*, when Fairies light,
On *Cassilis Downans* dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance ;
Or for *Colean*, the rout is taen,
Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
There, up the *Cove*, to stray an' rove,
Amang the rocks an' streams
To sport that night.

Amang the bonie, winding banks,
Where *Doon* rins, wimplin, clear,
Where B R U C E ance rul'd the martial ranks,
An' shook his *Carrick* spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Together did convene,
To *burn* their nits, an' *pou* their stocks,
An' haud their *Halloween*
Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine ;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin' :

On that night, when fairies dance
Lightly on Cassilis Downans ;
Or prance over the leas in splendid blaze
On sprightly coursers ;
Or the way is taken to Colean
Beneath the moon's pale beams,
There to stray and roam up the Cove,
Among the rocks and streams
To sport that night.

Among the pretty winding banks,
Where the river Doon runs, rippling and clear,

HALLA-EEN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Upoan that nikht, hwun fairiez likht,
Oan Cassilz Doonunz dans,
Or owr the leiz, in splendid bleez,
Oan sprikhtlie coorsurz prans ;
Or fur Cullain, the rowt iz tain,
Uneeth the min'z pail beemz ;
Thair, up the Coav, tay stray un roav,
Umang the roaks un streemz
Tay spoart that nikht.

Umang the boanie, weindin banks,
Hwawr Din rinz, wimplin, cleer,
Hwawr Bris yins rilld the mershul ranks,
Un shyuk hiz Carrick speer,
Sum mairie, freenlie, cuntra-foaks
Thigithur did conveen,
Tay burn thur nits, un poo thur stoaks,
Un hawd thur Halla-een
Foo bliith that nikht.

The lassiz feet, un cleenlie nait,
Mair braw thun hwun thay'r fein ;
Thur faisiz bliith, foo sweetly kiith,
Herts leel, un waarm, un kein :

Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks
And shook his Carrick spear ;
Some merry friendly country people
Gathered together
To burn their nuts and pull their cabbage-stalks,
And hold their All Hallow's-Eve
Very happily that night.

The girls spruce, clean and neat,
Handsomer than when they are finely dressed,
Their happy faces looking very sweet,
Their hearts true and warm and kind :

The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses hearts gang startin
Whyles fast at night.

Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
Their *stocks* maun a' be sought ance ;
They steek their een, an' grape an' wale,
For muckle anes, an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel *Will* fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd thro' the *Bow-kail*,
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,
A *runt* was like a sow-tail
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther ;
The vera *wee-things*, toddlan, rin,
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther :
An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them ;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them
To lye that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their *stalks o' corn* ;
But *Rab* slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn :

The youths so trim, with lover-knots
Well fastened on their garters,
Some very shy, and some with speeches
Which make girls' hearts sometimes
Beat fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, through the cabbage-plot
They must all once seek their stalks.
They shut their eyes and grope and choose
For big straight ones.
Poor half-witted Will lost his way
And wandered through the crooked cabbage,
And, for want of a better choice,
Pulled a stalk that was like a pig's tail,
So bent was it that night.

The lawdz say trig, wi oour-babz
Weel noatit oan thur gartun,
Sum unca blait, un sum wi gabs,
Gur lassiz' herts gang stertin
Hweils fast at nikht.

Than, furst un foarmust, throo the kail,
Thur stoaks man aw bee soakht yins ;
Thay steek thur een, un graip un wail,
Fur muckul yinz, un strawkht yinz.
Pair haivrul Wull fell aff the drift
Un wawnurt throo the boo-kail,
Un poot, fur waant oa bettur shift,
A runt wiz leik a soo-tail
Say boot that nikht.

Than, strawkht or crookit, yird or nain,
Thay rair un crii aw throothur ;
The vurra wee thingz, toadlin, rin,
Wi stoaks oot owr thur shoothur :
Un gif the custuck's sweet or soor,
Wi joctilegz thay taist thum ;
Sein coazilie, ubin the doar,
Wi cannie cair, thay'v plaist thum
Tay lii that nikht.

The lassiz staw fay mang thum aw,
Tay poo thur stawks oa coarn ;
But Rab slips oot, un jinks uboot,
Uhint the muckul thoarn :

Then whether the stalks are straight or crooked, with
earth on them or without,
They all shout and cry promiscuously ;
Even the little children run toddling
With stalks over their shoulders.
And, to see whether the pith is sweet or sour,
They taste them with clasp-knives.
Then comfortably, above the door
With anxious care they've placed them
To lie that night.

The girls stole from among them all
To pull their stalks of corn.
But Rob slips out and dodges about
Behind the big thorn-tree.

He grippet *Nelly* hard an' fast ;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses ;
But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
When kiutlan in the *Fause-house*
Wi' him that night.

The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet *nits*
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Are there that night decided :
Some kindle, couthie, side by side,
An' *burn* thegither trimly ;
Some start awa, wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell ;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
She says in to hersel :
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part,
Till fuff ! he started up the lum,
An' *Jean* had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was *brunt* wi' primsie *Mallie* ;
An' *Mary*, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to *Willie* :

He caught Nelly hard and fast ;
Loud shrieked all the girls ;
But her best jewel was almost lost
When flirting in the hollow stack
With him that night.

The old housewife's well-hoarded nuts
Are divided round and round ;
And many youths' and girls' fates
Are decided there that night :
Some kindle quietly side by side
And burn together nicely ;
Some start away with saucy pride
And jump out of the fire-place
Quite high that night.

Hee gruppit Nellie hard un fast ;
  Lood skirlt aw the lassiz ;
But hur tap-pickul maist wiz loast,
  Hwun kittlin in the faws-hoos
    Wi him that nikht.

The awl gid-weif's weel-hairdit nets
  Ar roon un roon diveidit,
Un munnie lawdz' un lassiz' faits
  Ar thair that nikht diseidit :
Sum kennul, coothie, seid ba seid,
  Un burn thigithur trimlie ;
Sum stert uwaw, wi sawsie preid,
  Un jump oot owr the chimla
    Foo heekh that nikht.

Jeen slips in twaw, wi tentie ee ;
  Hwaw 'twiz, shee wudnay tell ;
But ' this iz Joak, un this iz mee ',
  Shee sayz in tay hursel :
Hee bleezd owr hur, un shee owr him,
  Az thay wud nivvur mair pairt,
Till fuff ! hee stertit up the lum,
  Un Jeen hud een a sair hert
    Tay see't that nikht.

Pair Wullie, wi hiz boo-kail runt,
  Wiz brunt wi primzie Mallie ;
Un Mairie, nay doot, took the drunt,
  Tay bee cumpairt tay Wullie :

Jane slips in two, with watchful eye,
  Who it was, she would not tell ;
But ' This is Jack, and this is me '
  She whispers to herself.
His nut blazed over hers, and hers over his,
  As if they would never part again,
Till puff ! his nut started up the chimney,
  And Jane had indeed a sore heart
    To see it that night.

Poor Willie, with his crooked cabbage-stalk,
  Was burnt with prim Molly ;
And Mary no doubt became sulky
  To be compared with Willie :

Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit, it brunt it;
While *Willie* lap, an' swoor by *jing*,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the *Fause-house* in her min',
She pits hersel an' *Rob* in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
She whisper'd *Rob* to leuk for't:
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But *Merran* sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on *Andrew Bell*;
She lea'es them gashan at their cracks,
An' slips out by hersel:
She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
An' for the *kiln* she goes then,
An' darklins grapet for the *bauks*,
And in the *blue-clue* throws then,
Right fear't that night.

An' ay she *win't*, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something *held* within the *pat*,
Guid L . . . d! but she was quaukin!

Moll's nut leaped out with a proud fling
And burnt her own foot;
While Willie jumped and swore by Jove
It was just the way he wanted it
To be that night.

Nell had the hollow stack in her mind;
She puts in nuts for herself and Rob.
They sweetly join in a loving blaze
Till they are sobbing in white ashes.
Nell's heart was dancing at the sight
She whispered to Rob to look at it;
Rob stealthily kissed her pretty mouth
Very snugly in the corner for it,
Unseen that night.

Mall'z net lap oot, wi preidfa fling,
Un hur ain fit, it brunt it ;
Hweil Wullie lap, un swoar ba jing,
'Twiz jist the wei hee waantit
Tay bee that nikht.

Nell hud the faws-hoos in hur mein,
Shee pits hursel un Rab in ;
In luvvin bleez thay sweetlie jein,
Till hweit in aws thay'r sabbin :
Nell'z hert wiz dansin at the vyoo,
Shee hwuspurt Rab tay luk fur't ;
Rab, stownlinz, preed hur boanie moo,
Foo coazie in the nyuk fur't,
Unseen that nikht.

But Merrun sat uhint thur backs,
Hur thoakhts oan Anra Bell ;
Shee leez thum gashin at thur cracks,
Un slips oot ba hursel :
Shee throo the yaird the neerist taks,
Un fur the kull shee gayz than,
Un dawrklinz graipit fur the bawks,
Un in the bloo-cloo throaz than,
Rikht feert that nikht.

Un ei shee weint, un ei shee swat,
A wat shee maid nay jawkin ;
Till sumthing held within the pat,
Gid Loard ! but shee wiz qwawkin !

But Marion sat behind their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell ;
She leaves them gossiping and chatting,
And slips out by herself :
She takes the nearest way through the garden,
And goes on to the kiln,
And groped in the dark for the rafters,
And then throws in the clue of blue yarn,
Much afraid that night.

And still she wound and still she perspired—
I am sure she didn't dally—
Till something held within the pot—
Good Lord ! but she was quaking !

But whether 'twas the *Deil* himsel,
Or whether 'twas a *bauk-en'*,
Or whether it was *Andrew Bell*,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

Wee *Jenny* to her Graunie says,
'Will ye go wi' me Graunie ?
I'll *eat the apple* at the *glass*,
I gat frae uncle Johnie : '
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She notic't na, an aizle brunt
Her braw, new, worset apron
Out thro' that night.

'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face !
I daur you try sic sportin,
As seek the *foul Thief* onie place,
For him to spae your fortune ;
Nae doubt but ye may get a *sight* !
Great cause ye hae to fear it ;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
On sic a night.

'Ae Hairst afore the *Sherra-moor*,
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure,
I was na past fyfteen :

But whether it was the Devil himself,
Or whether it was the end of a rafter,
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She didn't stay talking
To ask that night.

Little Janie says to her grandmother,
'Will you go with me, Granny ?
I'll eat at the looking-glass the apple
I got from Uncle Johnny.'
She puffed her pipe, making such a glow—
She was so excited in her wrath—
She did not notice that a red-hot ash
Burnt her fine new worsted apron
Right through that night.

But hwithur 'twiz the Deel himsel,
  Or hwithur 'twiz a bawk-en,
Or hwithur it wiz Anra Bell,
  She didnay wait oan tawkin
    Tay speer that nikht.

Wee Jennie tay hur Grannie sayz,
  'Wull yee gay wee mee, Grannie ?
A'll eet the aipul at the gless,
  A gat fay uncul Joanie.'
Shee fuff't hur peip wi sic a lunt,
  In rawth shee wiz say vaiprin,
Shee noatist nay, un aizul brunt
  Hur braw, nyoo, wursit aiprun
    Oot throo that nikht.

'Yee littil skelpie-limmur'z-fais !
  A dawr yee trii sic spoartin,
Az seek the fool Theef oanie plais,
  Fur him tay spay yur foartin ;
Nay doot but yee may get a sikht !
  Grait caws yee hay tay feer it ;
Fur munnie a yin hiz goatun a frikht
  Un leevt un deet dileerit
    Oan sic a nikht.

'Yay hairst ufoar the Shurra-mair
  A mein't az weel'z yistreen,
A wiz a gilpie than, A'm shair,
  A wizna past fefteen :

'You little wretch !
  I dare you to try such a game,
As to seek the foul thief anywhere
  For him to tell your fortune.
No doubt you may get a sight :
  You have great cause to fear it ;
For many a one has got a fright
  And has lived and died insane
    After such a night.

'One harvest before the battle of Sheriffmuir—
  I remember it as well as yesterday—
I was a young girl then, I am sure
  I wasn't past fifteen—

The Simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' *Stuff* was unco green ;
An' ay a rantan *Kirn* we gat,
An' just on *Halloween*
It fell that night.

'Our *Stibble-rig* was *Rab M'Graen*,
A clever, sturdy fallow ;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
He gat *hemp-seed*, I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't ;
But monie a day was *by himsel*,
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night.'

Then up gat fechtan *Jamie Fleck*,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw *hemp-seed* a peck ;
For it was a' but nonsense :
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him ;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtan ;
The *graip* he for a *harrow* taks,
An' haurls at his curpan :

The summer had been cold and wet,
And the corn was very green ;
And we always had a jolly harvest-feast,
And just on All-Hallow's-Eve
It fell that night.

'Our leading reaper was Rob M'Grain,
An active, sturdy fellow ;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
He got hemp-seed—I remember it well—
And he made very light of it ;
But for many a day was out of his senses,
He got so sore a fright
That same night.'

The simmur hud been cawl un wat,
  Un stuff wiz unca green ;
Un ei a rantin kirn wee gat,
  Un jist oan Halla-een
    It fell that nikht.

'Oor stibbul-rig wiz Rab MacGrain,
  A clivvur, sturdie falla ;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Hee gat hemp-seed, A mein it weel,
  Un hee maid unca likht oa't ;
But munnie a day wiz bii himsel,
  Hee wiz say sairlie frikhtit
    That vurra nikht.'

Than up gat fekhtin Jimmie Fleck,
  Un hee swoar ba hiz coanshuns,
That hee cood saw hemp-seed a peck ;
  Fur it wiz aw but noansuns :
The awl gidman rawkht doon the poak,
  Un oot a hawnfa geed um ;
Sein bad um slip fay mang the foak,
  Sum teim hwun nay yin seed um,
    Un trii't that nikht.

Hee mairchiz throo umang the stacks,
  Thoa hee wiz sumthing sturtin ;
The graip hee fur a harra taks,
  Un hawrlz at hiz curpun :

Then up got fighting Jamie Fleck,
  And he swore by his conscience
That he could sow a peck of hemp-seed ;
  For it was all nonsense.
The old head of the house reached down the bag,
  And gave him out a handful ;
Then bade him slip from among the company
  At some time when no one saw him,
    And try it that night.

He marches through among the stacks,
  Though he was somewhat nervous ;
He takes for a harrow the five-pronged fork,
  And drags it behind him.

And ev'ry now an' then, he says,
'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me an' draw thee
As fast this night.'

He whistl'd up *lord Lenox' march,*
To keep his courage cheary;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his showther gae a keek,
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle
Out owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld come rinnan out,
An' hear the sad narration;
He swoor 'twas hilchan *Jean M'Craw,*
Or crouchie *Merran Humphie,*
Till stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but *Grumphie*
Asteer that night?

Meg fain wad to the *Barn* gaen,
To *winn three wechts o' naething*;
But for to meet the Deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:

And every now and then, he says
'Hemp-seed I sow thee,
And let her that is to be my sweetheart
Come after me and pull thee
As fast this night.'

He whistled Lord Lennox's march
To keep up his courage,
Although his hair began to rise;
He was so frightened and nervous.
Till soon he hears a squeak,
And then a groan and grunt.
He glanced over his shoulder,
And staggered and tumbled
Right over that night.

Un ivrie noo un than, he sayz
  ‘ Hemp-seed A saw thee,
Un hur thut iz tay bee ma lass
  Cum eftur mee un draw thee
    Az fast this nikht.’

Hee hwussuld up Loard Lennox’ mairch,
  Tay keep hiz currij cheerie ;
Ulthoa hiz hair bigood tay airch,
  Hee wiz say fleid un eerie :
Till praizuntlie hee heerz a sqweek,
  Un than a grain un gruntul ;
Hee bii hiz shoothur gay a keek,
  Un tummuld wi a wintul
    Oot owr that nikht.

Hee raird a hoarid murdur-shoot,
  In dreedfa daispuraishun !
Un yung un awl cum rinnin oot,
  Un heer the sad naraishun :
Hee swoar ’twiz hilshin Jeen MacCraw,
  Or croochie Merrun Humfie,
Till stoap ! shee troatit throo thum aw,
  Un hwaw wiz it but Grumfie
    Usteer that nikht !

Meg fain wud tay the bawrn gain,
  Tay wun three wekhts oa naything ;
But fur tay meet the Deel hur lain,
  Shee pat but littil faith in :

He roared a horrid shout of murder
  In dreadful desperation ;
And young and old come running out
  And hear his sad story.
He swore it was limping Jane M‘Craw
  Or hunch-back Marion Humphie ;
Till stop ! she trotted through them all :
  And who was it but the old sow
    Astir that night !

Mag wished to go to the barn
  To winnow three trayfuls of nothing ;
But to meet the Devil by herself
  She had little faith.

She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheeket apples,
To watch, while for the *Barn* she sets,
In hopes to see *Tam Kipples*
That vera night.

She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures ;
But first on *Sawnie* gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters :
A *ratton* rattl'd up the wa',
An' she cry'd, L . . . d preserve her !
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice ;
They hecht him some fine braw ane ;
It chanc'd the *Stack* he *faddom't thrice*,
Was timmer-propt for thrawin :
He taks a swirlie, auld *moss-oak*,
For some black, grousome *Carlin* ;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow *Leezie* was,
As cantie as a kittlen ;
But Och ! that night, amang the shaws,
She gat a fearfu' settlin !

She gives the herd-boy a few nuts
And two red-cheeked apples,
For him to watch while she makes for the barn
In hopes of seeing Tom Kipples
That same night.

She turns the key with a gentle twist,
And ventures over the threshold ;
But first calls to Sandy (the herd-boy)
And then boldly enters.
A rat rattled up the wall,
And she cried, Lord preserve her !
And ran through the dung-hole and everything,
And prayed with zeal and fervour
Very fast that night.

Shee geez the hurd a pickul nets,
  Un twaw rid-cheekit aipulz,
Tay wach, hweil fur the bawrn shee sets,
  In howps tay see Tam Kippulz
    That vurra nikht.

Shee turnz the kee, wi cannie thraw,
  Un owr the threshuld venturz ;
But furst oan Sawnie geez a caw,
  Sein bawldlie in shee enturz :
A rattun rattuld up the waw,
  Un shee criid, Loard prizairv ur !
Un ran throo middun-hoal un aw,
  Un prayd wi zeel un fervur
    Foo fast that nikht.

Thay hoit oot Wull, wi sair adveis ;
  Thay hekht um sum fein braw yin ;
It chanst the stack hee faddumt threis,
  Wiz timmur-prapt fur thrawin :
Hee taks a swirlie, awl moas-oak
  Fur sum black, groosum cairlin ;
Un lit a winz, un droo a stroak,
  Till skin in bleips cam hawrlin
    Aff's neevz that nikht.

A waantun weeda Leezee wiz,
  Az cantie az a kittlin ;
But oakh ! that nikht umang the shawz
  Shee gat a feerfa settlin !

They urged out Will, with strong advice ;
  They promised him some fine handsome girl.
It chanced that the stack he thrice fathomed with his arms
  Was propped with timber because of its twisting.
He takes a gnarled old bog-oak
  For some black loathsome old woman ;
And uttered an oath, and aimed a blow,
  Till the skin came peeling in strips
    Off his fists that night.

Lizzie was a sportive widow,
  As lively as a kitten ;
But Oh ! that night among the woods
  She got a dreadful set-down.

She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare *three Lairds' lan's met at a burn.*
To dip her *left sark-sleeve* in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't ;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays ;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't ;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle ;
Whyles cooket underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle
Unseen that night.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Gat up an' gae 'a croon :
Poor *Leezie's* heart maist lap the hool ;
Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
But mist a fit, an' in the *pool,*
Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The *Luggies* three are ranged ;
And ev'ry time great care is taen,
To see them duely changed :

She went hastily through the furze and past the heap of stones
And over the hill,
To where three squires' lands met at a brook,
To dip in the left sleeve of her chemise
She was bent that night.

Sometimes the brooklet plays over a waterfall,
As it rippled through the glen ;
Sometimes it strays round a rocky cliff ;
Sometimes it dimpled in an eddy ;
Sometimes it glittered to the rays of night
With hurrying, dancing dazzle ;
Sometimes hid under the banks
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Shee throo the hwunz, un bii the cairn,
Un owr the hull gaid screevin,
Hwawr three lairdz' lawnz met at a burn,
Tay dip hur left sark-sleev in,
Wiz bent that nikht.

Hweilz owr a linn the burnie playz,
Az throo the glen it wimpult ;
Hweilz roon a roakie scawr it strayz ;
Hweilz in a weel it dimpult ;
Hweilz glitturd tay the nikhtlie rayz,
Wi bickurin, dansin dezzul ;
Hweilz cookit unnurneeth the brayz,
Ubloa the spreedin haizul
Unseen that nikht.

Umang the breckunz, oan the bray,
Utween hur un the min,
The Deel, or els an ootlur quei,
Gat up un gay a crin :
Pair Leezie'z hert maist lap the hill ;
Nerr laivruck-hekht shee jumpit,
But misst a fit, un in the pill,
Oot owr the lugz shee plumpit,
Wi a plunj that nikht.

In oardur, oan the cleen herth-stain,
The luggiez three ar rainjd ;
Un ivrie teim grait cair iz tain
Tay see thum dyoolie chainjd :

Among the ferns on the hillside,
Between her and the moon,
The Devil, or else an outlying heifer,
Got up and uttered a moan.
Poor Lizzie's heart almost leaped out of its shell ;
She jumped nearly as high as a lark ;
But missed a foot, and in the pool
Right over the ears she plumped
With a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stone
The three dishes are arranged ;
And every time great care is taken
To see they're duly changed :

Auld, uncle *John*, wha *wedlock's joys*,
Sin' *Mar's-year* did desire,
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,
He heav'd them on the fire
In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks
I wat they did na weary;
And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheary:
Till *butter'd So'ns*, wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

Old Uncle John, who desired the joys of wedlock
Since the Earl of Mar's rebellion,
Because he got the empty dish thrice,
Heaved them on the fire
In wrath that night.

With merry songs and friendly chat
I'm sure they didn't weary;

Awl uncul Joan, hwaw wadluck's joaiez
Sin Mar'z-yeer did diziir,
Bicuz hee gat the tim desh threis,
Hee heevd thum oan the fiir
In rawth that nikht.

Wi mairie sangz, un freenlie cracks
A wat thay didnay weerie ;
Un unca tailz, un funnie joaks,
Thur spoarts wur chaip un cheerie :
Till butturd soa-unz, wi fraigrunt lunt,
Set aw thur gabz a-steerin ;
Sein, wi a soashul gless oa strunt,
Thay pairtit aff careerin
Foo bliith that nikht.

And with quaint tales and funny jokes
Their games were cheap and cheerful.
Till buttered gruel, with fragrant steam,
Sets all their mouths at work.
Then, with a social glass of toddy,
They separate, careering off
Very happy that night.

THE
HOLY FAIR

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

A robe of seeming truth and trust
Hid crafty observation;
And secret hung, with poison'd crust,
The dirk of Defamation:
A mask that like the gorget show'd,
Dye-varying, on the pigeon;
And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion.

HYPOCRISY A-LA-MODE.

I.

UPON a simmer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked forth to view the corn,
An' snuff the callor air.
The rising sun, our GALSTON Muirs,
Wi' glorious light was glintan;
The hares were hirplan down the furrs,
The lav'rocks they were chantan
Fu' sweet that day.

II.

As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
To see a scene sae gay,
Three *hizzies*, early at the road,
Cam skelpan up the way.

I.

ON a Sunday morning in summer,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walked out to see the corn
And breathe the fresh air.
The rising sun was glancing with glorious light
Over Galston Moors;

THE HAILIE FAIR

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

I.

Upoan a simmur Sunday moarn,
  Hwun Naitur'z fais iz fair,
A wawkit foarth tay vyoo the coarn,
  Un snuff the callur air.
The reizin sun, owr Gawstun Mairz,
  Wi gloarius likht wiz glintin ;
The hairz wur hirplin doon the furz,
  The laivrucks thay wur chantin
    Foo sweet that day.

II.

Az likhtsumlie A glowrd ubroad,
  Tay see a seen say gay,
Three hizziez, airlie at the road,
  Cam skelpin up the way (wei).

The hares were limping down the furrows
  And the larks were warbling
    Most sweetly that day.

II.

As light-heartedly I gazed around
  To see so gay a scene,
Three maidens, early on the road,
  Came skipping up the way.

Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
But ane wi' lyart lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a-back,
Was in the fashion shining
Fu' gay that day.

III.

The *twa* appear'd like sisters twin,
In feature, form an' claes;
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
An' sour as ony slaes:
The *third* cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,
As light as ony lambie,
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

IV.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, 'Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sure I've seen that bonie face,
But yet I canna name ye.'
Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak,
An' taks me by the han's,
'Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck
Of a' the *ten comman's*
A screed some day.

Two had cloaks of doleful black,
But one of them with a grey lining;
The third, who walked a little behind them,
Was shining in the fashion
Gaily that day.

III.

The two looked like twin sisters
In feature, figure, and clothes.
Their faces were withered, long and thin
And as sour as sloes.
The third came up, hop-step-and-jump,
As lightly as a little lamb;

Twaw hud manteelz oa doalfa black,
But yin wi liiurt leinin ;
The thurd, thut gaid a wee uback,
Wiz in the fashun sheinin
Foo gay that day.

III.

The twaw uppeerd leik sisturz twin,
In feetur, foarm un claiz ;
Thur vizij withurd, lang un thin,
Un soor az oanie slayz :
The thurd cam up, hap-stap-un-lowp,
Az likht az oanie lammie,
Un wi a curchie laikh did stoop,
Az sin az eer shee saw mee,
Foo kein that day.

IV.

Wi bunnit aff, koa A, 'Sweet lass,
A think yee seem tay ken mee ;
A'm shair A'v seen that boanie fais,
But yet A canna naim yee.'
Koa shee—un lakhin az shee spak,
Un taks mee ba the hawnz,—
'Yee, fur ma saik, hay geen the feck
Oa aw the ten coamawnz
A screed sum day.

And as soon as she saw me,
Bent with a low curtsy
Very kindly that day.

IV.

Taking off my bonnet, I said, 'Sweet maid,
I think you seem to know me.
I am sure I have seen that pretty face,
But yet I can't name you.'
Said she, laughing as she spoke
And taking me by the hands,
'You for my sake have given
Most of the ten Commandments
A rent some day.

V.

'My name is F U N . . . your cronie dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
An' this is S U P E R S T I T I O N here,
An' that 's H Y P O C R I S Y.
I'm gaun to . . . *holy fair*,
To spend an hour in daffin:
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkl'd pair,
We will get famous laughin
At them this day.'

VI.

Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;
I'll get my sunday's sark on,
An' meet you on the holy spot;
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!'
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,
An' soon I made me ready;
For roads were clad, frae side to side,
Wi' monie a wearie body,
In droves that day.

VII.

Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith,
Gaed hoddan by their cotters;
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,
Are springan owre the gutters.

V.

'My name is Fun, your dear comrade,
The nearest friend you have.
And this here is Superstition,
And that 's Hypocrisy.
I'm going to the Holy Fair (tent-preaching) at Mauchline,
To spend an hour in amusement.
If you'll go there, we shall get a famous laugh
At that wrinkled pair
This day.'

VI.

Said I, 'I'll do it with all my heart.
I'll get on my Sunday shirt

V.

'Ma naim iz Fun—yur croanie deer,
The neerist freen yee hay;
Un this iz Soopursteeshun heer,
Un that 's Hipoacrisie.
A'm gawn tay Mawkhlin Hoalie Fair,
Tay spen an oor in daffin;
Gin yee'll gay thair, yoan runkuld pair,
Wee wull get faimus laffin (lachin)
At thaim this day.'

VI.

Koa A, 'Wi aw ma hert, A'll day't;
A'll get ma Sunday'z sark oan,
Un meet yoo oan the hoalie spoat;
Faith, wee'z hay fein rimarkin!'
Than A gaid haim at crowdie-teim,
Un shin A maid mee reddie;
Fur roadz wur cled, fay seid tay seid,
Wi munnie a weerie buddie,
In droavz that day.

VII.

Heer, fermurz gash, in reidin graith,
Gaid hoadin bii thur coaturz;
Thair, swankiez yung, in braw braid-claith,
Ur springin owr the gitturz.

And meet you on the holy spot;
Faith! we shall have fine remarks to make.'
Then I went home at porridge-time (breakfast-time);
And soon I got ready,
For the roads were covered from side to side
With many a weary person
In droves that day.

VII.

Here, well-dressed farmers in riding-garb
Went jogging past their cottagers;
There, smart young fellows in fine broad-cloth
Are springing over the muddy road.

The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,
In silks an' scarlets glitter;
Wi' *sweet-milk cheese*, in monie a whang,
An' *farls*, bak'd wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day.

VIII.

When by the *plate* we set our nose,
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence,
A greedy glowr *black-bonnet* throws,
An' we maun draw our tippence.
Then in we go to see the show,
On ev'ry side they're gath'ran;
Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools,
An' some are busy bleth'ran
Right loud that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
An' screen our countra Gentry;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads,
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck;
An' there, a batch o' *Wabster lads*,
Blackguarding frae K . . . ck
For *fun* this day.

The girls hastening along with bare feet in crowds
Are glittering in silks and scarlets,
With parcels of cheese made from sweet-milk in many a chunk,
And oatmeal-cakes baked with butter
Nice and crisp that day.

VIII.

When we put our nose past the plate (set out for the collection),
Well heaped up with half-pence,
Black-bonnet (the Elder) throws a greedy look,
And we must draw out our twopence.
Then in we go to see the show.
They're gathering on every side;

The lassiz, skelpin bairfit, thrang,
In sulks un scawrlits glittur ;
Wi sweet-mulk cheez, in munnie a hwang,
Un fawrlz, baikd wi buttur,
Foo crump that day.

VIII.

Hwun bii the plait wee set oor noaz,
Weel heepit up wi happins,
A greedie glowr black-bunnit throaz,
Un wee mun draw oor tuppins.
Than in wee gay tay see the show,
Oan ivrie seid thay'r gethrin ;
Sum cairiein dailz, sum chairz un stillz,
Un sum ur bizzie blethrin
Rikht lood that day.

IX.

Heer stawnz a shed tay fen the shoorz,
Un screen oor cuntra Jentrie ;
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Heer sits a raw oa tittlin jawdz,
Wi heevin breests un bair neck ;
Un thair a bach oa Wabstur lawdz,
Blaggairdin fay Kilmawrnuck
Fur fun this day.

Some carrying deal planks, some chairs and stools;
And some are busy chattering
Quite loudly that day.

IX.

Here stands a shed to keep off the showers,
And to screen our country gentry.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Here sits a row of gossiping girls
With heaving breasts and bare neck ;
And there a lot of weaver-lads
Blackguarding from Kilmarnock
For fun this day.

X.

Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
An' some upo' their claes ;
Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins,
Anither sighs an' prays :
On this hand sits an *Elect* swatch,
Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces ;
On that, a set o' chaps, at watch,
Thrang winkan on the lasses
To *chairs* that day.

XI.

O happy is that man, an' blest !
Nae wonder that it pride him !
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Comes clinkan down beside him !
Wi' arm repos'd on the *chair-back*,
He sweetly does compose him ;
Which, by degrees, slips round her *neck*,
An's loof upon her *bosom*
Unkend that day.

XII.

Now a' the congregation o'er
Is silent expectation ;
For . . . speels the holy door,
Wi' tidings o' s--lv--t--n.

X.

Here some are thinking of their sins,
And some of their clothes.
One curses feet that dirtied his shins,
Another sighs and prays.
On this hand sits a sample of the elect
With screwed-up grace-proud faces ;
On that a set of fellows at watch
Busy winking to the girls
To come and take chairs
Beside them that day.

X.

Heer, sum ar thinkin oan thur sinz,
  Un sum upoa thur claiz ;
Yin cursiz feet thut feild hiz shinz,
  Unithur sikhs un prayz :
Oan this hawn sits an Eeleck swach,
  Wi scrood-up, grais-prood faisiz ;
Oan that, a set oa chapz at wach,
  Thrang winkin oan the lassiz
    Tay chairz that day.

XI.

O happie iz that man, un blest !
  Nay wunnur thut it preid um !
Hwaw'z ain deer lass, thut hee leiks best,
  Cumz clinkin doon useid um !
Wi airm ripoazd oan the chair-back,
  Hee sweetlie diz coampoaz um ;
Hwich, ba digreez, slips roon hur neck,
  Un'z liff upoan hur boazum
    Unkend that day.

XII.

Noo aw the congrigaishun owr
  Iz siilunt expectaishun ;
Fur Moodie speelz the hoalie doar,
  Wi teidinz oa salvaishun.

XI.

O happy is that man and blest,—
  No wonder that it makes him proud !—
Whose own dear girl that he likes best
  Sits smartly down beside him.
With his arm resting on the back of the chair,
  He settles himself happily,
And by degrees it slips round her neck
  With his hand upon her bosom
    Unnoticed that day.

XII.

Now all the congregation
  Is in silent expectation ;
For Moodie climbs the holy door (of the pulpit)
  With tidings of salvation.

Should *Hornie*, as in ancient days,
'Mang sons o' G-- present him,
The vera sight o' . . . 's face,
To's ain *het hame* had sent him
Wi' fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin!
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He 's stampan, an' he 's jumpan!
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout,
His eldritch squeel an' gestures,
O how they fire the heart devout,
Like *cantharidian* plaisters
On sic a day!

XIV.

But hark! the *tent* has chang'd it's voice;
There's peace an' rest nae langer;
For a' the *real judges* rise,
They canna sit for anger.
. . . opens out his cauld harangues,
On *practice* and on *morals*;
An' aff the *godly* pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars an' barrels
A lift that day.

Should Hornie (the Devil), as in ancient days (those of Job),
Present himself among the sons of God,
The very sight of Moodie's face
Would have sent him to his own hot home
With fright that day.

XIII.

Hear how he clears up the points of Faith
With rattling and thumping.
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He 's stamping and jumping.
His long chin, his turned-up nose,
His unearthly shrieks and gestures,

Shid Hoarnie, az in anshunt dayz,
'Mang sunz oa Goad prizent um,
The verra sikht oa Moodie'z fais,
Tay'z ain het haim hud sent um
Wi frikht that day.

XIII.

Heer hoo hee cleerz the peints oa Faith
Wi rattlin un thumpin !
Noo meeklie cawm, noo weil in rawth,
Hee'z stampin, un hee'z jumpin !
Hiz lenthund chin, hiz turnd up snoot,
Hiz eldrich sqweel un jaisturz,
O hoo thay fiir the hert divoot,
Leik canthiridyun plaisturz
Oan sic a day !

XIV.

But hark ! the tent hiz cheinjd its veis ;
Thur'z pees un rest nay lang-ur ;
Fur aw the rai-ul jujiz reiz,
Thay canna sit fur ang-ur.
Smith oapunz oot hiz cawl harangz,
Oan practis un oan moarulz ;
Un aff the goadlie poor in thrangz,
Tay gee the jawrz un burrulz
A lift that day.

O how they fire the devout heart
Like fly-blister plasters
On such a day !

XIV.

But hark ! the tent (out-of-doors pulpit) has changed its voice,
There 's peace and rest no longer ;
For all the real judges rise,
They cannot sit still for anger.
Smith begins his cold harangues
On practice and morals ;
And off the godly (New-Light evangelicals) pour in crowds
To give the jars (of whisky) and barrels (of ale)
A trial that day.

XV.

What signifies his barren shine,
Of *moral pow'rs* an' *reason* ?
His English style, an' gesture fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like SOCRATES or ANTONINE,
Or some auld pagan heathen,
The *moral man* he does define,
But ne'er a word o' *faith* in
That's right that day.

XVI.

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poosion'd nostrum ;
For . . ., frae the water-fit,
Ascends the *holy rostrum* :
See, up he's got the word o' G—,
An' meek an' mim has view'd it,
While COMMON-SENSE has taen the road,
An' aff, an' up the *Cowgate*
Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee . . . niest, the Guard relieves,
An' Orthodoxy raibles,
Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables :

XV.

What signifies his barren brilliancy
About moral powers and reason ?
His English style and fine gesticulation
Are all quite out of season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
Or some old pagan heathen,
He defines the moral man
But without a word of faith in his sermon
Suitable for the day.

XVI.

In good time there comes an antidote
Against such poisoned nostrum ;
For Peebles from the mouth of the River Ayr
Ascends the holy rostrum.

XV.

Hwit signifeez hiz barrin shein
Oa moarul poorz un raizun ?
Hiz Ing-lish steil, un jaistur fein,
Ur aw cleen oot oa saizun.
Leik Soacrutais or Antoanein,
Or sum awl paigun haithun,
The moarul man hee diz difein,
But neer a wurd oa faith in
Thut's rikht that day.

XVI.

In gid teim cumz an antidoat
Ugainst sic poozhund noastrum ;
Fur Peebulz, fay the wattur-fit,
Asenz the hoalie roastrum :
See, up hee'z goat the wurd oa Goad,
Un meek un mim hiz vyood it,
Hweil Coamun-Sens hiz tain the road,
Un aff, un up the Coogit
Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Wee Mullur neest the Gaird rileevz,
Un Oarthoadoaxie raibulz,
Thoa in hiz hert hee weel bileevz,
Un thinks it awl weivz' faibulz :

See, he has raised the word of God (the Bible),
And has gazed at it meekly and primly ;
While commonsense has taken to flight
And run off up the Cowgate
Fast, fast that day.

XVII.

Little Miller next relieves the guard
And gabbles orthodoxy ;
Although in his heart he well believes
And thinks that it is old women's fables.

But faith ! the birkie wants a *Manse*,
So, cannilie he hums them ;
Altho' his *carnal* Wit an' Sense
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Wi' *yill-caup* Commentators :
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
An' there the pint-stowp clatters ;
While thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,
Wi' *Logic*, an' wi' *Scripture*,
They raise a din, that, in the end,
Is like to breed a rupture
O' wrath that day.

XIX.

Leeze me on Drink ! it gies us mair
Than either School or Colledge :
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear,
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge.
Be't *whisky-gill* or *penny-wheep*,
Or ony stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinkin deep,
To kittle up our *notion*,
By night or day.

But faith ! the rascal wants a manse (a living),
So he cautiously qualifies his remarks,
Although his fleshly wit and sense
Half overcome him
At times that day.

XVIII.

Now the Inn becomes filled at both ends
With commentators over their pots of ale.
Here some are crying out for biscuits and gills of whisky ;
And there the pint-pot clatters on the table ;
While crowded and busy and loud and long,
With logic and scripture,

But faith ! the birkie waants a Mans,
Say, cannilie hee humz thum ;
Ulthoa hiz carnul Wut un Sens
Leik hawflinz-weiz owrcumz um
At teimz that day.

XVIII.

Noo, butt un ben, the Cheinj-hoos fullz,
Wi yull-cawp Coamuntatturz :
Heer'z crii-in oot fur baiks un jullz,
Un thair the peint-stowp clatturz ;
Hweil thick un thrang, un lood un lang,
Wi Loajic, un wi Scriptur,
Thay raiz a din, that in the en
Iz leik tay breed a ruptur
Oa rawth that day.

XIX.

Leez mee oan Drink ! it geez us mair
Thun aithur Skill or Coalij :
It kennulz Wut, it wawkinz Lair,
It pangz us foo oa Noalij :
Bee't hwuskie-jull or pennie-hweep,
Or oanie stroang-ur poashun,
It nivvur failz, oan drinkin deep,
Tay kittul up oor noashun,
Ba nikht or day.

The drinkers raise a noise that in the end
Is likely to cause an outbreak
Of wrath that day.

XIX.

Blessings on drink ! it gives us more
Than does either school or college.
It kindles wit, it awakens learning,
It crams us full of knowledge.
Whether it be a gill of whisky or a pot of weak ale,
Or any stronger liquor,
It never fails, when we drink deeply,
To tickle up our ideas
By night or day.

XX.

The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
To mind baith *saul* an' *body*,
Sit round the table, weel content,
An' steer about the *toddy*.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,
They're makin observations ;
While some are cozie i' the neuk,
An' forming *assignations*
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,
Till a' the hills are rairan,
An' echos back return the shouts ;
Black . . . is na spairan :
His piercin words, like Highlan swords,
Divide the joints an' marrow ;
His talk o' H—ll, whare devils dwell,
Our vera [1] 'Sauls does harrow'
Wi' fright that day !

XXII.

A vast, unbottom'd, boundless *Pit*,
Fill'd fou o' *lowan brunstane*,
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane !

XX.

The youths and girls, gaily bent
On attending to both soul and body,
Sit round the table well content
And stir their toddy (whisky and hot water).
They're making observations
On this one's dress and that one's look,
While some are comfortably established in the corner
And making arrangements
To meet some day.

XXI.

But now the Lord's own trumpet blares
Till all the hills are shouting,
And echoes return the sounds ;
Black Russell is not sparing.

[1] Shakespeare's Hamlet.

XX.

The lawdz un lassiz, bliithlie bent
Tay mein baith sawl un boadie,
Sit roon the taibul, weel coantent,
Un steer uboot the toadie.
Oan this yin'z dress, un that yin'z luk,
Thay'r makkin oabzurvaishunz ;
Hweil sum ur coazie i the nyuk,
Un foarmin assignaishunz
Tay meet sum day.

XXI.

But noo the Loard'z ain trumpit toots,
Till aw the hullz ur rairin,
Un aikoaz back riturn the shoots ;
Black Russul izna spairin :
Hiz pairsin wurdz, leik Heelun swurdz,
Diveid the jeints un marra ;
Hiz tawk oa Hell, hwawr deevilz dwell (dwall),
Oor verra sawlz diz harra
Wi frikht that day !

XXII.

A vast, unboadumd, boonlus Pit,
Fulld foo oa lowin brunstain,
Hwaw'z raijin flaim un scoarchin heet
Wud melt the hardist hwun-stain !

His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints and marrow ;
His talk of Hell, where devils dwell,
Harrows our very souls
With fright that day.

XXII.

He pictures it as a vast bottomless boundless pit
Filled full of burning brimstone,
Whose raging flame and scorching heat
Would melt the hardest whinstone.

The *half-asleep* start up wi' fear,
An' think they hear it roaran,
When presently it does appear,
'Twas but some neebor *snoran*
Asleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell,
How monie stories past,
An' how they crouded to the yill,
When they were a' dismist:
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups,
Amang the furms an' benches;
An' *cheese* an' *bread*, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lunches,
An' dawds that day.

XXIV.

In comes a gawsie, gash *Guidwife*,
An' sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her *kebbuck* an' her knife;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld *Guidmen*, about the *grace*,
Frae side to side they bother,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
An' gies them't, like a *tether*,
Fu' lang that day.

Those hearers who are half asleep start up with fear,
And think they hear it roaring;
When soon it appears
It was but some neighbour snoring
Fast asleep that day.

XXIII.

It would be too long a tale to tell
How many things happened;
And how the people crowded to the ale
When they were all dismissed;
How drink went round in wooden drinking vessels
Among the seats and benches,

The hawf-usleep stert up wi feer,
  Un think thay heer it roarin,
Hwun praizuntlie it diz uppeer,
  'Twiz but sum neebur snoarin
    Usleep that day.

XXIII.

'Twud bee owr lang a tail tay tell,
  Hoo munnie stoariez past,
Un hoo thay croodit tay the yull,
  Hwun thay wur aw dismist ;
Hoo drink gaid roon, in coagz un cawps,
  Umang the furmz un binshiz ;
Un cheez un breed, fay weemin'z laps,
  Wiz dailt uboot in lunshiz
    Un dawdz that day.

XXIV.

In cumz a gawsie, gash Gidweif,
  Un sits doon ba the fiir ;
Sein drawz hur kebbuck un hur neif ;
  The lassiz thay ur shiiur.
The awl Gidmen, uboot the grais,
  Fay seid tay seid thay boathur,
Till sum yin bii hiz bunnut layz,
  Un gees thum't leik a tethur,
    Foo lang that day.

And bread and cheese were dealt round
  In big slices and chunks
    From women's laps that day.

XXIV.

In comes a buxom well-dressed matron
  And sits down by the fire ;
She draws out her cheese and her knife
  (The girls are shyer).
The greybeards bandy about the duty of saying grace after meat
  From one to the other,
Till some one puts aside his bonnet
  And gives it them as long as a tethering rope
    That day.

XXV.

Waesucks ! for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething !
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie his braw claithing !
O *Wives* be mindfu' ance yoursel,
How bonie lads ye wanted,
An' dinna, for a *kebbuck-heel*,
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day !

XXVI.

Now *Clinkumbell*, wi' rattlan tow,
Begins to jow an' croon ;
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,
Some wait the afternoon.
At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Till lasses strip their shoon :
Wi' *faith* an' *hope*, an' *love* an' *drink*,
They're a' in famous tune
For crack that day.

XXV.

Alas ! for the lad that does not get a girl,
Or girls that have no eatables.
Small need has he to say a grace
Or soil his fine clothes with crumbs.
O women ! remember how you yourselves
Once wanted handsome lads,
And don't let girls be disgraced
For want of a remnant of cheese
On such a day.

XXV.

Waysucks fur him that gets nay lass,
Or lassiz thut hay naything!
Smaw need hiz hee tay say a grais
Or melvie hiz braw claithin!
O weivz bee meinfa, yins yursel,
Hoo boanie lawdz yee waantit,
Un dinna, fur a kebbuck-heel,
Let lassiz bee uffruntit
Oan sic a day!

XXVI.

Noo Clinkumbell, wi rattlin tow,
Biginz tay jow un crin;
Sum swaggur haim, the best thay dow,
Sum wait the efternin.
At slaps the billiez halt a blink
Till lassiz strip thur shin;
Wi faith un howp, un luv un drink,
Thay'r aw in faimus tin
Fur crack that day.

XXVI.

Now Clinkumbell (the bell-ringer) with his rattling bell-rope
Begins to toll and peal.
Some stagger home as best they can;
Some stay for the afternoon.
At gaps in fences the lads wait a little
While the girls take off their shoes (to walk bare-footed and save the shoes).
With faith and hope, and love and drink,
They're all in famous tune
For chatting that day.

TAM O' SHANTER.—A TALE.

(As written in the Kilmarnock manuscript.)

When chapmen billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
And folk begin to take the gate ;
While we sit bowsing at the nappy,
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses.)

O Tam ! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife *Kate's* advice !
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bletherin, blusterin, drunken blellum ;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober ;

TOM OF SHANTER.

When pedlar fellows leave the street,
And thirsty neighbours meet each other ;
As market-days are getting late,
And people begin to take the road (to make for home) ;
While we sit carousing at our ale,
And getting tipsy and very happy ;
We don't think of the long Scotch miles,
The bogs, rivers, gaps and stiles,
That lie between us and our home,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,

TAM OA SHANTUR.—A TAIL.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Hwun chapmin billiez leev the street,
Un droothie neeburz, neeburz meet,
Az markit dayz ur weerin lait,
Un foak bigin tay tak the gait ;
Hweil wee sit boozin at the nappie,
Un gettin foo un unca happie,
Wee think na oan the lang Scoats meilz,
The moasiz, waaturz, slaps un steilz,
Thut lii atween us un oor haim,
Hwawr sits oor sulkie sullun daim,
Gethrin hur brooz leik gethrin stoarm,
Nursin hur rawth tay keep it waarm.

This trith fand oanist Tam oa Shantur,
Az hee fay Ayr yay nikht did cantur,
(Awld Ayr, hwam neer a toon surpassiz
Fur oanist men un boanie lassiz.)

Oa Tam ! hudst thoo but been say weis,
Az tain thii ain weif Kait's adveis !
Shee tawld thee weel thoo wiz a skellum,
A blethurin, blusturin, drukkun blellum ;
Thut fay Noavembur till Oaktoabur,
Yay markit-day thoo wiznay soabur ;

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

Honest Tom of Shanter found out this truth,
As he cantered one night from Ayr
(Old Ayr, which no town surpasses
For honest men and pretty girls).

Oh Tom ! hadst thou only been so wise,
As to take thy own wife Kate's advice !
She told thee well thou wast a good-for-nothing,
A chattering, blustering, drunken babbler ;
That from November till October,
Thou wast not sober on one market-day ;

That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon ;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Aloway's* auld haunted Kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our Tale : ae market-night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezin finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnie*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither !
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And ay the ale was growing better :
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
Wi' secret favors, sweet and precious :

That each time thou tookest grist to the mill,
Thou sat'st with the miller as long as thou hadst money ;
That every time a horse was shod,
The smith and thou got roaring drunk ;
That at the Lord's House, even on Sunday,
Thou drank'st with Jane of Kirkton till Monday.
She prophesied that late or soon,
Thou would'st be found deep drowned in the river Doon ;
Or would'st be caught by warlocks in the dark,
By Alloway's old haunted church.

Ah, gentle dames ! it makes me weep
To think how many sweet counsels,

Thut ilka meldur, wi the mullur
Thoo sat az lang az thoo hud sullur ;
Thut ivrie naig wiz cawd a shay oan,
The smith un thee gat roarin foo oan ;
Thut at the Loard'z hooz, eevn oan Sunday,
Thoo drank wi Kirktun Jeen till Munday.
Shee proafiseed thut lait or sin,
Thoo wid bee fun deep droond in Din ;
Or cacht wi wawrluks in the mirk,
Ba Alloawa'z awl hawntit kirk.

Ah, jentul daimz ! it gurz mee greet,
Tay think hoo munnie coonsulz sweet,
Hoo munnie lenthund, saij adveisiz,
The husbun fay the weif dispiiziz !

But tay oor tail :—Yay markit-nikht,
Tam hud goat plantit unca rikht ;
Fast bii un ing-ul, bleezin feinlie,
Wi reemin swats, thut drank diveinlie ;
Un at his elba, Sootur Joanie,
Hiz anshunt, trustie, droothie croanie ;
Tam lood him leik a vurra brithur—
Thay hud been foo fur weeks thegithur !
The nikht draiv oan wi sangz un clattur,
Un ei the yull wiz growin bettur :
The lawnleddie un Tam groo graishus,
Wi saicrut faivurz, sweet un praishus :

How many long wise pieces of advice,
Given by the wife, are despised by the husband !

But to our tale !—One market night
Tom had settled very comfortably
Close to a fine blazing fire,
With frothing ale that tasted divine,
And at his elbow cobbler Johnny,
His ancient, trusted, thirsty comrade ;
Tom loved him like a very brother,
They had been tipsy together for weeks !
The evening passed with songs and gossip,
And the ale was always growing better.
The landlady and Tom grew gracious,
With favours, secret, sweet and precious.

The Souter tauld his queerest stories ;
The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus :
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy !
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure ;
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

But Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow, falls in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever ;
Or like the Borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether Time or Tide ;
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride ;
That hour, o' Night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour Tam mounts his beast in ;
And sic a night he took the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.—

The wind blew as 'twould blawn its last ;
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;

The cobbler told his queerest stories ;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm outside might roar and rustle,
Tom did not mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man so happy,
Just drowned himself in the ale !
As bees fly home with loads of treasure (honey),
The minutes winged their way with pleasure.
Kings may be blest, but Tom was glorious,
Over all the ills of life victorious !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow that falls in the river,
Is for a moment white and then melts for ever ;

The Sootur tawld hiz queerist stoaries ;
The lawnloard'z lakh wiz reddie coarus :
The stoarm ootbii mikht rair un russul,
Tam didnay mein the stoarm a hwussul.

Cair, mad tay see a man say happie,
Een droond himsel umang the nappie !
Az beez flee haim wi laidz oa treezhur,
The meenits wingd thur wei wi pleezhur ;
Keengz may bee blist, but Tam wiz gloarius,
Owr aw the ullz oa leif victoarius !

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
Or like the snow falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nay man can tethur teim or teid ;
The oor uproachiz Tam man reid ;
That oor, oa nikht's black airch the kee-stain,
That dreerie oor Tam munts hiz beest in ;
Un sic a nikht hee took the road in
Az neer pair sinnur wiz ubroad in.

The wun bloo az 'twud blawn its last ;
The rattlin shoorz raiz oan the blast ;

Or like the Northern lights,
That flit ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
No man can tether time or tide.
The hour approaches at which Tom must ride—
That hour, the key-stone of night's black arch,
In that dreary hour Tom mounts his mare ;
And started for home in a night
Such as no poor sinner was ever out in.

The wind blew as if it would have blown its last ;
The rattling showers rose on the blast ;

The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray meare, *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er an auld Scots sonnet
Whiles glowring round wi' anxious cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares :
Kirk-Aloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;
And past the birks, and meikle stane,
Where drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane,
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel'.—
Before him *Doon* pours all his floods ;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
The lightenings flash frae pole to pole ;
Near, and more near, the thunders roll :

The darkness swallowed the lightning flashes ;
The thunder bellowed loud, deep and long.
That night, a child might understand,
The Devil had business on hand.

Well mounted on his grey mare, Meg,—
A better never lifted leg—
Tom dashed on through puddle and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire (lightning) ;
Sometimes holding fast his good blue bonnet,
Sometimes humming an old Scotch song,
Sometimes staring round with anxious care,
Lest goblins should catch him unawares :

The speedie gleemz the darknis swaallad;
Lood, deep un lawng the thunnur bellad:
That nikht a wain mikht unnurstawn
The Deel hud biznis oan hiz hawn.

Weel muntit oan hiz gray meer, Meg—
A bettur nivvur liftit leg—
Tam skelpit oan throo dib un miir,
Dispiizin wun, un rain, un fiir;
Hweilz hawdin fast hiz gid bloo bunnut;
Hweilz crinnin owr an awl Scoats soanut;
Hweilz glowrin roon wi angshus cairz,
Lest boagulz cach him unawairz:
Kirk-Alloawa wiz drawin nii,
Hwawr gaists un hooluts nikhtlie crii.

Ba this teim hee wiz croas the faird,
Hwawr, in the snaw, the chapmun smaird;
Un past the birks un muckul stain,
Hwawr drukkun Chairlie brak's neck-bain;
Un throo the hwunz, un bii the cairn,
Hwawr hunturz fan the murdurd bairn;
Un nerr the thoarn, ubin the waal,
Hwawr Mungo'z mithur hangd hursel.—
Ufoar um Din poorz aw hiz fludz;
The dooblin stoarm rairz throo the wudz;
The likhninz flash fay poal tay poal;
Nerr un mair nerr the thunnurz roal:

He was coming near Alloway Church,
Where ghosts and owls scream every night.

By this time he was across the ford,
Where the pedlar was smothered in the snow;
And past the birches and the big stone,
Where drunken Charlie broke his neck-bone;
And through the furze and past the heap of stones,
Where hunters found the murdered child;
And near the thorn, above the well,
Where Mungo's mother hanged herself!—
Before him the river Doon pours all his floods;
The redoubled storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Nearer and nearer the thunders roll;

When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Aloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn*.
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil !—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But *Maggy* stood, right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, wow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillon brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge :
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the Dead in their last dresses ;

When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Alloway Church seemed in a blaze ;
Beams were glancing through every chink,
And mirth and dancing resounded loudly.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn (alcohol) !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
With twopenny ale we fear no evil ;
With whisky we will face the devil !—
The ale frothed in Tom's head so
That, truth to tell, he didn't care a farthing for devils.
But Maggie (the mare) stood thoroughly astonished,
Until admonished by the heel and hand of her master,

Hwan, glimmurin throo the grainin treez,
Kirk-Alloawa seemd in a bleez ;
Throo ilka boar the beemz wur glansin,
Un lood rizoondit murth un dansin.

Inspiirin bawld Joan Bawrliecoarn !
Hwit dainjurz thoo canst mak us scoarn !
Wi tippinie, wee feer nay eevil ;
Wi usqwibay, wee'll fais the deevil !—
The swats say reemd in Tammie'z noadul,
Fair play, hee cairdnay deelz a boadul.
But Maggie stid rikht sair astoanisht,
Till, ba the heel un hawn admoanisht,
Shee venturt furrit oan the likht ;
Un wow ! Tam saw un unca sikht !
Wawrluks un wuchiz in a dans ;
Nay coatilyon brent-nyoo fay Frans,
But hoarnpeips, jigz, strathspayz un reelz,
Pat leif un mettul in thur heelz.
A wunnuk-bunkur in the eest,
Thair sat awl Nick, in shaip oa beest ;
A toozie teik, black, grim, un lairj,
Tay gee thum maizik wiz hiz chairj ;
Hee scroot the peips un gurt thum skirl,
Till rif un rafturz aw did dirl.—
Coafinz stid roon, leik oapun pressiz,
Thut shawd the deed in thair last dressiz ;

She ventured forward into the light.
And Oh ! Tom saw a strange sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance.
No cotillion brand-new from France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and spirit into their heels.
On a window-seat in the east
Sat old Nick in the shape of a beast ;
A shaggy hound, black, grim and large,
His charge was to give them music.
He screwed the bagpipes and made them scream,
Till the roof and the rafters all rattled.
Coffins stood round like open cupboards,
Showing the dead in their death-clothes ;

And (by some devilish cantraip slight)
Each in its cauld hand held a light
By which heroic *Tam* was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchirsten'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray-hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi mair of horribl and awefu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The Piper loud and louder blew;
The Dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka Carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies on the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now *Tam*, O *Tam*! had thae been queans,
A' plump and strappin in their teens,

And (by some devilish magic sleight)
Each held a light in its cold hand;
By which heroic Tom was able to note upon the altar
A murderer's bones in gibbet chains;
Two span-long, small, unbaptized babies;
A thief just cut from a rope,
His mouth gaping with his last gasp;
Five tomahawks rusted red with blood;
Five scimitars crusted with murder;
A garter which had strangled a baby;
A knife which had mangled the throat of a father,
Whom his own son murdered,—
Grey hairs were still sticking to the handle;

Un (ba sum deevlish cantrup slikht)
Ilk in its cawl hawn held a likht.—
Ba that heeroaic Tam wiz aibul
Tay noat upoan the hailie taibul,
A murdrur'z bainz in jibbit-airnz ;
Twaw span-lang, wee unkirsund bairnz ;
A theef, nyoo-cuttit fay a raip,
Wi hiz last gasp hiz gab did gaip ;
Fiiv tomahawks, wi blid red-roostit ;
Fiiv simitawrz, wi murdur crustit ;
A gartun, thut a baib hud strang-ult,
A neif, a faithur'z throat hud mang-ult,
Hwam hiz ain sun oa leif bireft,
The gray hairz yet stack tay the heft ;
Wi mair oa hoarubul un awfa,
Thut een tay naim wid bee unlawfa.

Az Tammie glowrt, amaizd un kyoorius,
The murth un fun groo fast un fyoorius ;
The peipur lood un loodur bloo ;
The dansurz quick un quickur floo ;
Thay reeld, thay set, thay croast, thay cleekit,
Till ilka cairlin swat un reekit,
Un kist hur duddiez tay the wark,
Un linkit at it in hur sark !

Noo Tam, O Tam ! hud thay been qweenz,
Aw plump un strappin in thur teenz,

With more of horrible and awful,
Which it would be unlawful even to name.

As Tom gazed, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
The piper blew louder and louder,
The dancers flew quicker and quicker ;
They whirled, they set, they crossed, they linked arms,
Till every woman perspired and steamed,
And threw off her clothes to the work,
And went at it in her shift !

Now Tom, O Tom ! had these been girls,
All plump and strapping in their teens,

Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flainen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
Lowpin and flingin on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core.
(Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And held the country-side in fear.)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little thought thy reverend graunie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
Should ever grac'd a dance of witches!

Had their shifts, instead of being of greasy flannel,
Been of snow-white fine linen!
These breeches of mine, my only pair,
That once were plush, made of good blue hair,
I would have given them off my buttocks,
For one glance at the pretty creatures!

But withered beldams, old and droll,
Horrible hags, the sight of whom would wean a foal,
Leaping and flinging on a crook,
I wonder it did not turn thy stomach.

But Tom knew what was what quite well!
There was one good-looking buxom girl

Thur sarks, insteed oa creeshie flennun,
Been snaw-hweit seevinteen-hunnur linnin !
Thur breeks oa mein, ma oanlie pair,
Thut yins wur plush, oa gid bloo hair,
A wud hay geen thum aff ma hurdiez,
Fur yay blink oa the boanie burdiez !

But withurd beldumz, awl un droal,
Rigwuddie hagz wud spen a foal,
Lowpin un flingin oan a crummuck ;
A wunnur didnay turn thy stammuck.

But Tam kend hwit wiz hwit foo brawlie,
Thur wiz yay winsum wunsh un wawlie,
That nikht inlistit in the coar.
(Lawng eftur kend oan Carrick shoar ;
Fur munnie a beest tay deed shee shoat,
Un perrisht munnie a boanie boat,
Un shyuk baith muckul coarn un beer,
Un held the cuntra-seid in feer.)
Hur cuttie-sark, oa Paislay harn,
Thut hweil a lassie shee hud woarn,
In loanjityood thoa sairlie scantie,
It wiz hur best, un shee wiz vawntie.—
Ah ! littul thoakht thii raivrunt grannie,
That sark shee coaft fur hur wee Nannie,
Wi twaw pund Scoats ('twiz aw hur richiz),
Shid ivvur graist a dans oa wuchiz !

That night enlisted in the company.
(She was long afterwards known on the shore of Carrick ;
For she shot many an animal to death,
And caused the loss of many a fine boat,
And shook both much corn and barley,
And held the country-side in fear.)
Her short shift of coarse Paisley linen,
Which she had worn as a young girl,
Though very scanty in length,
Was her best, and she was proud of it—
Ah ! little thought thy reverend grandmother
That that shift she bought for her little Nannie
With two Scotch pounds (it was all she possessed),
Should ever have graced a dance of witches !

But here, my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jad she was, and strang),
And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam lost his reason a'thegither,
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out, wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open Pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-croud,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
So Maggy runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

Ah, *Tam*! ah, *Tam*! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!

But here my Muse must lower her wing;
Such flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nanny leaped and flung,
(She was a strong nimble hussy),
And how Tom stood, like one bewitched,
And thought his very eyes enriched;
Even Satan gazed and fidgeted keenly,
And shrugged and blew with might and main;
Till after first one caper, and then another,
Tom lost his reason altogether,
And roars out, 'Well done, short shift!'
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he rallied Maggie (his mare),
When out sallied the hellish legion.

But heer ma Maiz hur wing mun coor ;
Sic flikhts ur far uyoant hur poor ;
Tay sing hoo Nannie lap un flang,
(A soopul jawd shee wiz un strang),
Un hoo Tam stid, leik yin biwucht
Un thoakht hiz vurra een inricht :
Een Sawtun glowrt, un fijd foo fain,
Un hoacht un bloo wi mikht un main ;
Till furst yay caipur, sein unithur,
Tam loast hiz raizun awthigithur,
Un rairz oot, ' Weel din, Cuttie-sark ! '
Un in un instunt aw wiz dark.
Un scairslie hud hee Maggie rallied,
Hwun oot the hellish laijun sallied.

Az beez bizz oot wi ang-rie feik,
Hwun plundrin hurdz assail thur beik ;
Az oapun poosie'z moartul foaz,
Hwun poap ! shee sterts ufoar thur noaz ;
Az eegur rinz the markit-crood,
Hwun ' Cach the theef ! ' rizoonz ulood ;
Say Maggie rinz, the wuchiz foala,
Wi munnie un eldrich screekh un hoala.

Ah Tam ! Ah Tam ! thoo'll get thii fairin !
In hell thay'll roast thee leik a herrin !
In vain thii Kait uwaits thii cummin !
Kait sin 'ull bee a wayfa wummun !

As bees buzz out with angry fuss,
When plundering herd-boys attack their nest ;
As a hare's mortal foes (the dogs) pursue,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
As the market-crowd runs eagerly,
When the loud cry of ' Catch the thief ! ' is heard ;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
With many an unearthly screech and hullo.

Ah, Tom ! ah, Tom ! thou'll get thy reward !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herring !
In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming.
Kate soon will be a woeful woman.

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane o' the brig ;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggy prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle ;
But little wist she Maggy's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail ;
The Carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this Tale o' truth shall read,
Each Man and Mother's son take heed :
Whene'er to Drink you are inclin'd,
Or Cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think ! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam-o'-Shanter's meare.

Now, Meg, do thy speedy utmost,
And gain the key-stone of the bridge ;
There thou may'st toss thy tail at them,
They dare not cross a running stream.
But before she could reach the key-stone,
Devil a tail had she to shake,
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Pressed hard upon noble Maggie,
And flew at Tom with furious intent.
But she little knew Maggie's spirit—

Noo, day thii speedie utmaist, Meg,
Un wun the kee-stain oa the brig ;
Thair at thum thoo thii tail may toas,
A rinnin streem thay dawrnay croas :
Bit air the kee-stain shee cood maik,
The feent a tail shee hud tay shaik !
Fur Nannie, fawr ufoar the rest,
Hard upoan noabul Maggie prest,
Un floo at Tam wi fyoorius ettle ;
But littil wist shee Maggie's mettle—
Yay spring broakht aff hur maistur hail,
But left uhint hur ain gray tail ;
The cairlin clawkht hur ba the rump,
Un left pair Maggie scairs a stump.

Noo, hwaw this tail oa trith shall reed,
Ilk man un mithur'z sun, tak heed :
Hwuneer tay drink yee ar incleind,
Or cuttie-sarks rin in yur meind,
Think ! yee may bii the joaiez owr deer—
Rimembur Tam oa Shantur'z meer.

One spring brought off her master unharmed,
But left her own grey tail behind.
The witch clutched her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarcely a stump.

Now, whoever shall read this true tale,
Take heed, every man and mother's son !
Whenever you're inclined to drink,
Or short shifts run in your mind,
Think ! you may buy the joys too dear,—
Remember Tom of Shanter's mare !

ADDRESSES, ETC

ADDRESS

TO

THE DEIL.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.

O Thou, whatever title suit thee!
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, *auld Hangie*, for a wee,
An' let poor, *damned bodies* bee;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
Ev'n to a *deil*,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend an' noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon *lowan heugh's* thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

O Thou, whatever title suit thee!
Old Horny, Satan, Nick or Hoofy,
Who in that grim and sooty cavern,
Closed under hatches,
Scatterest the contents of the brimstone tub
To scald poor wretches!

Hear me, old Hangman, for a little,
And leave alone poor damned folk;

ADDRESSES, ETC.

ADDRESS TAY THE DEEL

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

O Thoo, hwitivvur teitul sit thee !
Awl Hoarnie, Sawtun, Nick or Clittie,
Hwaw in yoan cawvurn grim un sittie,
Cloazd undur hachiz,
Spairjiz uboot the brumstun kittie,
Tay scawd pair rachiz !

Heer mee, awl Hangie, fur a wee,
Un let pair dammit buddiez bee ;
A'm shair smaw pleezhur it can gee,
Een tay a deel,
Tay skelp un scawd pair dugz leik mee,
Un heer us squeel !

Grait iz thii poor, un grait thii faim ;
Fawr kend un noatit iz thii naim ;
Un thoa yoan lowin hyukh's thii haim,
Thoo trevulz fawr ;
Un faith ! thoo's naithur lag nur laim,
Nur blait nur scawr.

I'm sure it can give little pleasure
Even to a devil,
To scourge and scald poor dogs like me
And hear us squeal.

Great is thy power, and great thy fame ;
Widely known and noted is thy name ;
And though that flaming pit is thy home,
Thou travellest far ;
And faith ! thou art neither laggard nor lame,
Nor bashful nor easily scared.

Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin ;
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,
Tirlan the *kirks* ;
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my rev'rend *Graunie* say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray ;
Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my *Graunie* summon,
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman !
Aft 'yont the dyke she 's heard you bumman,
Wi' eerie drone ;
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light,
Wi' you, *mysel*, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough ;
Ye, like a *rash-buss*, stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,

Sometimes, ranging like a roaring lion,
Trying all holes and corners for prey,
Sometimes, flying on the strong-winged tempest,
Unroofing the churches ;
Sometimes prying in the human bosom
Thou lurkest unseen.

I've heard my revered Granny say
You like to stray in lonely glens ;
Or where old grey ruined castles
Nod to the moon,
You frighten the benighted wanderer's way
With unearthly moan.

Hweilz, rainjin leik a roarin lii-un,
Fur pray, aw hoalz un coarnurz trii-in ;
Hweilz, oan the strang-wingd Tempist flii-in,
Tirlin the kirks ;
Hweilz, in the hyoomun boazum prii-in,
Unseen thoo lurks.

A'v hard ma raivrunt grannie say,
In lainlie glenz yee leik tay stray ;
Or hwawr awl, rooind cassulz, gray,
Noad tay the min,
Yee frikht the nikhtlie wawnurur'z way (*wei*),
Wi eldrich crin.

Hwun twilikht did ma Grannie summun,
Tay say hur prairz, doos, oanist wummun !
Aft yoant the deik shee'z hard yee bummin,
'Wi eerie droan ;
Or ruslin, throo the boortreez cummin,
Wi haivie groan.

Yay dreerie, wunnie wuntur nikht,
The stawrz shoat doon wi sklentin likht,
Wi yoo, masel, A gat a frikht,
Uyoant the loakh ;
Yee, leik a rash-buss, stid in sikht,
Wi waivin sukh.

The cujjul in ma neev did shaik,
Ilk brissult hair stid leik a staik,

When twilight summoned my Granny
(Sober-minded, honest woman) to say her prayers,
Often she has heard you humming on the other side of the fence
With weird drone,
Or coming rustling through the elder-trees
With deep groan.

One dreary windy winter night,—
The stars shot down their slanting light,—
From you I myself got a fright
Beyond the lake ;
You stood before me like a clump of rushes
Waving and sighing in the wind.

The cudgel shook in my fist,
Each hair stood bristling like a stick,

When wi' an eldritch, stoor *quaick, quaick,*
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd like a *drake,*
On whistling wings.

Let *Warlocks* grim, an' wither'd *Hags,*
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed ;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howcket dead.

Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the *kirn* in vain ;
For Oh ! the yellow treasure 's taen
By witching skill ;
An' dawtet, twal-pint *Hawkie's* gane
As yell's the Bill.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An' float the jinglan icy boord,
Then, *Water kelpies* haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing *Spunkies*
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is :
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delude his eyes,

When with an unearthly, harsh quack, quack,
Among the springs,
Away you scuttled, like a drake
On whistling wings.

Let grim wizards and withered hags
Tell how, riding with you on ragweed steeds,
They skim the moors and dizzy crags
With wicked speed,
And in churchyards renew their leagues
Over dug-up corpses.

Thence country women, with toil and pain,
May work and work the churn in vain ;
For O ! the yellow treasure (the butter) is prevented from forming
By the witches' skill,

Hwan, wi un eldrich, stoor quaik, quaik,
Umang the springz,
Uwaw yee squatturt leik a draik
Oan hwuslin wingz.

Let Warluks grim, un withurd Hagz,
Tell hoo wi yoo on ragweed nagz (*naigz*),
Thay skim the mairz un dizzie cragz (*craigz*),
Wi wickit speed,
Un in kirkyairdz rinyoo thur laigz,
Owr howkit deed.

Thens kintra weifs, wi teil un pain,
May plunj un plunj the kirn in vain ;
Fur O ! the yella treezhur'z tain
Ba wichin skill ;
Un dawtit, twal-peint Hawkie'z gain
Az yell'z the bill.

Hwun thowz dizoalv the snawie haird;
Un float the jing-lin eisie baird,
Than wattur-kelpiez hawnt the faird,
Ba yoor direkshun,
Un nikhtit trevlurz ur ullaird
Tay thair distrukshun.

Un aft yur moas-travairsin spunkiez
Dicoaie the wikht thut lait un drunk iz ;
The bleezin, curst, muscheevus munkiez
Dilid hiz iiz (*een*),

And the petted cow that used to give twelve pints of milk
Has gone as dry as the bull.

When thaws dissolve the snowdrifts,
And float the jingling sheets of ice,
Then water-fiends haunt the ford
By your direction,
And allure benighted travellers
To their destruction.

And often your will-o'-the-wisps wandering over marshes
Decoy the poor fellow who is late and drunk ;
The glowing, cursed, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,

Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When M A S O N S' mystic *word* an' *grip*,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The *youngest Brother* ye wad whip
Aff straught to *H—ll*.

Lang syne in E D E N 'S bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r.

Then you, ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Ye cam to Paradise incog,
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa'!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
'Mang better folk,
An' sklented on the *man of Uzz*,
Your spitefu' joke?

Till he has sunk in some miry bog
Never more to rise.

When the mystic word and hand-grip of Free-Masons
Raise you up in storms and tempests,
Your rage must be appeased by the sacrifice of some cock or cat,
Or, strange to tell!
You would whip off the youngest brother
Straight to hell.

Long ago in the beautiful garden of Eden,
When youthful lovers were first paired
And shared all the soul of love,
The hour of rapture,

Tull in sum miirie slukh hee sunk iz,
Neer mair tay reiz.

Hwun Maisun'z mistik wurd un grup,
In stoarmz un tempists raiz yee up,
Sum coak or cat yur raij mun stoap,
Or, strainj tay tell !
The yung-ist brithur yee wud hwup
Aff strawkht tay hell.

Lang sein in Eedin'z boanie yaird,
Hwun yithfa luvvurz furst wur paird,
Un aw the soal oa luv thay shaird,
The raptyoord oor,
Sweet oan the fraigrunt, floorie swaird
In shaidie boor.

Than yoo, yee awl snek-drawin doag (*dug*) !
Yee cam tay Paradeis incoag,
Un playd oan man a cursit broag,
(Black bee yur faw !)
Un geed the infunt wawrl a shoag,
Maist roo-ind aw.

D'yee mein that day, hwun in a bizz,
Wi reekit dudz un reestit gizz,
Yee did prizent yur smittie fizz
Mang bettur foak,
Un sklentit oan the man oa Uzz
Yur speitfa joak ?

Sweet on the fragrant flowery sward
In shady bower.

Then you, you old lock-picking dog,
You came to Paradise in disguise,
And played a cursed trick on man,
(Black be your fate !)
And gave the infant world a jolt
Which almost ruined everything.

Do you remember that day, when in a bustling crowd,
With smoky clothes and fire-shrivelled face,
You presented your smutty phiz
Among better folk,
And played off on the man of Uz (Job)
Your spiteful joke ?

An how ye gat him i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
While scabs an' botches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked *Scawl*
Was warst ava ?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day MICHAEL did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a' *Lallan* tongue, or *Erse*,
In Prose or Rhyme.

An' now, auld *Cloots*, I ken ye're thinkan,
A certain *Bardie's* rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
To your black pit ;
But faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
An' cheat you yet.

But fare-you-weel, auld *Nickie-ben* !
O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a *stake*—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake !

And how you got him into your power,
And broke him out of house and home (hold),
While scabs and blisters galled him
With painful itch,
And let loose his ill-tongued, wicked, scolding wife,
Which was worst of all ?

But all your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares and fierce fighting,
Since the day the archangel Michael pierced you,
Down to this time,
Would beat all Lowland Scotch or Gaelic,
In prose or rhyme.

Un hoo yee gat um i yur thrawl,
Un brak um oot oa hoos un hawl,
Hweil scabz un boachiz did him gawl
Wi bittur claw,
Un lowzd hiz ull-tungd wickit Scawl
Wuz warst uvaw ?

But aw yur dayinz tay rihairs,
Yur weilie snairz un fekhtin fairs,
Sin that day Mikhul did yee pairs,
Doon tay this teim,
Wud ding aw Lawlun tung, or Ers,
In proaz or reim.

Un noo, awl Clitts, A ken yee'r thinkin
A sertin Bawrdie'z rantin, drinkin,
Sum luklus oor ull sen um linkin
Tay yoor black pit ;
But faith ! hee'll turn a coarnur jinkin,
Un cheet yee yet.

But fair-yee-weel, awl Nickie-ben !
O wud yee tak a thoakht un men !
Yee aiblinz mikht—A dinna ken—
Stull hay a staik—
A'm way tay think upoa yoan den,
Een fur yoor saik !

And now, old Hoofy, I know you are thinking
A certain poet 's roistering and drinking,
Some unlucky hour will send him careering
To your black pit.
But faith ! he will dodge round a corner
And cheat you yet.

But farewell, old Nick my boy !
O if you would only think and mend !
Perhaps you might (I don't know)
Still have a chance.
I am sorry to think of that dungeon of yours,
Even for your sake !

TO

A MOUSE,

On turning her up in her Nest, with the Plough, November, 1785.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous *beastie,*
O, what a panic 's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring *pattle* !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' *fellow-mortal* !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may *thieve* ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A *daimen-icker* in a *thrave*
'S a sma' request ;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss 't !

Thy wee-bit *housie,* too, in ruin !
It 's silly wa's the win's are strewin !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak *December's winds* ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen !

Little, sleek, cowering, timorous creature !
Oh, what a panic 's in thy little breast !
Thou need'st not start away so hastily,
With hurried rush !
I should be loath to run and chase thee,
With murdering plough-staff !

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee start
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal !

TAY A MOOS.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Wee, sleekit, coorun, timrus beestie,
Oa hwit a panic 's in thii breestie!
Thoo neednay stert uwaw say haistie,
Wi bickurin brattul!
A wud bee laith tay rin un chais thee,
Wi murdrin pattul!

A'm troolie soaray Man'z doameenyun
Hiz broakun Naitur'z soashul yoonyun,
Un justifeez that ull oapeenyun,
Thut maks thee stertul
At mee, thii pair, yirth-boarn coampanyun,
Un falla-moartul!

A dootnay, hweilz, but thoo may theev;
Hwit than? pair beestie, thoo mun leev!
A daimun ickur in a threev
'Z a smaw riquest:
A'll get a blessin wi the laiv,
Un nivvur miss 't.

Thii wee bit hoosie, tay, in rooin!
Its sullie wawz the wunz ar strooin!
Un naything noo,—tay big a nyoo yin—
Oa fuggij green!
Un bleek Dizembur'z wunz insooin,
Baith snell un keen!

I doubt not that thou may'st steal sometimes.
What then, poor little thing, thou must live!
An occasional ear of corn in twenty-four sheaves
Is a small request:
I'll get a blessing with the rest,
And never miss it!

Thy tiny house, too, in ruin!
The winds are strewing its weak walls.
And nothing now—to build a new one—
Of green herbage!
And bleak December's winds approaching,
Both sharp and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an wast,
An' weary *Winter* comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's *sleety dribble*,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But Mousie, thou are no thy-lane,
In proving *foresight* may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' *Mice* an' *Men*,
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' *me*!
The *present* only toucheth thee:
But Och! I *backward* cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' *forward*, tho' I canna *see*,
I *guess* an' *fear*!

Thou saw'st the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary Winter coming fast,
And cosily here, below the blast,
Thou thought'st to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter passed
Right through thy cell.

That little heap of leaves and stubble
Has cost thee many a weary nibble!
Now thou'rt turned out, notwithstanding all thy trouble,
Without house or home (hold),
To endure the winter's sleety drizzle,
And hoarfrost cold.

Thoo saw the feelz laid bair un waist,
Un weerie wuntur cummin fast,
Un coazie heer uneeth the blast,
Thoo thoakht tay dwell (dwall),
Tull crash! the crooul cootur past
Oot throo thii sell.

That wee bit heep oa leefs un stibbul
Hiz coast thee munnie a weerie nibbul!
Noo thoo'z turnt oot, fur aw thii tribbul,
But hoos or hawl,
Tay thoal the wuntur'z sleetie dribbul,
Un crawnrukh cawl.

But, Moosie, thoo ert noa thii lain,
In praivin foarsikht may bee vain:
The best-laid scaimz oa meis un men
Gang aft uglei,
Un lee us noakht but greef un pain
Fur proamist joaie.

Still, thoo ert blest, cumpaird wi mee!
The praizunt oanlie tuchiz thee:
But Oakh! A backwurd cast ma ee
Oan proaspiks dreer!
Un furrit, thoa A cannay see,
A gais un feer!

But, little mouse, thou are not alone
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Go often awry,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
Instead of promised joy!

Still, thou are blest, compared with me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But O! I backward cast my eye
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I cannot see,
I guess and fear!

TO A
MOUNTAIN-DAISY,

On turning one down, with the Plough, in April——1786.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it 's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi 's spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting *North*
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the *Parent-earth*
Thy tender form.

The flaunting *flow'rs* our Gardens yield,
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

Little, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou hast met me in an evil hour;
For I must crush among the dust
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou pretty gem!

Alas! it is not thy sweet neighbour
And meet companion, the pretty lark,
Bending thee among the dewy wet
With his speckled breast;
When springing upward, happy, to greet
The purpling East.

TAY A DAIZIE

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Wee, moadist, crimsun-tippit floor,
Thoo'z met mee in an eevil oor ;
Fur A mun crush umang the stoor
Thii slender stem :
Tay spair thee noo iz past ma poor,
Thoo boanie jem.

Alas ! it 's noa thii neebur sweet,
The boanie lark (laivruck), cumpanyun meet !
Bendin thee 'mang the dyooie weet !
Wi 'z spreckult breest,
Hwun upwurd-springin, bliith, tay greet
The purplin Eest.

Cawl bloo the bittur-beitin Noarth
Upoan thii erlie, humbul birth ;
Yet cheerfullie thoo glintit foarth
Amid the stoarm,
Scairs reerd ubin the pairunt-airth
Thii tendur foarm.

The flawntin floorz oor gairdunz yeeld,
Hee-sheltrin wudz un wawz mun sheeld ;
But thoo, uneeth the randum beeld
Oa cload or stain,
Adoarnz the histie stibbul-feeld,
Unseen, ulain.

Cold blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glanced'st forth
Amid the storm,
Scarcely rearing above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers which our gardens yield
Must be shielded by high-sheltering woods and walls ;
But thou, beneath the random shelter
Of clod or stone,
Adornest the dry stubble-field
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now, the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but H E A V 'N,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the *furrow's* weight,
Shall be thy doom!

There, clad in thy scanty mantle,
With thy snowy bosom spread to the sun,
Thou liftest thy unassuming head
In humble guise.
But now, the ploughshare tears up thy bed,
And low thou liest.

(The rest is in English.)

Thair, in thii scantie mantul cled,
Thii snawie boazum sun-wurd spred,
Thoo lifts thii unashoomin hed (*heed*)
In humbul giiz ;
But noo the shair upteerz thii bed
Un loa thoo liiz !

(The rest is in English.)

TO A

LOUSE,

On Seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

Ha ! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie !
Your impudence protects you sairly :
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre *gawze* and *lace* ;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner,
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner,
How daur ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a *Lady* !
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations ;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er daur unsettle,
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight,
Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right,
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, towrin height
O' *Miss's bonnet.*

Ha ! where are you going, you crawling curiosity !
Your impudence protects you well.
I must say that you strut boldly
Over gauze and lace ;
Though faith ! I fear you find little to eat
On such a place.

You ugly, creeping, cursed wonder,
Detested and shunned both by saint and sinner,
How dare you set your foot upon
So fine a lady !
Go somewhere else, and look for your dinner
On some poor person.

TAY A LOOS

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Ha ! hwawr yee gawn, yee crowlin ferlie !
Yur impidins proatecks yoo sairlie :
A canna say but yee strunt rairlie
Owr gawz un lais ;
Thoa faith, A feer yee dein but spairlie
Oan sic a plais.

Yee uglie, creepin, blastit wunnur,
Detestit, shund, ba sawnt un sinnur,
Hoo dawr yee set yur fit upoan ur,
Say fein a leddie !
Gay sumgait els un seek yur dennur
Oan sum pair buddie.

Swith, in sum beggur'z haffit sqwattul,
Thair yee may creep, un sprawl, un sprattul
Wi ithur kindrid jumpin cattul,
In shoalz un naishunz ;
Hwawr hoarn nor bain neer dawr unsettul
Yur thick plantaishunz.

Noo hawd yee thair, yee'r oot oa sikht,
Ubloa the fattrulz, snug un tikht,
Na, faith yee yet ! yee'll noa bee rikht
Till yee'v goat oan it,
The vurra tapmust, toorin hikht
Oa Miss'z boanit.

Begone ! squat in some beggar's side-hair.
There you may creep and sprawl and scramble
With other kindred jumping creatures
In shoals and nations.
Where no comb of horn or bone ever dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now, stay where you are ! You are out of sight
Below the trimmings, snug and tight ;
But no, you'll not be satisfied
Till you have got on to
The very topmost towering height
Of the lady's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump an' gray as onie grozet:
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy
You on an auld wife's *flainen toy*;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's *wylecoat*;
But Miss's fine *Lunardi*, fye!
How daur ye do't?

O *Jenny* dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
An' foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

Faith! you stick out your nose quite boldly,
As plump and grey as any gooseberry.
O for some rank mercurial rosin
Or deadly red powder!
I would give you such a hearty dose of it
As would do for you.

I should not have been surprised to see you
On an old woman's flannel cap,
Or perhaps on some small ragged
Boy's under-vest.
But on a lady's fine Lunardi bonnet, fie!
How dare you do it?

Ma sooth ! rikht bawl yee set yur noaz oot,
Az plump un gray az oanie groazut.
O fur sum rank, mercyooriul roazut,
Or fell, rid smeddum,—
A'd gee yee sic a hertie doaz u't,
Wud dress yur droadum !

A wudna been surpriizd tay spii
Yee oan un awl weif's flennun toaie ;
Or aiblinz sum bit duddie boaie,
Oan'z weiliecoat ;
But Miss's fein Loonardie ! fii !
Hoo dawr yee day't ?

O Jennie, dinna toas yur heed,
Un set yur byootiez aw ubreed !
Yee littil ken hwit cursit speed
The blastie'z makkin !
Thay winks un fing-ur-enz, A dreed,
Ar noatis-takkin !

O wud sum Poor the giftie gee us
Tay see oorselz az ithurz see us !
It wud fay munnie a blundur free us
Un fillish noashun ;
Hwit airz in dress un gait wud lee us
Un een divoashun !

O Jenny ! don't toss your head
And show off all your beauties.
You little know what cursed speed
The wretch is making.
I am afraid those winks and pointings of fingers
Are taking notice.

O would that some Power would give us the gift
Of seeing ourselves as otl ers see us !
It would free us from many a blunder
And foolish notion.
What airs in dress and gait, and even in devotion,
We should give up !

ADDRESS

TO

THE TOOTHACHE.

(As usually printed.)

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang;
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes,
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan!

Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup!

My curse on your envenomed sting,
That shoots along my tortured gums,
And sends many a twinge through my ears
With gnawing vengeance,
Tearing my nerves with bitter pangs
Like racking engines!

When fevers burn or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw or colic squeezes,

TAY THE TITHAIK

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Ma curs upoan yur vennumd stang,
Thut shits ma toarturd gimz ulang ;
Un throo ma lugz geez munnie a twang
Wi nawin venjins ;
Teerin ma nervz wi bittur pang
Leik rackin injinz !

Hwun fivvurz burn, or aigie freeziz,
Roomatics naw or coalic squeeziz,
Oor neebur'z simpathie may eez us
Wi peetayin main ;
But thee—thoo hell oa aw dizeeziz—
Ei moaks oor grain !

Udoon ma baird the slaivurz trickul !
A throa the wee stillz owr the muckul,
Az roon the fiiur the geegluts keckul
Tay see mee lowp ;
Hweil, raivin mad, A wish a heckul
Wur in thur dowp !

Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us
With pitying moan ;
But thou—thou hell of all diseases—
Always mockest our groaning !

Down my beard the saliva trickles !
I throw the little stools over the big ones,
As round the fire the girls giggle
To see me jump !
While, raving mad, I wish a hackle
Were in their bottoms !

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, *cutty-stools*,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools—
Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell,
And rankèd plagues their numbers tell,
In dreadfu' raw,
Thou, TOOTHACHE, surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!

O thou grim mischief-making chiel',
That gars the notes of *discord* squeel,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Gie a' the faes o' SCOTLAND 'S weal
A townmond's Toothache!

Of all the numerous human ills,
Bad harvests, foolish bargains, stools of repentance,
Or worthy friends buried in the mould,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks of knaves, or worry of fools,
Thou art the chief.

Where'er that place be which priests call hell,
Whence all the tones of misery yell,

Oa aw the nyoomrus hyoomun dillz,
Ull hairsts, daft barginz, cuttie-stillz,
Or wurdie freenz raikt i the millz,
Sad sikht tay see!
The tricks o naivz, or fash oa fillz,
Thoo beerst the gree.

Hwawreer that plais bee preests caw hell,
Hwens aw the toanz oa meezrie yell,
Un rankit plaigz thur numburz tell
In dreedfa raw,
Thoo, Tithaik, shairlie beerst the bell
Umang thum aw!

O thoo grim, mischeef-makin cheel,
Thut gurz the noats oa discoard squeel,
Till daft man-kein aft dans a reel
In goar a shay-thick;
Gee aw the fayz oa Scoatlun'z weel
A towmunt's Tithaik!

And plagues in ranks tell their numbers
In dreadful row,
Thou, Toothache, surely bearest the bell
Among them all!

O thou grim, mischief-making wretch,
That makest the notes of discord squeal,
Till mad mankind often dance a reel
In gore a shoe-thick;—
Give all the foes of Scotland's weal
A twelvemonth's toothache!

TO A HAGGIS.

(As usually printed.)

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic-labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then, horn for horn, they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Good betide your honest, jolly face,
Great Chieftain of the race of Puddings!
Above them all you take your place,
Paunch, tripe or sausage:
Well are you worthy of a grace
As long as my arm.

The groaning trencher there you fill,
Your buttocks like a distant hill,
Your pin (holding it together) would help to mend a mill
In time of need;
While through your pores the dews distil
Like beads of amber.

TAY A HAGGIS

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Fair faw yur oanist, soansie fais,
Grait Cheeftun oa the Puddin rais!
Ubin thum aw yee tak yur plais,
Painch, treip or thairm:
Weel ur yee wurdie oa a grais
Az lang'z ma airm.

The groanin trainshur thair yee full,
Yur hurdies leik a distunt hull;
Yur pin wud help tay men a mull
In teim oa need;
Hweil throo yur poarz the dyooz distull
Leik ambur beed.

Hiz neif see Rustic-laibur dikht,
Un cut yee up wi reddie slikht,
Trainshin yur gushin entrailz brikht
Leik oanie dich;
Un than, O hwit a gloarius sikht,
Waarm-reekin, rich!

Than, hoarn fur hoarn, thay streech un striiv,
Deel tak the hinmust! oan thay driiv,
Till aw thur weel-swaald keits biliiv
Ur bent leik drumz;
Than awl gidman, maist leik tay riiv,
Beethankit humz.

See the countryman wipe his knife,
And cut you up with ready sleight,
Trenching your bright gushing entrails
As he would a ditch.
And then, O! what a glorious sight,
Steaming hot—rich!

Then, each with his horn-spoon, they stretch and strive,
Devil take the hindmost! on they drive,
Till soon all their well-swelled bellies
Are curved like drums.
Then the old head of the house, almost fit to burst,
Mumbles a grace.

Is there that owre his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit ;
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies ;
But, if you wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis* !

Is there a man that over his French ragout,
Or olio that would surfeit a sow,
Or fricassee that would make her vomit
In perfect disgust,
Looks down with sneering, scornful glances
On such a dinner ?

Poor devil ! see him over his trash,
As feeble as a withered rush,
His leg, thin as a spindle, a good whip-lash,
His fist a nut.
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
Oh how unfit !

Iz thur thut owr hiz French ragoo,
Or oalioa thut wud staw a soo,
Or fricassee wud mak ur spyoo
Wi perfic scunnur,
Luks doon wi sneerin, scoarnfa vyoo
Oan sic a dennur ?

Pair deevil ! see um owr hiz trash,
As fecklus az a withurd rash,
Hiz spinnul shank a gid hwup-lash,
Hiz neev a nit ;
Throo bliddie flid or feel tay dash,
O hoo unfit !

But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed !
The trumlin yurth rizoonz hiz tred !
Clap in hiz wawlie neev a bled,
Hee'll mak it hwussul ;
Un legz, un airmz, un heedz 'ull sned,
Leik taps oa thrussul.

Yee poorz hwaw mak man-kein yur cair,
Un dish thum oot thur bull oa fair,
Awl Scoatlun waants nay skinkin wair
Thut jawps in luggiez ;
But, if yee wish hur graitfa prair,
Gee hur a Haggis !

But mark the haggis-fed countryman,
The trembling earth resounds to his tread,
Clap a sword in his sturdy fist,
He'll make it whistle,
And will lop off legs and arms and heads
Like thistle-tops.

Ye Powers, who make mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill of fare !
Old Scotland wants no wishy-washy stuff
That splashes in wooden bowls.
But, if you wish her grateful prayer,
Give her a Haggis !

SCOTCH DRINK.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

Gie him strong Drink *until he wink,*
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor *guid to fire his bluid,*
That's prest wi' grief an' care:
There let him bowse an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves *or* debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

SOLOMON'S PROVERBS, XXXI. 6, 7.

LET other Poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken *Bacchus*,
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice *Scotch bear* can mak us,
In glass or jug.

O thou, my MUSE! guid, auld SCOTCH DRINK!
Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink,
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
In glorious faem,
Inspire me, till I *lisp* an' *wink*,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn,
And Aits set up their awnie horn,

LET other Poets make a to-do
About vines, and wines, and drunken Bacchus,
And uncouth names and stories rack us,
And grate our ears.
I sing of the juice that Scotch barley can make us
In glass or jug.

O thou, my Muse! good old Scotch drink!
Whether thou slippest through the curling worms (of a whisky still),

SCOACH DRINK

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Let ithur Poi-its raiz a fracas
'Boot veinz, un weinz, un drukkun Baccus,
Un crabbit naimz un stoariez rack us,
Un grait oor lug,
A sing the jeis Scoach beer can mak us,
In gless or jug.

O thoo, ma Maiz! gid awl Scoach drink!
Hwithur throo wimplin wurmz thoo jink,
Or richlie broon, reem owr the brink
In gloarius faim,
Inspiir mee, till A lisp un wink,
Tay sing thii naim!

Let huskie Hweet the hawkhs udoarn,
Un Aits set up thur awnie hoarn,

Or, richly brown, frothest over the edge (of a cup or glass)
In glorious foam,
Inspire me, until I lisp and wink,
To sing thy name!

Let husky Wheat adorn the holms,
And Oats set up their bearded horn,

An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Leeze me on thee *John Barleycorn*,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones, the wale o' food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef;
But when thou pours thy strong *heart's blood*,
There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin;
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin,
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin;
But oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin,
Wi' rattlin glee.

Thou clears the head o' doited Lear;
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care;
Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair,
At's weary toil;
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair,
Wi' gloomy smile.

And Peas and Beans, at evening or morning,
Perfume the plain,
Blessings on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king of grain!

Often on thee Scotland chews her cud
In flexible scones, the choicest food!
Or tumbling in the boiling flood (in the broth-pot),
With cabbage and beef;
But when thou pourest out thy strong heart's blood (in whisky),
There thou chiefly shinest.

Un Pees un Beenz, at een or moarn,
Purfyoom the plain,
Leez mee oan thee, Joan Bawrliecoarn,
Thoo keeng oa grain !

Oan thee aft Scoatlun chowz hur kid,
In soopul scoanz, the wail oa fid !
Or tumlin in the beilin flid
Wi kail un beef ;
But hwun thoo poorz thii stroang hert's blid,
Thair thoo sheinz cheef.

Fid fullz the waim, un keeps us leevin ;
Thoa leif's a gift noa wurth riseevin,
Hwun hevvie-dragd wi pein un greevin ;
But, eild ba thee,
The hweelz oa leif gay doon-hull, screevin,
Wi rattlin glee.

Thoo cleerz the heed oa deitit Lair ;
Thoo cheerz the hert oa droopin Cair ;
Thoo stringz the nervz oa Laibur sair,
At's weerie teil ;
Thoo eevun brikhunz dawrk Dispair,
Wi gloomie smeil.

Food fills the stomach and keeps us living ;
Though life is a gift not worth receiving,
When heavily burdened with pain and grieving.
But, when oiled by thee,
The wheels of life go down-hill careering,
With rattling glee.

Thou clearest the head of mazed Learning ;
Thou cheerest the heart of drooping Care ;
Thou stringest the nerves of hard-worked Labour
At his weary toil ;
Thou even brightenest dark Despair
With a gloomy smile.

Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
The *poor man's* wine;
His wee drap pirratch, or his bread,
Thou kitchens fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
But thee, what were our fairs and rants?
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,
By thee inspir'd,
When gaping they besiege the *tents*,
Are doubly fir'd.

That *merry night* we get the corn in,
O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in!
Or reekan on a *New-year-mornin*
In cog or bicker,
An' just a wee drap *sp'ritual burn* in,
An' gusty sucker!

When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
I' the lugget caup!
Then *Burnewin* comes on like Death
At ev'ry chap.

Often, clothed in massive silver garb (a decanter),
Thou erectest thy head among high-born people.
Yet humbly kind, in time of need,
The poor man's wine,
Thou seasonest well his little drop of porridge
Or his bread.

Thou art the life of public haunts.
Without thee, what were our fairs and games?
Even godly meetings of the saints,
Inspired by thee,
When gaping they surround the preaching-booths,
Are doubly fired.

Aft, cled in massie, sullur weed,
Wi Jentulz thoo eerecks thii heed ;
Yet humlie kein, in teim oa need,
The pair man's wein ;
Hiz wee drap purrich, or hiz breed,
Thoo kichinz fein.

Thoo ert the leif oa public hawnts ;
But thee, hwit wur oor fairz un rants ?
Een goadlie meetinz oa the sawnts,
Ba thee inspiird,
Hwun gaipin thay biseej the tents,
Ar dooblie fiird.

That mairie nikht wee get the coarn in,
O sweetlie, than, thoo reemz the hoarn in !
Or reekin oan a Nyoo-yeer moarnin,
In coag or bickur,
Un jist a wee drap speerityul burn in,
Un gustie suckur !

Hwun Vulcun geez hiz belliez braith,
Un ploomin gethur wi thur graith,
O rair ! tay see thee fizz un fraith
I' the luggit cawp !
Than Burniewin cumz oan leik Daith
At ivrie chap.

On that merry night on which we get in the corn,
O sweetly, then, thou frothest in the drinking-horn !
Or steaming on a New Year's morning
In a wooden drinking-vessel,
With just a little spirits added,
And tasty sugar !

When Vulcan (the blacksmith) blows up his bellows,
And ploughmen gather with their implements,
O rare ! to see thee fizz and froth
In the wooden bowl with ear-shaped handles,
Then Burn-the-wind (the blacksmith) comes down like death
At every blow (of his hammer).

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,
Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

. . . . . .

When neebors anger at a plea,
An' just as wud as wud can be,
How easy can the *barley-brie*
Cement the quarrel!
It 's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
To taste the barrel.

Alake! that e'er my *Muse* has reason,
To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi' liquors nice,
An' hardly, in a winter season,
E'er spier her price.

Wae worth that *Brandy*, burnan trash!
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash!
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
O' half his days;
An' sends, beside, auld *Scotland's* cash
To her warst faes.

No mercy, then, for iron or steel;
The brawny, big-boned ploughman lad
Brings the strong fore-hammer hard over his hip
With a sturdy whirl,
Till the block and anvil ring and reel
With noisy din.

. . . . . .

When neighbours get angry over a law-suit,
And just as mad as can be,
How easily then can the barley-brew (ale)
Cement the quarrel!
It is always the cheapest lawyer's fee,
To taste the barrel.

Nay mairsie, than, fur airn or steel ;
The brawnie, bainie, ploomun-cheel
Bringz hard owrhip, wi sturdie hweel,
The stroang foarhemmur,
Till bloak un studdie ring un reel
Wi dinsum clemmur.

. . . . . .

Hwun neeburz ang-ur at a plee,
Un jist az wud az wud can bee,
Hoo eezie can the bawrlie-bree (bray)
Siment the qwaarul !
It 's ei the chaipist law-wur's fee
Tay taist the barrul.

Alaik ! thut eer ma Maiz hiz raizun
Tay weit hur cuntramen wi traizun !
But munnie dailie weet thur waizun
Wi leekurz neis.
Un hawrlie, in a wuntur saizun,
Eer speer hur preis.

Way wurth that Brandie, burnin trash !
Fell soors oa munnie a pain un brash !
Twinz munnie a pair doilt drukkun hash
Oa hawf hiz dayz ;
Un sendz, biseid, awl Scoatlun'z cash
Tay hur warst fayz.

Alas ! that ever my Muse should have reason
To blame her countrymen with treason !
But many daily moisten their throats
With choice liquors,
And hardly in a winter season,
Ever ask the price (of native spirits).

Woe befall that brandy, burning trash !
Deadly source of many a pain and illness !
It deprives many a poor stupid drunken blockhead
Of half his days.
And, besides, sends old Scotland's cash
To her worst foes (the French).

Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
Poor, plackless devils like *mysel*,
It sets you ill,
Wi' bitter, dearthfu' *wines* to mell,
Or foreign gill.

May *Gravels* round his blather wrench,
An' *Gouts* torment him, inch by inch,
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch
O' sour disdain,
Out owre a glass o' *Whisky-punch*
Wi' honest men!

O *Whisky*! soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a *Bardie's* gratefu' thanks!
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Are my poor Verses!
Thou comes . . . they rattle i' their ranks
At ither's arses!

Thee *Ferintosh*! O sadly lost!
Scotland lament frae coast to coast!
Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,
May kill us a';
For loyal Forbes' *Charter'd boast*
Is ta'en awa!

You Scots who wish old Scotland well,—
And chiefly to you I tell my tale,
Poor, penniless devils like myself,—
It ill becomes you
To meddle with bitter costly wines
Or foreign liquor.

May gravels wrench his bladder,
And gouts torment him inch by inch,
Who twists his face with a sneer
Of sour disdain
Over a glass of whisky punch,
When drinking with honest men!

Yee Scoats hwaw wish awl Scoatlun well (weel)!
Yee cheef! tay yoo ma tail A tell;
Pair placklus deevilz leik masel,
It sets yee ull,
Wi bittur dairthfa weinz tay mell,
Or furrin jull.

May graivulz roon hiz blethur rench,
Un gowts toarment um, insh ba insh,
Hwaw twists hiz gruntul wi a glunsh
Oa soor disden,
Oot owr a gless oa hwuskay-punsh
Wi oanist men!

O Hwuskay! sawl oa playz un pranks!
Aksep a Bawrdie'z graitfa thanks!
Hwun waantin thee, hwit tinlus cranks
Ar ma pair vairsiz!
Thoo cumz . . . they rattul i thur ranks
At ithur'z ersiz!

Thee Fairintoash! O sadlie loast!
Scoatlun lament fay coast tay coast!
Noo coalic-grips, un barkin hoast
May kill us aw;
Fur loyul Foarbis' charturd boast
Iz tain uwaw!

O whisky! soul of plays and tricks!
Accept a Poet's grateful thanks!
Without thee, what tuneless discords
Are my poor verses!
Thou comest——they rattle in their ranks
One after the other!

Thee Ferintosh whisky (O sadly lost!)
May Scotland lament from coast to coast!
Now colic-gripes and barking cough
May kill us all;
For the legalized monopoly of loyal Forbes
Is abolished!

Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha mak the *Whisky stells* their prize!
Haud up thy han' *Deil*! ance, twice, *thrice*!
There, sieze the blinkers!
An' bake them up in brunstane pies
For poor d . . . n'd *Drinkers*.

Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' *whisky gill*,
An' rowth o' *rhyme* to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.

Those cursed horse-leeches of the Excise,
Who make a prize of illicit whisky-stills!
Hold up thy hand, Devil! once, twice, thrice!
There, seize the villains!
And bake them up in brimstone pies
For poor damned drinkers.

Thay curst hoars-leechiz oa th' Exsiiz,
Hwaw mak the hwuskay stellz thur priiz,—
Hawd up thii hawn, Deel! yins, tweiz, threiz!
Thair, seez the blinkurz!
Un baik thum up in brunstain piiz
Fur pair damd Drinkurz.

Foartin, if thoo'll but gee mee stull
Hail breeks, a scoan, un hwuskay jull,
Un rowth oa reim tay raiv at wull,
Tak aw the rest,
Un dail't uboot az thii blin skill
Direcks thee best.

Fortune, if thou'lt but give me still
Whole breeches, a scone, and a gill of whisky,
And plenty of rhyme to rave at will,
Take all the rest,
And deal it about as thy blind skill
Best directs thee.

ON A

SCOTCH BARD

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come, mourn wi' me!
Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the Sea.

Lament him a' ye rantan core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore;
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the Sea!

The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the Sea!

All you who live by sips of drink,
All you who live by versifying,
All you who live and never think,
Come, mourn with me!
Our comrade has given us all the slip,
And crossed the Sea.

Lament him all you roistering lot,
Who dearly like an occasional frolic,

OAN A SCOACH BAWRD.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Aw yee hwaw leev ba sowps oa drink,
Aw yee hwaw leev ba crambo-clink,
Aw yee hwaw leev un nivvur think,
Cum, murn wi mee!
Oor billie'z geen us aw a jink,
Un owr the See.

Lament um aw yee rantin coar,
Hwaw deerlie leik a randum-sploar;
Nay mair hee'll jein the mairie roar,
In soashul kee;
Fur noo hee'z tain unithur shoar,
Un owr the See!

The boanie lassiz weel may wiss um,
Un in thur deer piteeshunz plais um;
The weedaz, weivz, un aw may bliss um,
Wi teerfa ee;
Fur weel A wat thay'll sairlie miss um
Thut's owr the See!

No more will he join the merry roar,
In social key;
For now he 's gone to another shore,
And crossed the Sea!

The pretty girls may well long for him,
And put him into their dear prayers,
The widows, wives, and all may bless him,
With tearful eye;
For well I know they will sorely miss him
Who has crossed the Sea!

Auld, cantie K Y L E may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear :
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee :
He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That 's owre the Sea !

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast ;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be !
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' *drummock*,
Wi' his proud, independant stomach,
Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hidin* ;
He dealt it free :
The *Muse* was a' that he took pride in,
That 's owre the Sea.

Jolly old Kyle (Central Ayrshire) may wear mournings,
And stain them with the salt, salt tear.
It will, I fear, make her poor old heart
Fly into fragments.
He was for many a year her Poet-Laureate,
Who is over the Sea !

He saw misfortune's cold north-west
Long mustering up a bitter blast.
At last a jilt broke his heart,
Bad luck to her !
So he took a berth before the mast,

Awl, cantie Keil may weepurz weer,
Un stain thum wi the sawt, sawt teer ;
'Twull mak hur pair awl hert, A feer,
In flinnurz flee ;
Hee wiz hur Lawriait munnie a yeer,
Thut 's owr the See !

Hee saw Musfoartin'z cawl Noar-wast
Lang-musturin up a bittur blast ;
A jillut brak hiz hert at last,
Ull may shee bee !
Say, took a birth ufoar the mast,
Un owr the See.

Tay trummul unnur Foartin'z cummuck,
Oan scairs a belliefa oa drummuck,
Wi hiz prood, indipendunt stummuck,
Cood ull agree ;
Say, rowt hiz hurdiez in a hammuck,
Un owr the See.

Hee neer wiz geen tay grait misgeidin,
Yet kein hiz poochiz wudnay beid in ;
Wi him it neer wiz unnur heidin ;
Hee dailt it free ;
The Maiz wiz aw thut hee took preid in,
Thut's owr the See.

To tremble under Fortune's rod
On scarcely a bellyful of oatmeal and water,
Could ill agree with his proud
Independent stomach.
So he rolled his buttocks in a hammock,
And crossed the Sea.

He was never given to great wastefulness ;
Yet money would not stay in his pockets.
With him it never was hidden.
He scattered it freely.
The Muse (poetry) was all that he took pride in,
Who is over the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
An' fou o' glee:
He wad na wrang'd the vera *Diel*,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie*!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonilie!
I'll toast you in my hindmost *gillie*,
Tho' owre the Sea!

You Jamaica people, use him well,
And give him a comfortable shelter.
You will always find him a good fellow,
And full of glee.
He that is over the Sea
Would not have wronged the very Devil.

Jimaica buddiez, yaiz um weel,
Un hap um in a coazie beel :
Yee'll fin um ei a dentie cheel,
Un foo oa glee :
Hee wudnay rangd the vurra Deel,
Thut 's owr the See.

Fairweel, ma reim-cumpoazin billie !
Yur naitiv seil wiz rikht ull-wullie ;
But may yee flurish leik a lullie
Noo boanilie !
A'll toas yee in ma hinmust jullie,
Thoa owr the See !

Farewell, my rhyme-composing comrade !
Your native soil was very unkindly.
But may you now blossom prettily
Like a lily ;
I'll toast you in my last bumper,
Though you're over the Sea !

DEATH AND DOCTOR HORNBOOK.

A True Story.

(As usually printed.)

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd:
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times, to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befel,
Is just as true's the Deil's in h—ll,
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
Frae ghaists an' witches.

Some books are lies from end to end,
And some great lies were never written;
Even ministers have been known
In holy rapture
To utter at times a startling fib
And support it from Scripture.

But this that I am going to tell,
Which lately happened one night,

DAITH UN DOAKTUR HOARNBYUK

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Sum byuks ur leez fay en tay en,
Un sum grait leez wur nivvur pend :
Een Meenisturz thay hay been kend,
In hoalie raptur,
A roozin hwud, at teimz, tay vend,
Un nail't wi Scriptur.

But this thut A am gawn tay tell,
Hwich laitlie oan a nikht bifell,
Iz jist az troo'z the Deel'z in Hell
Or Dublin seetie ;
Thut eer hee nerrur cumz oorsel
'Z a muckul peetie.

The Clakhun yull hud maid mee cantie,
A wizna foo, but jist hud plentie ;
A stakhurt hweilz, but yet took tent ei
Tay free the dichiz ;
Un hullucks, stainz, un bussiz kent ei
Fay gaists un wichiz.

Is just as true as that the Devil 's in Hell
Or in Dublin city.
That ever he comes nearer ourselves
Is a great pity.

The village ale had made me jovial.
I was not drunk, but had just enough.
I sometimes staggered, but yet always took care
To avoid the ditches,
And still knew hillocks, stones and bushes
From ghosts and witches.

The rising Moon began to glowr
The distant *Cumnock* hills out-owre ;
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
I set mysel,
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And todlin down on *Willie's mill,*
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker ;
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' *Something* does forgather,
That pat me in an eerie swither ;
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther,
Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava ;
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

The rising moon began to stare
Over the distant hills of Cumnock.
To count her horns, with all my power
I set myself ;
But whether she had three or four
I could not tell.

I had come round the hill
And was toddling down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff as well as I could
To keep me steady ;
Though sometimes I gave a lurch to leeward
Against my will.

The reizin Min bigood tay glowr
The distunt Cumnuck hullz ootowr;
Tay coont hur hoarnz, wi aw ma powr (poor),
A set masel;
But hwithur shee hud three or fowr
A coodna tell.

A wiz cum roon uboot the hull,
Un toadlin doon oan Wullie'z mull,
Settin ma staff wi aw ma skull,
Tay keep mee sickur;
Thoa leewurd hweilz, ugainst ma wull,
A took a bickur.

A thair wi sumthing diz furgethur,
Thut pat mee in an eerie swithur;
An awfa siith, ootowr yay shoodhur,
Cleer-dang-lin, hang;
A three-tayd leestur oan the ithur
Lay, lairj un lang.

Its staitur seemd lang Scoach ellz twaw,
The queerist shaip thut eer A saw,
Fur feent a waim it hud uvaw;
Un than its shanks,
Thay wur az thin, az sherp un smaw,
Az cheeks oa branks.

I there met with something
That made me hesitate with dismay.
An awful scythe hung dangling clear
Over one of its shoulders;
On the other shoulder there lay
A great long three-pronged fishing-spear.

Its height seemed to be two long Scotch ells.
It was the queerest shape that ever I saw;
For devil a belly it had at all;
And then its legs
Were as thin, as sharp and slender
As the sides of an old-fashioned bridle.

'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin?'
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun?
Will ye go back?'

It spak right howe—'My name is *Death*,
But be na' fley'd.'—Quoth I, 'Guid faith,
Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie;
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there 's a gully!'

'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
Out-owre my beard.'

'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;
Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat,
Come, gies your news!
This while ye hae been mony a gate,
At mony a house.'

'Good evening,' said I, 'Friend! have you been mowing,
When other people are busy sowing?'
It seemed to make a sort of stand,
But said nothing.
At length said I, 'Friend! where are you going?
Will you go back?'

It spoke in a deep hollow tone—'My name is Death;
But don't be afraid.' I said, 'Faith!
You've maybe come to stop my breath.
But listen, my lad!
I advise you strongly, take care of harm.
See, there 's a big knife!'

'Gid-een,' koa A; 'Freen! hay yee been mawin,
Hwun ithur foak ur bizzie sawin?'
It seemd tay mak a kinna stawn,
But naything spak;
At lenth sayz A, 'Freen! hwawr yee gawn?
Wull yee gay back?'

It spak rikht how— 'Ma naim iz Daith,
But bee na fleid!' Koa A, 'Gid faith!
Yee'r mebbee cum tay stap ma braith;
But tent mee, billie;
A reed yee weel, tak cair oa skaith.
See, thair'z a gullie!'

'Gidman,' koa hee, 'pit up yur hwittul,
A'm noa dizeind tay trii its mettul;
But if A did, A wid bee kittul
Tay bee mislaird.
A widna mein it, noa that spittul
Ootowr ma baird.'

'Weel, weel,' sayz A, 'a bargin bee't;
Cum, gee's yur hawn, un say wee'r greet;
Wee'll eez oor shanks un tak a sait.
Cum, gee's yur nyooz!
This hweil yee hay been munnie a gait,
At munnie a hoos.'

'Goodman,' said he, 'put up your knife.
I have no intention of trying its temper.
But, if I did, I should be apt
To become ill-bred.
I would not care for it even so much as that spittle
Over my beard.'

'Well, well,' said I, 'let it be a bargain.
Come, give me your hand, and so we're agreed.
We'll ease our legs and take a seat.
Come, give me your news.
For some time recently you have been in many a direction,
At many a house.'

'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,
'It 's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun *Death*.

'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
And mony a scheme in vain 's been laid,
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's taen up the trade,
And faith, he'll waur me.

'Ye ken *Jock Hornbook* i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He 's grown sae weel acquaint wi' *Buchan*,
And ither chaps,
The weans haud out their fingers laughin,
And pouk my hips.

'See, here 's a scythe, and there 's a dart,
They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor *Hornbook*, wi' his art
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith no worth a f—t,
D—n'd haet they'll kill!

'Yes, yes,' said he, and shook his head.
'It is indeed a long long time
Since I began to cut the thread of life
And choke the breath.
People must do something for their bread,
And so must Death.

'It is nearly six thousand years
Since I was bred to the butchering business,
And many a scheme has been laid in vain
To stop or scare me;
Till one Hornbook has taken up the trade,
And faith, he'll beat me.

'Ii, Ii,' koa hee, un shyuk hiz heed,
'It 's een a lang, lang teim indeed,
Sin A bigood tay nick the threed
Un choak the braith ;
Foak mun day sumthing fur thur breed,
Un say mun Daith.

'Sax thoozun yeerz ur nerrhawn fled,
Sin A wiz tay the buchin bred,
Un munnie a scaim in vain'z been laid
Tay stap or scawr mee ;
Till yin Hoarnbyuk's tain up the tred,
Un faith, hee'll wawr mee.

'Yee ken Joak Hoarnbyuk i the Clakhun,
Deel mak hiz king'z-hid in a splyukhun !
Hee'z grown say weel acqwant wi Bukhun
Un ithur chaps,
The wainz hawd oot thur fing-urz lakhin
Un pook ma hips.

'See, heer'z a siith, un thair'z a dert.
Thay hay pairst munnie a gallunt hert ;
But Doaktur Hoarnbyuk, wi hiz airt
Un cursit skill,
Hiz maid thum baith noe wurth a fart,
Damt hait thay'll kill !

'You know Jack Hornbook in the village,
(The Devil make his stomach into a tobacco-pouch).
He has become so familiar with Buchan
And other medical fellows,
That the children hold out their fingers laughing
And poke my hips.

'See ! here 's a scythe and there 's a dart.
They have pierced many a gallant heart.
But Doctor Hornbook with his art
And cursed skill
Has made them both not worth a fart.
Devil a bit will they kill !

'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care!
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortify'd the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart
Of a kail-runt.

I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry,
But yet the bauld *Apothecary*
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin-rock.

. . . . . .

And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He 's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A. B. C.

It was only yesterday evening, no further gone,
I threw a noble throw at one.
With less I'm sure I have slain hundreds;
But Devil take it!
It just rattled on the bone,
But did no more.

Hornbook was at hand with ready art
And had so fortified the part,
That when I looked at my dart,
It was so blunt
That Devil a bit would it have pierced the heart
Of a cabbage-stalk.

'"Twiz but yistreen, nay fawrur gain,
A throo a noabul throa at ain (yin);
Wi less, A'm shair, A'v hunnurz slain;
But deel-ma-cair!
It jist playd dirl can the bain,
But did nay mair.

'Hoarnbyuk wiz bii, wi reddie ert,
Un hud say foartifeed the pert
Thut, hwun A lukkit tay ma dert,
It wiz say blunt,
Feent hait oa't wid hay pairst the hert
Oa a kail-runt.

'A droo ma siith in sic a fyoorie,
A nerrhawn cowpit wi ma hurrie,
But yet the bawld Apoathicurrie
Withstid the shoak;
A mikht az weel hay triit a qwaarie
Oa hard hwun-roak.

. . . . . .

'Un than aw doaktur'z sawz un hwittulz,
Oa aw dimenshunz, shaips un mettulz,
Aw keinz oa boaxis, mugz un boatulz,
Hee'z shair tay hay;
Thur Laitin naimz az fast hee rattulz
Az Ay, Bay, Say.

'I drew my scythe in such a fury,
I nearly tumbled in my hurry;
But yet the bold Apothecary
Withstood the shock.
I might as well have aimed the blow at a quarry
Of hard whinstone.

'And then all doctor's saws and lancets
Of all dimensions, shapes and tempers,
All kinds of boxes, mugs and bottles,
He is sure to have.
He rattles off their Latin names
As fast as A, B, C.

'Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fontis, what you please,
He can content ye.

'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus Spiritus of capons;
Or Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se*;
Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
And mony mae.'

'Waes me for *Johnny Ged's Hole* now,'
Quoth I, 'if that thae news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white an' bonie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
They'll ruin Johnie!'

The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,
And says, 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh.
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear:
They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,
In twa-three year.

'Lime-fossils, earths and trees,
True sea-salt,
The flour of beans and peas,
He has in plenty.
Acids, anything you like,
He can satisfy you.

'Besides some new uncommon weapons,
Essence of urine of capons,
Or the shavings, filings and scrapings of mites' horns,
Distilled by themselves;
Alkali salt of the clippings of midges' tails,
And many more.'

'Calsiz oa foasilz, airths un treez;
Troo Sal-mareenum oa the seez;
The Farrina oa beenz un peez,
Hee hiz't in plentie;
Acqwa-foantis, hwit yee pleez,
Hee can coantent yee.

'Furbii sum nyoo, uncoamun waipunz,—
Yooreenus-speeritus oa caipunz;
Or Meit-hoarn shaivinz, feilinz, scraipinz,
Distulld per say;
Sal-alkalee oa mij-tail clippinz,
Un munnie may.'

'Way'z mee fur Joannie Ged'z hoal noo,'
Koa A, 'if thut thay nyooz bee troo!
Hiz braw cawf-yaird hwawr gowunz groo
Say hweit un boanie;
Nay doot thay'll riiv it wi the ploo;
Thay'll rooin Joanie!'

The craitur graind an eldrich lakh,
Un sayz, 'Yee needna yoak the pyukh.
Kirkyairdz ull sin bee tilld inyukh,
Tak yee nay feer;
Thay'll aw bee trainsht wi munnie a shyukh,
In twaw-three yeer.

'Woe 's me for the Grave-digger now,'
Said I, 'if those news are true.'
His fine calf-enclosure (the Churchyard), where daisies grew
So white and pretty,
No doubt people will break it up with the plough.
They'll ruin him.'

The creature groaned with an unearthly laugh
And says, 'You need not yoke the plough.
Churchyards will soon be tilled enough;
Don't be afraid.
They'll all be trenched with many a ditch (grave)
In a few years.

'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to take my aith,
That *Hornbook's* skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap and pill.

'An honest Wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for *Hornbook* sets,
And pays him well,
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was Laird himsel.

. . . . . .

'That 's just a swatch o' *Hornbook's* way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel pay'd for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d-mn'd dirt!

'Where I killed one with a natural death in his bed
By loss of blood or want of breath,
To-night I can freely take my oath
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score in their last clothing (winding-sheet),
By drop and pill.

'An honest weaver by trade,
Whose wife 's two fists were hardly well-bred,
Got twopence-worth to mend her head
When it ached.
The wife quietly slid away to her bed,
But never spoke again.

'Hwawr A killd yin, a fair stray-daith,
Ba loas oa blid, or waant oa braith,
This nikht A'm free tay tak ma aith,
Thut Hoarnbyuk's skill
Hiz cled a scoar i thur last claith,
Ba drap un pill.

'An oanist Wabstur tay hiz tred,
Hwaw'z weif's twaw neevz wur scairs weel-bred,
Gat tippuns-wurth tay men hur hed (heed)
Hwun it wiz sair;
The weif slaid cawnie tay hur bed,
But neer spak mair.

'A cuntra Laird hud tain the batts,
Or sum curmurrin in hiz guts,
Hiz oanlie sun fur Hoarnbyuk sets,
Un peiz um well (weel);
The lawd, fur twaw gid gimmur-pets,
Wiz Laird himsel.

. . . . . .

'That 's jist a swach oa Hoarnbyuk's way (wei);
Thus gayz hee oan fay day tay day,
Thus diz hee poozhun, kill un slay,
Un'z weel peid fur't;
Yet staps mee oa ma lawfa pray
Wi hiz damd durt!

'A country squire had caught colic
Or had some rumbling in his inside.
His only son sets off for Hornbook
And pays him well.
The lad, at the cost of two good pet-ewes,
Became squire himself.

. . . . . .

'That 's just a sample of Hornbook's way.
Thus goes he on from day to day.
Thus does he poison, kill and slay,
And is well paid for it;
Yet deprives me of my lawful prey
With his cursed stuff.

'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Tho' dinna ye be speakin o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited Sot,
As dead 's a herrin:
Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin!'

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Some wee, short hour ayont the *twal*,
Which rais'd us baith:
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,
And sae did *Death*.

'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Though don't you speak of it.
I'll nail the self-conceited sot
As dead as a herring.
Next time we meet, I'll wager fourpence,
He'll get his reward.'

'But hark! A'll tell yee oa a ploat,
Thoa dinna yee bee speekin oa't;
A'll nail the self-consaitit soat
Az deed'z a herrin;
Neest teim wee meet, A'll wad a groat,
Hee gets hiz fairin!'

But jist az hee bigood tay tell,
The Awl Kirk hemmur strack the bell
Sum wee shoart oor uyoant the twell,
Hwich raizd us baith:
A took the wei that pleezd masel,
Un say did Daith.

But just as he began to tell,
The Old Church hammer struck the bell,
Sounding some little short hour after midnight,
Which made us both get up.
I took the way that pleased myself,
And so did Death.

ON THE LATE CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THRO' SCOTLAND.

(As usually printed.)

HEAR, land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats!—
If there 's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright
That 's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It 's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin'
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,

HEAR, Land of Cakes and brother Scots
From Maidenkirk to John o' Groats,
If there is a hole in any of your coats,
I advise you to look to it;
There 's a chap among you taking notes,
And, faith! he'll print it.

If in your district you chance to come
Upon a fine, fat, plump fellow,
Short in stature, but bright in genius,
That 's he, mark well.

OAN CAPTIN GROAZ.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Heer, Lawn oa Caiks un brithur Scoats,
Fay Maidunkirk tay Joanie Groats !—
If thur'z a hoal in aw yur coats,
A reed yee tent it ;
A cheel'z umang yee takkin noats,
Un, faith, hee'll prent it.

If in yur boonz yee chans tay likht
Upoan a fein, fat, foajul wikht,
Oa staitur shoart, but jainyus brikht,
That 's him, mark weel—
Un wow ! hee hiz an unca slikht
Oa cawk un keel.

Ba sum awl, hoolut-hawntit biggin,
Or kirk dizairtit ba its riggin,
It 's ten tay yin yee'll fin um snug in
Sum eldrich pairt,
Wi deelz, thay say, Loard saif 's ! coalaigin
At sum black airt !

Ilk gaist thut hawnts awl haw or chawmur,
Yee jipsie-gang thut dail in glamur,

And oh ! he has an extraordinary skill
In sketching with chalk and crayon.

Beside some old, owl-haunted building
Or roofless church,
It 's ten to one you'll find him snug in
Some unearthly place,
Conspiring, they say, with devils—Lord save us !—
At some black art.

Each ghost that haunts old hall or chamber,
You gipsy-folk that deal in magic,

And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b—es.

It 's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he 's quat the spurtle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broomstick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;

And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches!
You'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight bitches!

It 's said he was bred a soldier,
And one who would rather have fallen than fled;
But now he has given up the sword
And dog-skin wallet,
And taken to the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it.

He has an abundance of old curios,
Rusty iron helmets and jingling coats-of-mail,

Un yoo, deep-red in hell'z black grawmmur,
Wawrluks un wuchiz !
Yee'll qwawk at hiz cunjoorin hemmur,
Yee midnikht bichiz !

It 's tawld hee wiz a soajur bred,
Un yin wud raithur fawn thun fled ;
But noo hee'z qwat the spurtul-bled,
Un dug-skin waalut,
Un tain the—Antiqwairian tred,
A think thay cawl it.

Hee hiz a footh oa awl nick-nackits :
Roostie airn keps un jing-lin jackuts,
Wud hawd the Loathianz three in tackits
A towmunt gid ;
Un purrich-pats, un awl sawt-backits
Ufoar the Flid.

Oa Eev'z furst fiiur hee hiz a shinnur ;
Awl Tyoobulcain'z fiiur-shill un fennur ;
That hwich distinguishit the jennur
Oa Bailum'z ass ;
A brimstick oa the wuch oa Ennur,
Weel shoad wi bress.

Furbii, hee'll shaip yee aff foo gleg
The cut oa Eddum'z filliebeg ;

That would keep the three Lothians in hob-nails
For a full twelvemonth,
And porridge-pots, and old salt-cellars
Of before the Flood.

He has a cinder from Eve's first fire,
Old Tubalcain's fire-shovel and fender ;
That which distinguished the gender
Of Balaam's ass ;
A broom-stick of the witch of Endor,
Well shod with brass.

Besides, he'll sketch for you quite smartly
The cut of Adam's kilt ;

The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,
And THEN ye'll see him!

Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

He'll prove to you fully that the knife
That cut Abel's throat
Was a folding clasp-knife
Or cabbage-slicer.

But if you would see him in his glee—
For he has much glee and fun—
Then set him down, and two or three
Good fellows with him;

The neif thut nickit Aibul'z craig,
Hee'll praiv yee fullie,
It wiz a fawldin joaktileg
Or lang-kail gullie.

But wud yee see um in hiz glee,—
For muckul glee un fun hiz hee,—
Than set um doon, un twaw or three
Gid fallaz wee um;
Un poart, O poart! shein thoo a wee,
Un than yee'll see um.

Noo, ba the Poorz oa Vairs un Proaz!
Thoo art a dentie cheel, O Groaz!
Hwaweer oa thee shall ull suppoaz,
Thay sair miscaw thee.
A'd tak the rascal ba the noaz,
Wud say, 'Shaim faw thee'.

And port, O port! shine thou a little,
And then you'll see him!

Now, by the Powers of Verse and Prose!
Thou art a fine fellow, O Grose!
Whoever shall suggest ill of thee
Shall greatly misrepresent thee.
I'd take the rascal by the nose
Who would say 'Shame befall thee'.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

(As usually printed.)

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the loons beware, sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir :
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided ;
Till slap !—come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it :
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united ;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't ;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't !

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat ?
Then let the rascals beware, sir,
There are wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir :
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally !

O let us not, like snarling dogs,
Be divided in wrangling ;

THE DUMFREES VOALUNTEERZ

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Diz hawkhtie Gawl invaizhun thrait ?
  Than let the loonz biwair, sur,
Thur'z wuddun wawz upoan oor seez,
  Un voalunteerz oan shoar, sur :
The Nith shall rin tay Coarsincun,
  Un Crifful sink in Soalway,
Or wee purmit a furrin fay
  Oan Breetish grun tay rallie !

O let us noa, leik snarlin teiks,
  In rang-lin bee diveidit ;
Till slap ! cum in an unca loon,
  Un wi a rung diseid it.
Bee Breetun still tay Breetun troo,
  Umang oorselz yooneitit ;
Fur nivvur but ba Breetish hawnz
  Man Breetish rangz bee reitit (rikhtit).

The kettul oa the kirk un stait,
  Purhaps a cloot may fail in't ;
But deel a furrin tinklur loon
  Shall ivvur caw a nail in't !

Till suddenly there come in a foreign rascal,
  And decide the quarrel with a cudgel.
Let Britain still be true to Britain,
  United among ourselves ;
For never but by British hands
  Must British wrongs be righted.

Perhaps a patch may prove defective
  In the kettle of the Church and State ;
But devil a foreign tinker rascal
  Shall ever drive a nail into it :

Our fathers' blude the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

The wretch that would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who'd set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing, 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high 's the steeple;
But, while we sing, 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People.

Our fathers' blood bought the kettle,
And who would dare to spoil it;
By Heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall be fuel to boil it!

Oor faithurz' blid the kettul boakht,
  Un hwaw wid dawr tay speil it ;
Ba Heevnz ! the sacrileejus dug
  Shall fyooul bee tay beil it !

The rach thut wud a tiirunt own,
  Un the rach hiz troo-boarn brithur,
Hwaw'd set the moab ubin the throan,
  May thay bee damt thigithur !
Hwaw winna sing ' Goad saiv the Keeng ',
  Shall hing az heekh's the steepul ;
But, hweil wee sing ' Goad saiv the Keeng ',
  Wee'll neer furget the Peepul.

The wretch that would acknowledge a tyrant,
  And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob above the throne,
  May they be damned together !
Whoever will not sing ' God save the King '
  Shall hang as high as the steeple ;
But, while we sing ' God save the King,'
  We'll never forget the People.

EPISTLES

TO J. S* * * *

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

Dear S* * *, the sleest, pawkie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And ev'ry star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And ev'ry ither pair that 's done,
Mair taen I'm wi' you.

That auld, capricious carlin, *Nature*,
To mak amends for scrimpet stature,
She 's turn'd you off, a human-creature
On her *first* plan,
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
She 's wrote, *the Man*.

Dear Smith, the slyest, cunning thief
That ever attempted theft or robbery,
You surely have some magic charm
Over human hearts;
For never yet was a bosom proof
Against your arts.

As for me, I swear by the sun and the moon
And by every star that twinkles up above,

EPISTLES

TAY J. S* * * *

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Deer Smith, the sleeist, pawkie theef
Thut eer attempit stailth or reef,
Yee shairlie hay sum wawrluk-breef
Owr hyoomun herts ;
Fur neer a boazum yet wiz priff
Ugainst yoor airts.

Fur mee, A sweer ba sun un min,
Un ivrie stawr thut blinks ubin,
Yee'v coast mee twintie pair oa shin
Jist gawn tay see yee ;
Un ivrie ithur pair that 's din,
Mair tain A'm wee yee.

That awl, capreeshus cairlin, Naitur,
Tay mak amenz fur scrimpit staitur,
Shee'z turnt yee aff, a hyoomun-craitur
Oan hur furst plan,
Un in hur freeks, oan ivrie faitur,
Shee'z roat the Man.

You have cost me twenty pair of shoes
Just in going to see you ;
And for every pair that is worn out
The more am I taken with you.

That capricious old lady, Nature,
To make amends for your niggard stature,
Has turned you off a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks has written 'The Man'
On every feature of yours.

Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerket up sublime
Wi' hasty summon :
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what 's comin ?

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash ;
Some rhyme, (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
An' raise a din ;
For me, an *aim* I never fash ;
I rhyme for *fun*.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat ;
But, in requit,
Has blest me with a *random-shot*
O' countra wit.

This while my notion's taen a sklent,
To try my fate in guid, black *prent* ;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, ' Hoolie !
I red you, honest man, tak tent !
Ye'll shaw your folly.

I have just now been seized by a rhyming fit.
My frothy pate is working primely,
My fancy fermented sublimely
With hasty summons.
Have you a leisure moment's time
To hear what is coming ?

Some rhyme (write poetry) in order to lash a neighbour's name.
Some vainly think to rhyme for cash they are in need of.
Some rhyme in order to excite the idle talk of the country
And make a noise.
As for me, I never worry about an aim ;
I rhyme for fun.

Jist noo A'v tain the fit oa reim,
Ma barmie noadul'z wurkin preim,
Ma fansie yerkit up subleim
Wi haistie summun ;
Hay yee a leezhur-moamunt's teim
Tay heer hwit's cummin ?

Sum reim a neebur'z naim tay lash ;
Sum reim (vain thoakht !) fur needfa cash ;
Sum reim tay coort the kintra clash
Un raise a din ;
Fur mee, an aim A nivvur fash ;
A reim fur fun.

The stawr thut rillz ma lucklus loat
Hiz faitit mee the russit coat,
Un damt ma foartin tay the groat ;
But, in rikwit,
Hiz blist mee wi a randum-shoat
Oa kintra wut.

This hweil ma noashun'z tain a sklent,
Tay trii ma fait in gid, black prent ;
But still the mair A'm that wei bent,
Sumthing criiz ' Hillie !
A reed yee, oanist man, tak tent !
Yee'll shaw yur foalie.

The star that rules my luckless lot
Has destined for me the coat of coarse homespun,
And has limited my fortune to a groat (fourpence) ;
But in compensation
Has blest me with an occasional flash
Of country wit.

For some time my fancy has inclined me
To try my fate in good black print.
But still the more I am bent that way
Something cries, ' Softly !
I advise you, honest man, to take care !
You will show your folly.

'There 's ither Poets, much your betters,
Far seen in *Greek*, deep men o' *letters*,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages.'

Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on with tentless heed,
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with th' *inglorious dead*,
Forgot and gone!

But why, o' Death, begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound an' hale;
Then top and maintop croud the sail,
Heave *Care* o'er-side!
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Let 's tak the tide.

'There are other Poets, much your betters,
Well versed in Greek, men deep in letters,
Who have thought they had made sure that all future ages
Would be their debtors.
Now moths deform their unknown pages
In shapeless tatters.'

Then farewell hopes of laurel boughs
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll roam where busy ploughmen
Are whistling at their work,
And teach the lonely hills and valleys
My rustic song.

'Thur'z ithur Poa-its much yur betturz,
Fawr seen in Greek, deep men oa letturz,
Hay thoakht thay hud inshaird thur detturz,
Aw fyootur aijiz,
Noo moaths difoarm in shaiplus tetturz,
Thur unnoan paijiz.'

Than fairweel howps oa Lawrul-bowz
Tay garlund ma poaetic browz (brooz)!
Hensfurth A'll roav hwawr bizzie plowz (plooz)
Ur hwuslin thrang,
Un teech the lainlie hekhts un howz
Ma rustic sang.

A'll wawnur oan wi tentlus heed,
Hoo nivvur-haltin moamunts speed,
Till fait shall snap the brittul threed;
Than, awl unnoan,
A'll lay mee wi th' ingloarius deed,
Furgoat un goan!

But hwei oa Daith bigin a tail?
Jist noo wee'r leevin soon un hail;
Than tap un maintap crood the sail,
Heev cair owr-seid!
Un lairj ufoar Injoaiemunt's gail
Let 's tak the teid.

I'll wander on without caring or noticing
How the never-halting moments hasten on,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread.
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Gone and forgotten.

But why begin to talk of death?
Just now we're living sound and well.
Then crowd the sail on the top and maintop-masts,
Heave Care overboard,
And let us take the tide and sail at large
Before Enjoyment's gale.

This life, sae far 's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
Where Pleasure is the Magic-wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The *magic-wand* then let us wield ;
For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild,
Wi' wrinkl'd face,
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Wi' creeping pace.

When ance *life 's day* draws near the gloamin,
Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin ;
An' fareweel chearfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise ;
An' fareweel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys !

O *Life !* how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

This life, so far as I understand it,
Is all an enchanted fairyland,
Where Pleasure is the magic wand
That, rightly wielded,
Makes hours dance lightly by like minutes,
Hand in hand.

Then let us wield the magic wand ;
For as soon as we have climbed to five and forty years,
See, crazy, weary, joyless old age
With wrinkled face
Comes coughing and limping over the ground
At a creeping pace.

This leif, say fawr'z A unnurstawn,
Iz aw inchantit fairie-lawn,
Hwawr Pleezhur iz the Mejic-wawn,
Thut, weeldit rikht,
Maks oorz leik meenits, hawn in hawn,
Dance bii foo likht.

The mejic-wawn than let us weeld;
Fur, yins thut fiiv un foartie'z speeld,
See craizie, weerie, joaielus Eeld,
Wi runkuld fais,
Cumz hoastin, hirplin owr the feeld
Wi creepin pais.

Hwun yins leif's day drawz neer the gloamin,
Than fairweel vaicunt, cairlus roamin;
Un fairweel cheerfa tankardz foamin,
Un soashul noaiez;
Un fairweel deer diliddin wummun,
The joaie oa joaiez!

O Leif! hoo pleezunt in thii moarnin,
Yung Fansie'z rayz the hullz udoarnin!
Cawl-pawzin Cawshun'z lessun scoarnin,
Wee frisk uway (uwaw),
Leik skill-boaiez, at th' expeckit waarnin,
Tay joaie un play.

When once life's day draws near to evening,
Then farewell vacant careless roaming;
And farewell the foam of cheerful tankards
And social talk;
And farewell dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
When the rays of youthful fancy adorn the hills!
Scorning the teachings of cold-pausing Caution,
We frisk away
To joy and play like school-boys
At the expected warning (that schooltime is over).

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the *rose* upon the brier,
Unmindful that the *thorn* is near,
Among the leaves;
And tho' the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the *sweet* and eat the *fat*,
But care or pain;
And hap'ly, eye the barren hut,
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some Fortune chase;
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And sieze the prey:
Then canie, in some cozie place,
They close the *day*.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

We wander there, we wander here,
We gaze at the rose on the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
Among the leaves.
And though it may prick us with a tiny wound,
It only pains us for a short time.

Some lucky ones find a flowery spot
For which they never toiled or perspired.
They drink the sweet and eat the fat
Without care or pain;
And perhaps glance at the bare hut
With high disdain.

Wee wawnur thair, wee wawnur heer,
Wee ee the roaz upoan the breer,
Unmeinfa thut the thoarn iz neer,
Umang the leevz ;
Un thoa the pyoonie oond uppeer,
Shoart hweil it greevz.

Sum, luckie, fin a floorie spoat,
Fur hwich thay nivvur teild nur swat ;
Thay drink the sweet un eet the fat,
But cair or pain ;
Un haplie, ee the barrin hut,
Wi heekh dizdain.

Wi steddie aim, sum Foartin chais ;
Keen howp diz ivrie sinyoo brais ;
Throo fair, throo fool, thay urj the rais,
Un seez the pray :
Than cawnie, in sum coazie plais,
Thay cloaz the day.

Un ithurz, leik yur hummul sairvun,
Pair wikhts ! nay rillz nor roadz oabzairvin ;
Tay rikht or left eeternul swairvin,
Thay zeeg-zag oan ;
Till, curst wi Aij, oabskyair un stervin,
Thay oafun groan.

Some chase fortune with steady aim.
Keen hope braces every sinew.
They race on through fair and foul
And seize the prey ;
Then quietly, in some comfortable place,
They end the day.

And others, like your humble servant,
Poor fellows ! observing neither rules nor roads,
Eternally swerving to right or left,
Zig-zag on,
Till cursed with age, obscure and starving,
They often groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle *Luna* waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let 's sing our Sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, 'Ye *Pow'rs*,' and warm implore,
'Tho' I should wander *Terra* o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Ay rowth o' rhymes.

'Gie dreeping roasts to *countra Lairds*,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine *Life-guards*,
And *Maids of Honor*;
And yill an' whisky gie to *Cairds*,
Until they sconner.

'A *Title*, DEMPSTER merits it;
A *Garter* gie to WILLIE PIT;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit,
In cent per cent;
But give me real, sterling Wit,
And I'm content.

Alas! what bitter toil and straining—
But truce with peevish poor complaining!
Is Fortune's fickle moon waning?
Just let her go!
Let us sing our song beneath whatever light
She has remaining.

Here I fling my pen to the door,
And kneel, and warmly pray,
'Ye Powers, though I should wander over the earth
In all her climes,
Grant me but this,—I ask no more—
Always plenty of rhymes.

Ulas! hwit bittur teil un strainin—
But troos wi peevish pair cumplainin!
Iz Foartin'z fickul Loona wainin?
Een let hur gang!
Uneeth hwit likht shee hiz rimainin,
Let 's sing oor Sang.

Ma pen A heer fling tay the doar,
Un neel, 'Yee Poorz,' un waarm imploar,
'Thoa A shid wawnur Terra oar (owr),
In aw hur cleimz,
Grant mee but this, A ask noa moar (nay mair),
Ei rowth oa reimz.

'Gee dreepin roasts tay kintra Lairdz,
Till eisikilz hing fay thur bairdz;
Gee fein braw claiz tay fein Leif-gairdz,
Un Maidz oa Oanur;
Un yull un hwuskay gee tay Cairdz,
Until thay scunnur.

'A Teitul, Demstur mairits it;
A Gartun gee tay Wullie Pitt;
Gee Walth tay sum bilaijurd Sit,
In sent pur sent;
But gee mee raiul sterlin Wit
Un A'm coantent.

'Give dripping roasts to country squires,
Till the gravy hangs from their beards like icicles;
Give fine smart clothes to fine Lifeguards
And Maids of Honour;
And give ale and whisky to tramps,
Until they loathe them.

'Dempster merits a Title.
Give William Pitt a Garter.
Give wealth to some citizen with his ledger
In cent per cent.
But give me real sterling wit,
And I am content.

'While ye are pleas'd to keep me hale,
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't *water-brose*, or *muslin-kail*,
Wi' chearfu' face,
As lang 's the Muses dinna fail
To say the grace.'

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to *sorrow, care*, and *prose*,
I rhyme away.

O ye, douse folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces,
In your unletter'd nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

'While you are pleased to keep me in good health,
I'll sit down over my scanty meal,
Whether it be oatmeal and water or thin broth,
With a cheerful face,
So long as the Muses do not fail
To say the grace.'

I never turn an anxious eye
Behind my ear or past my nose.
I duck beneath misfortune's blows
As well as I can;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care and prose,
I rhyme away.

'Hweil yee ur pleezt tay keep mee hail,
A'll sit doon owr ma scantie mail,
Bee't wattur-broaz or muzlin-kail,
Wi cheerfa fais,
Az lang 'z the Maiziz dinna fail
Tay say the grais.'

An angshus ee A nivvur throaz
Uhint ma lug, or bii ma noaz;
A jook uneeth Misfoartin'z bloaz
Az weel'z A may;
Swoarn fay tay soara, cair, un proaz,
A reim uway (uwaw).

Oa yee, doos foak, thut leev ba rill,
Graiv, teidlus-bliddit, cawm un kill,
Cumpaírt wi yoo—O fill! fill! fill!
Hoo much unleik!
Yur herts ur jist a stawnin pill,
Yur leivz a deik!

Nay hair-braind, sentimentul traisiz
In yoor unletturd, naimlus faisiz!
In arecoaza trillz un graisiz
Yee nivvur stray,
But gravisseemoa, soalum baisiz
Yee hum uway.

O you sober people, that live by rule,
Grave, slow-blooded, calm and cool,
Compared with you—O three times fool!
How unlike am I!
Your hearts are just a stagnant pool,
Your lives a wall!

There are no traces of hare-brained sentiment
In your unlettered expressionless faces.
You never stray in *arioso*
Trills and graces,
But hum away *gravissimo*
In solemn basses.

Ye are sae *grave*, nae doubt ye're *wise*;
Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
The rambling squad:
I see ye upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road—

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang *ony where*—
Then, *Jamie*, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content *with* Y O U to mak a *pair*,
Whare'er I gang.

You are so grave, no doubt you are wise.
No wonder if you despise
The harum-scarum reckless lads,
The rambling lot.
I see you cast your eyes upwards—
You know the road—

Yee ar say graiv, nay doot yee'r wiiz (weis);
Nay ferlie thoa yee day dispiiz
The hairum-scairum ram-stam boaiez,
The ramlin sqwaad:
A see yee upwurd cast yur iiz (een)—
Yee ken the road—

Hweilst Ii—but A shall hawd mee thair—
Wi yoo A'll scairs gang oanie hwair (hwawr)—
Thain, Jimmie, A shall say nay mair,
But qwat ma sang,
Coantent wi yoo tay mak a pair,
Hwawreer A gang.

Whilst I—but I shall stop there—
I'll go hardly anywhere with you.
Then, Jamie, I shall say no more,
But cease my song,
Content to make a pair with you
Wherever I go.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE

A

BROTHER POET.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

WHILE winds frae off BEN-LOMOND blaw,
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw,
And hing us owre the ingle,
I set me down, to pass the time,
And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely, *westlin* jingle.
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimla lug,
I grudge a wee the *Great-folk's* gift,
That live sae bien an' snug:
I tent less, and want less
Their roomy fire-side;
But hanker, and canker,
To see their cursed pride.

It 's hardly in a body's pow'r,
To keep, at times, frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd;
How *best o' chiels* are whyles in want,
While *Coofs* on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wair't:

WHILE winds blow from Ben Lomond,
And block the doors with driving snow,
And make us crouch over the fire,
I set myself down to pass the time
And spin a verse or two of rhyme
In homely west-country jingle.
While frosty winds blow the snowdrift
In to the chimney corner,
I grudge a little the privilege of the gentry
Who live so comfortably and snugly.

TAY DAIVIE

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Hweil winz fay aff Ben Loamun blaw,
Un bawr the doarz wi dreivin snaw,
  Un hing us owr the ing-ul,
A set mee doon tay pass the teim,
Un spin a vairs or twaw oa reim,
  In haimlie waslun jing-ul.
Hweil froastie winz blaw in the drift,
  Ben tay the chimla-lug,
A gruj a wee the Grait-foak's gift,
  Thut leev say been un snug:
    A tent less, un waant less
      Thair roomie fii-ur-seid;
    But hankur, un cankur,
      Tay see thur cursit preid.

It 's hawrlie in a buddie'z poor
Tay keep, at teimz, fay beein soor,
  Tay see hoo thingz ur shairt;
Hoo best oa cheelz ur hweilz in waant,
Hweil kiffs oan coontlus thoozunz rant,
  Un kenna hoo tay wair't:

    I care less and long less
      For their roomy fire-side,
    But regret and fret
      To see their cursed pride.

It 's hardly in one's power
To keep, at times, from being sour,
  To see how things are shared;
How the best of fellows are sometimes in want,
While fools revel on countless thousands,
  And know not how to spend it.

But D A V I E lad, ne'er fash your head,
Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As lang 's we're hale and fier :
'Mair spier na, nor fear na,'
Auld age ne'er mind a feg ;
The last o't, the warst o't,
Is only but to beg.

To lye in kilns and barns at e'en,
When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin,
Is, doubtless, great distress !
Yet then *content* could make us blest ;
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.
The honest heart that 's free frae a'
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba',
Has ay some cause to smile :
And mind still, you'll find still,
A comfort this nae sma' ;
Nae mair then, we'll care then ;
Nae *farther* we can *fa'*.

What tho', like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
But either house or hal' ?
Yet *Nature 's* charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
Are free alike to all.

But Davy, my boy, never trouble your head,
Though we have little wealth,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
As long as we're hale and sound.
'Ask for no more, and fear not,'
Never mind old age a fig.
The last of it, and worst of it,
Is but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at night,
When one's bones are crazy and one's blood is thin,
Is doubtless great distress.
Yet even then content could make us blest ;
Even then sometimes we'd snatch a taste
Of truest happiness.

But, Daivie lawd, neer fash yur heed,
  Thoa wee hay littil geer,
Wee'r fit tay win oor dailie breed,
  Az lawng'z wee'r hail un feer :
    ' Mair speer na, nor feer na,'
      Awl aij neer mein a feg ;
    The last oa't, the warst oa't,
      Iz oanlie but tay beg.

Tay lii in kullz un bawrnz at een,
Hwun bainz ur craizd, un blid iz thin,
  Iz, dootlus, grait distress !
Yet than coantent cood mak us blest ;
Een than, sumteimz, wee'd snach a taist
  Oa trooist happieness.
The oanist hert thut 's free fay aw
  Intendit frawd or geil,
Hoo-ivvur Foartin kick the baw,
  Hiz ei sum cawz tay smeil :
    Un mein still, yee'll fin still
      A coamfurt this nay smaw ;
    Nay mair than, wee'll cair than ;
      Nay fawrur wee can faw.

Hwit thoa, leik Coamunurz oa air,
Wee wawnur oot, wee kenna hwair,
  But aithur hoos or hawl ?
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
  Are free alike to all.

The honest heart that 's free from all
  Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune may kick the ball,
  Has always some cause to smile.
    And still remember, you'll always find
      This no small comfort ;
    We shall then care no more,
      As we can fall no farther.

What though, like Commoners of air,
We wander out, we know not where,
  Without either house or home (hold).
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,
  Are free alike to all.

In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
To see the *coming* year:
On braes when we please then,
We'll sit and *sowth* a tune;
Syne *rhyme* till't, well time till't,
And sing't when we hae done.

It 's no in titles nor in rank;
It 's no in wealth like *Lon'on Bank*,
To purchase peace and rest;
It 's no in makin muckle, *mair*:
It 's no in books; it 's no in Lear,
To make us truly blest:
If Happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be *wise*, or *rich*, or *great*,
But never can be *blest*:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures
Could make us happy lang;
The *heart* ay 's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang.

Think ye, that sic as *you* and *I*,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye, are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?

In days when Daisies deck the ground,
And Blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
To see the coming year.
Then when we please,
We'll sit on banks and hum a tune,
Then write rhymes well timed to it,
And sing it when we have done.

It 's not in titles or in rank;
It 's not in wealth like London Bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It 's not in making much into more,
It 's not in books, it 's not in learning,
To make us truly blest.

In days when Daisies deck the ground,
  And Blackbirds whistle clear,
With honest joy our hearts will bound,
  To see the coming year :
    Oan brayz hwan wee pleez than
      Wee'll sit un sowth a tin ;
    Sein reim till't, weel teim till't,
      Un sing't hwun wee hay din.

It 's noa in teitulz nur in rank ;
It 's noa in walth leik Lunnun Bank,
  Tay purchis pees un rest ;
It 's noa in makkin muckul, mair ;
It 's noa in byuks ; it 's noa in lair,
  Tay mak us troolie blist :
If happiness hay noa hur sait
  Un sentur in the breest,
Wee may bee weis, or rich, or grait,
  But nivvur can bee blist :
    Nay treezhurz, nur pleezhurz
      Cood mak us happie lang ;
    The hert ei'z the pairt ei,
      Thut maks us rikht or rang.

Think yee thut sic az yoo un I
Hwaw druj un dreiv throo wat un drii,
  Wi nivvur-seesin teil ;
Think yee, ar wee less blist than thay,
Hwaw scairslie tent us in thur wei,
  Az hawrlie wurth thur hweil ?

If happiness has not her seat
  And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
  But never can be blest.
    No treasures, or pleasures
      Could make us happy long.
    The heart is always the part
      That makes us right or wrong.

Do you think that such as you and I,
Who drudge and drive through wet and dry
  With never-ceasing toil—
Do you think, are we less blest than those
Who scarcely notice us in their way
  As being hardly worth their while ?

Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
GOD'S creatures they oppress
Or else, neglecting a' that 's guid,
They riot in excess!
Baith careless, and fearless,
Of either Heaven or Hell;
Esteeming, and deeming,
It a' an idle tale!

Then let us chearfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
By pining at our state:
And, ev'n should Misfortunes come,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,
An 's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of *Age* to *Youth*;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The *real* guid and ill.
Tho' losses, and crosses,
Be lessons right severe,
There 's *wit* there, ye'll get there,
Ye'll find nae other where.

But tent me, DAVIE, *Ace o' Hearts*!
(To say aught less wad wrang the *cartes*,
And flatt'ry I detest)
This life has joys for you and I;
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;
And joys the very best.

Alas! how often in haughty mood
They oppress God's creatures;
Or else, neglecting all that is good,
They riot in excess;
Both careless and fearless
Of either Heaven or Hell,
Esteeming and deeming
It all an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfully acquiesce,
And not make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state.
And even should misfortunes come,
I, who sit here, have met with some,
And am still thankful for them.

Alas ! hoo aft, in hawkhtie mid,
  Goad'z craiturz thay oapress !
Or els, nigleckin aw thut 's gid,
  Thay riiut in exsess !
    Baith cairlus, un feerlus
      Oa aithur heevun or hell ;
    Esteemin, un deemin
      It aw an eidul tail !

Than let us cheerfa ackwee-ess,
Nor mak oor scantie pleezhurz less,
  Ba peinin at oor stait :
Un, eevin shid musfoartinz cum,
A, heer hwaw sit, hay met wi sum,
  Un'z thankfa fur thum yet.
Thay gee the wut oa Aij tay Yith ;
  Thay let us ken oorsel :
Thay mak us see the naikit trith,
  The rai-ul gid un ull.
    Thoa loasiz, un croasiz
      Bee lessunz rikht siveer,
    Thur 'z wut thair, yee'll get thair,
      Yee'll fin nay ithur hwair.

But tent mee, Daivie, ais oa herts !
(Tay say oakht less wud rang the cairts,
  Un flattrie A detest)
This leif hiz joaiez fur yoo un Ii (mee) ;
Un joaiez thut richiz neer cood bii ;
  Un joaiez the vurra best.

They give to Youth the wisdom of Age ;
  They let us know ourselves ;
They make us see the naked truth,
  The real good and ill.
    Though losses and crosses
      Are very severe lessons,
    You will get in them wisdom
      You will find nowhere else.

But listen to me, Davy, ace of hearts !
(To say anything less would wrong the cards,
  And flattery I detest).
This life has joys for you and me,
And joys that riches never could buy,
  And joys the very best.

There 's a' the *Pleasures o' the Heart*,
The *Lover* and the *Frien'* ;
Ye hae your M E G, your dearest part,
And I my darling J E A N !
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her *name* :
It heats me, it beets me,
And sets me a' on flame !

O, all ye *Pow'rs* who rule above !
O T H O U, whose very self art *love* !
T H O U know'st my words sincere !
The *life blood* streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear *Immortal part*,
Is not more fondly dear !
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou B E I N G, Allseeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r !
Still take her, and make her,
T H Y most peculiar care !

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow !
Long since, this world 's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you !

There are all the pleasures of the heart,
The lover and the friend ;
You have your Mag, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jane !
It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name :
It heats me, it fires me,
And sets me all aflame !

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above !
O Thou, whose very self art love !
Thou knowest my words sincere !
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear !

Thur'z aw the pleezhurz oa the hert,
The luvvur un the freen;
Yee hay yur Meg, yur deerist pairt,
Un mee ma dawrlin Jeen!
It waarms mee, it chermz mee,
Tay menshun but hur naim:
It heets mee, it beets mee,
Un sets mee aw oan flaim!

O all ye Pow'rs who rule above!
O Thou, whose very self art love!
Thou know'st my words sincere!
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart,
Or my more dear Immortal part,
Is not more fondly dear!
When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her,
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world 's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!

When heart-corroding care and grief
Deprive my soul of rest,
Her dear idea brings relief,
And solace to my breast.
Thou Being, All-seeing,
O hear my fervent pray'r!
Still take her, and make her,
Thy most peculiar care!

All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow!
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had number'd out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!

Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill;
And oft a more *endearing* band,
A *tye* more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with,
My DAVIE or my JEAN!

O, how that *name* inspires my style!
The words come skelpan, rank and file,
Amaist before I ken!
The ready measure rins as fine,
As *Phoebus* and the famous *Nine*
Were glowran owre my pen.
My spavet *Pegasus* will limp,
Till ance he 's fairly het;
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,
And rin an unco fit:
But least then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll light now, and dight now,
His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with,
My Davie or my Jean!

O, how that name inspires my style!
The words come rushing, rank and file,
Almost before I know!
The ready measure runs as finely
As if Phoebus and the famous Nine (the Muses)
Were watching over my pen.

Fate still has blest me with a friend,
In ev'ry care and ill ;
And oft a more endearing band,
A tie more tender still.
It lightens, it brightens,
The tenebrific scene,
To meet with, and greet with
My Davie or my Jean !

Oa, hoo that naim inspiirz ma steil !
The wurdz cum skelpin, rank un feil,
Amaist ufoar A ken !
The reddie meezhur rinz az fein
Az Faibus un the faimus Nein
Wur glowrin owr ma pen.
Ma spaivit Paigazus wull limp,
Tull yins hee'z fairlie het ;
Un than hee'll hilsh un stilt un jimp,
Un rin un unca fet :
But leest than, the beest than,
Shid roo this haistie reid,
A'll likht noo, un dikht noo
Hiz sweetie, weezunt heid.

My spavined Pegasus will limp,
Till he 's really heated ;
And then he'll hobble, and halt, and jump,
And run a wonderful pace :
But lest then, the beast then,
Should rue this hasty ride,
I'll alight now, and wipe now
His sweaty, wizened hide.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A Brother Poet and Brother Fiddler.

(As usually printed.)

Auld Neebor,
I'm three times doubly owre your debtor
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter;
Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Ye speak sae fair;
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter,
Some less maun sair.

Hale be your heart! hale be your fiddle!
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle,
To cheer you thro' the weary widdle
O' war'ly cares;
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Your auld, gray hairs.

But Davie, lad, I'm rede ye're glaikit;
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit;
An' gif it 's sae, ye sud be lickit
Until ye fyke;
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit,
Be hained wha like.

For me, I'm on Parnassus' brink,
Rivin the words to gar them clink;
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink,
Wi' jauds or masons;
An' whyles, but aye owre late, I think
Braw sober lessons.

Old Neighbour,
I am doubly three times over your debtor
For your quaint, friendly letter;
Though I must say, I doubt you flatter,
You are so complimentary;
For my poor, feeble, rhyming nonsense
Something less must serve.

Whole be your heart, whole be your fiddle!
Long may your elbow jerk and swing,
To cheer you through the weary struggle
Of worldly cares;
Till children's children kindly fondle
Your old grey hairs.

SAICUNT AIPISUL TAY DAIVIE

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Awl Neebur,

A'm three teimz dooblie owr yur dettur
Fur yur awl-farrun, freenlie lettur ;
Thoa A mun say't, A doot yee flettur,
Yee speek say fair ;
Fur ma pair, sullie, reimin clattur
Sum less man sair.

Hail bee yur hert ! hail bee yur fiddul !
Lang may yur elbuck jink un diddul,
Tay cheer yee throo the weerie widdul
Oa wawrlie cairz ;
Till bairnz' bairnz keinlie cuddul
Yur awl gray hairz.

But Daivie, lawd, A'm red yee'r glaikit ;
A'm tawld the Maiz yee hay nigleckit ;
Un gif it 's say, yee shid bee lickit
Until yee feik ;
Sic hawnz az yoo sud neer bee faikit,
Bee haind hwaw leik.

Fur mee, A'm oan Parnassus' brink,
Riivin the wurdz tay gur thum clink ;
Hweilz daizt wi luv, hweilz daizt wi drink,
Wi jawdz or maisunz ;
Un hweilz, but ei owr lait, A think
Braw soabur lessunz.

But David, my boy, I'm informed that you have grown careless ;
I am told that you have neglected the Muse (Poetry) ;
And if it is so, you should be whipped,
Until you bestir yourself ;
Such hands as you should never be dispensed with,
Whoever may be spared.

As for me, I'm on the brink of Parnassus,
Tearing the words to make them rhyme ;
Sometimes dazed with love, sometimes with drink,
With girls or free-masons ;
And sometimes, but always too late, I think
Of fine sober lessons.

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Commen' me to the Bardie clan;
Except it be some idle plan
O' rhymin' clink,
The devil-haet, that I sud ban,
They ever think!

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
But just the pouchie put the nieve in,
An' while ought 's there,
Then, hiltie-skiltie, we gae scrievin,
An' fash nae mair.

Leeze me on rhyme! it 's aye a treasure,
My chief—amaist my only pleasure:
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,
She 's seldom lazy.

Haud to the Muse, my dainty Davie;
The warl' may play you mony a shavie;
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
Tho' e'er sae puir,
Na, even tho' limpin' wi' the spavie
Frae door to door.

Of all the thoughtless sons of man,
Commend me to the poet tribe;
Unless it be about some idle plan
Of rhyming verses,
Devil a bit do they ever think—
(That I should swear).

No thought, no foresight, no scheme of living,
No cares to give us joy or grief;
But just put our fist into our pocket,
And so long as there 's anything there,
Then, helter-skelter, we go on careering,
And worry no more.

Oa aw the thoakhtlus sunz oa man,
Coamen mee tay the Bawrdie clan ;
Exsep it bee sum eidul plan
O reimin clink,
The deevil-hait—thut A shid ban—
Thay ivvur think !

Nay thoakht, nay vyoo, nay scaim oa leevin,
Nay cairz tay gee us joaie or greevin ;
But jist the poochie pit the neev in,
Un hweil oakht's thair,
Than, hiltie-skiltie, wee gay screevin,
Un fash nay mair.

Leez mee oan reim ! it 's ei a treezhur,
Ma cheef—awmaist ma oanlie pleezhur ;
At haim, a-feel, at wark, or leezhur,
The Maiz, pair hizzie !
Thoa rukh un rapluch bee hur meezhur,
Shee'z seldum laizie.

Hawd tay the Maiz, ma dentie Daivie ;
The wawrl may play yee munnie a shaivie ;
But fur the Maiz, shee'll nivvur laiv yee,
Thoa eer say pair,
Na, een thoa limpin wi the spaivie
Fay doar tay doar.

Blessings on rhyme ! it 's always a treasure,
My chief—almost my only pleasure :
At home, in the field, at work or at leisure,
The Muse, poor girl !
Though rough and coarse be her measure,
She 's seldom lazy.

Keep to the Muse, my worthy David ;
The world may play you many a trick ;
But as for the Muse, she'll never leave you,
Though you be ever so poor,
No, even though you're limping with spavin
From door to door.

EPISTLE
TO A
YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY—1786.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon my lad,
And ANDREW dear believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end 's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but *human law*,
Are to a few restricked:

I HAVE long been thinking, my young friend,
Of sending you something,
Although it should serve no other end
Than just to be a kind remembrance.
But how the subject may go
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

You'll soon be trying the world, my lad,
And, dear Andrew, believe me,
You'll find mankind a queer lot,
And much they may grieve you.

TAY A YUNG FREEN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

A LANG hay thoakht, ma yithfa freen,
  A sumthing tay hay sent yee,
Thoa it shid sair nay ithur en
  Thun jist a kein mimenta;
But hoo the subjeck thaim may gang,
  Let teim un chans ditermin;
Maybee it may turn oot a sang;
  Maybee, turn oot a sermun.

Yee'll trii the wawrl sin, ma lad,
  Un, Anra deer, bileev mee,
Yee'll fin mankein an unca sqwaad,
  Un muckul thay may greev yee:
Fur cair un tribbul set yur thoakht,
  Een hwun yur en'z attaind;
Un aw yur vyooz may cum tay noakht,
  Hwawr ivrie nerv iz straind.

A'll noa say men ur villunz aw;
  The rai-ul, hardind wickit,
Hwaw hay nay check but hyoomun law,
  Ar tay a fyoo ristrickit:

Make up your mind to encountering care and trouble,
  Even when your end 's attained.
And all your aims may come to nought,
  Though you may have strained every nerve.

I'll not say that men are all villains.
  The real hardened wicked,
Who have no check except human law,
  Are restricted to a few.

But Och, mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted ;
If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
It 's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer :
A man may hae an *honest heart*,
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony ;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel 's ye can
Frae critical dissection ;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The *sacred lowe* o' weel plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it ;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it :

But O ! mankind are extraordinarily weak
And little to be trusted.
If Self shake the wavering balance,
It 's rarely rightly adjusted.

Yet we should not censure the fate of those
Who fail in the strife of fortune ;
For they may still equally attain
The important object of life.
A man may have an honest heart,
Though poverty hourly stare him in the face.
A man may take a neighbour's part,
And yet have no cash to spare him.

But Oakh ! mankein ur unca waik,
Un littul tay bee trustit ;
If self the waivrin balluns shaik,
It 's rairlie rikht udjustit.

Yet thay hwaw faw in Foartin'z streif,
Thur fait wee shidna senshur,
Fur still th' impoartunt en oa leif
Thay eeqwullie may ansur :
A man may hay an oanist hert,
Thoa pairtith oorlie stair um ;
A man may tak a neebur'z pairt,
Yet hay nay cash tay spair um.

Ei free, aff-hawn, yur stoarie tell,
Hwun wi a boazum croanie ;
But still keep sumthing tay yursel
Yee scairslie tell tay oanie.
Cunseel yursel az weel'z yee can
Fay creeticul dissekshun ;
But keek throo ivrie ithur man,
Wi sherpund, slee inspekshun.

The saicrid low oa weel-plaist luv,
Lukshooriuntlie indulj it ;
But nivvur temp th' illisit roav,
Thoa naything shid divulj it :

Always tell your story freely and off-hand,
When with a bosom companion ;
But still keep something to yourself
That you scarcely tell to any one.
Protect yourself as well as you can
From critical dissection ;
But peep through every other man
With sharpened, sly inspection.

Luxuriantly indulge the sacred flame
Of well-placed love ;
But never try illicit straying,
Though nothing should divulge it.

I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
The hazard of concealing ;
But Och ! it hardens *a' within,*
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her ;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
That 's justify'd by Honor :
Not for to *hide* it in a *hedge,*
Nor for a *train-attendant* ;
But for the glorious priviledge
Of being *independant.*

The *fear o' Hell 's* a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order ;
But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
Let that ay be your border :
It's slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side-pretences ;
And resolutely keep it's laws,
Uncaring consequences.

The great C R E A T O R to revere,
Must sure become the *Creature* ;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature :

I pass over the enormity of the sin
And the risk of concealing it ;
But O ! it hardens everything within
And petrifies the feeling !

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Wait upon her assiduously ;
And gather wealth by every artifice
That 's justified by honour :
Not in order to hide it in a hedge,
Nor to secure a train of followers ;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

A waiv the qwaantum oa the sin ;
  The hezurd oa cunseelin ;
But Oakh ! it hardinz aw within,
  Un petrifeez the feelin !

Tay cach Daim Foartin'z gowdun smeil,
  Asseedius wait upoan ur ;
Un gethur geer ba ivrie weil
  Thut 's justifeed ba oanur :
Noa fur tay heid it in a haij,
  Nor fur a train-attendunt ;
But fur the gloarius preevilaij
  Oa beein independunt.

The feer oa Hell'z a hangmun'z hwup
  Tay hawd the rech in oardur ;
But hwawr yee feel yur oanur grup,
  Let that ei bee yur boardur :
Its slikhtist tuchiz, instunt pawz—
  Debawr aw seid-pritensiz ;
Un raizolitly keep its lawz,
  Uncairin coansiqwensiz.

The grait Creeaitur tay riveer
  Must shair bicum the Craitur ;
But still the preechin cant furbeer,
  Un een the rijid faitur :

The fear of Hell is a hangman's whip
  To keep the wretch in order ;
But where you feel your honour grip,
  Let that always be your limit.
On its slightest touches pause instantly ;
  Avoid all side pretences ;
And resolutely keep its laws
  Without heeding the consequences.

To revere the great Creator
  Must surely become the Creature ;
But still avoid preaching-cant
  And even excessively grave looks.

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An *athiest-laugh 's* a poor exchange
For *Deity offended* !

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she gie a *random-sting,*
It may be little minded ;
But when on Life we're tempest-driven,
A Conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor* !

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
Your *heart* can ne'er be wanting !
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
Erect your brow undaunting !
In *ploughman phrase* 'G O D send you speed',
Still daily to grow wiser ;
And may ye better reck the *rede,*
Than ever did th' *Adviser* !

Yet never let complacence be extended so far
As to take part with profane wits.
An atheist's laugh is a poor exchange
For offended Deity !

When a man is romping round in pleasure's ring.
Religion may be blinded ;
Or if she now and then give a sting,
It may be little regarded.
But when on life we're tempest-driven
And a conscience is only a canker—
A correspondence fixed with Heaven
Is surely a noble anchor !

Yet neer wi Wuts proafain tay rainj,
  Bee coamplaisuns extendit ;
Un aithai-ist's lakh's a pair exchainj
  Fur Deeitie oafendit !

Hwun rantin roon in pleezhur'z ring,
  Rileejun may bee blindit ;
Or if shee gee a randum sting,
  It may be littul meindit ;
But hwun oan Leif wee'r tempust-drivn,
  A Coanshuns but a cankur—
A coaruspoanduns fixt wi Hivn
  Iz shair a noabul ankur !

Udyoo, deer, aimiubul Yith !
  Yur hert can neer bee waantin !
May Proodins, Foartityid un Trith
  Eereck yur broo undantin !
In ploomun fraiz, ' Goad sen yee speed ',
  Still dailie tay grow wiizur ;
Un may yee bettur reck the reed
  Thun ivvur did th' adviizur !

Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
  Your heart can never fail !
May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth
  Keep erect your undaunted brow.
In ploughman phrase, ' God speed you '
  Still daily to grow wiser ;
And may you heed the advice better
  Than ever did the adviser !

EPISTLE

TO

J. L*******K,

AN OLD SCOTCH BARD.

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitricks scraichan loud at e'en,
And morning Poossie whiddan seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin,
At *sang-about.*

There was ae *sang,* amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest,
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

WHILE briers and honeysuckle budding green,
And partridges screaming in the evening,
And the hare seen scampering in the morning,
Inspire my Muse,
I pray you to excuse this freedom
In an unknown friend.

On Shrove-Tuesday we had a spinning-bee,
To have a chat and weave our stockings;

TAY J. LAPRAIK,

UN AWL SCOACH BAWRD.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Hweil breeurz un wudbeinz buddin green,
Un paitricks scraikhin lood at een,
Un moarnin poossie hwiddin seen,
Inspiir ma Maiz,
This freedum, in an unnoan freen,
A pray excaiz.

Oan Fastineen wee hud a roakin,
Tay caw the crack un weev oor stoakin;
Un thur wiz muckul fun un joakin,
Yee needna doot;
At lenth wee hud a hertie yoakin,
At sang-uboot.

Thur wiz yay sang, umang the rest,
Ubin thum aw it pleezd mee best,
Thut sum kein huzbun hud addrest
Tay sum sweet weif:
It thirld the hert-stringz throo the brest (breest),
Aw tay the leif.

And there was much fun and joking,
You need not doubt.
At length we had a hearty set-to,
Singing songs in turn.

There was one song among the rest—
Above them all it pleased me best—
That some kind husband had addressed
To some sweet wife.
It thrilled the heart-strings through the breast
Quite to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be *Pope*, or *Steele*,
Or *Beattie's* wark;'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't,
An' sae about him there I spier't;
Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douse or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A *pint* an' *gill* I'd gie them *baith*,
To hear your crack.

I have scarcely ever heard described so well
What generous manly bosoms feel.
I thought, 'Can this be the work
Of Pope or Steele or Beattie?'
They told me it was by an odd sort of fellow
Who lived near Muirkirk.

To hear this set me fidgeting with eagerness;
And so I asked there about him.
Then all around who knew him declared
He had genius;
That no one excelled it, few came near it,
It was so fine.

A'v scairs herd awkht discreibd say weel,
Hwit jenrus, manlie boazumz feel;
Thoakht A, 'Can this bee Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?'
Thay tawld mee 'twiz an oad kein cheel
Uboot Mairkirk.

It pat mee fijjin-fain tay heer't,
Un say uboot um thair A speert;
Than aw thut kent um roon diclairt
Hee hud injein,
Thut nain exselld it, fyoo cam neer't,
It wiz say fein.

Thut, set um tay a peint oa ail (yull),
Un aithur doos or mairie tail,
Or reimz un sangz hee'd maid himsel,
Or wuttie cachiz,
'Tween Invurness un Tiviotdail,
Hee hud fyoo machiz.

Than up A gat, un swair an aith,
Thoa A shid pawn ma pyukh un graith,
Or dee a cajur pownie'z daith,
At sum deik-back,
A peint un jull, A'd gee thum baith,
Tay heer yoor crack.

That, set him to a pint of ale,
And to either a sober or a merry story,
Or to rhymes and songs that he had made himself,
Or to witty catches,
He had few equals
Between Inverness and Teviotdale.

Then up I got and swore an oath,
That, though I should pawn my plough and tackle,
Or die the death of a pedlar's pony
At the back of some wall,
I would give both a pint and a gill
To hear your talk.

But first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel enough.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer* like by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
To mak a *sang*?'
But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang.

What 's a' your jargon o' your Schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest Nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your Grammars?
Ye'd better taen up *spades* and *shools*,
Or *knappin-hammers*.

But first and foremost I should tell
That, almost as soon as I could spell,
I fell to versifying,
Though rude and rough.
Yet humming verses to one's self
Does well enough.

I am no true Poet,
But just a sort of chance maker of rhymes,
And have no pretence to learning.
Yet what does it matter?
Whenever my Muse glances at me,
I jingle verses at her.

But furst un foarmust, A shid tell,
Awmaist az sin az A cood spell,
A tay the crambo-jing-ul fell,
Thoa rid un rukh,
Yet crinnin tay a buddie'z sel
Diz weel inyukh.

A am nay Poa-it, in a sens,
But jist a Reimur leik, ba chens,
Un hay tay lairnin nay pritens;
Yet, hwit the maitur?
Hwuneer ma Maiz diz oan me glens,
A jing-ul at ur.

Yur critic-foak may coak thur noaz,
Un say, 'Hoo can yee eer propoaz,
Yoo hwaw ken hawrlie vairs fay proaz,
Tay mak a sang?'
But, ba yur leevz, ma lairnit foaz (fayz),
Yee'r mebbee rang.

Hwit's aw yur jargun oa yur skillz,
Yur Laitin naimz fur hoarnz un stillz?
If oanist Naitur maid yee fillz,
Hwit sairz yur grawmurz?
Yee'd bettur tain up spaidz un shillz,
Or nappin-hemmurz.

Your critic people may turn up their noses
And say, 'How can you who hardly know verse from prose
Ever propose
To make a song?'
But, by your leave, my learned foes,
Perhaps you're wrong.

What is all the jargon of your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools?
If honest Nature made you fools,
Of what use are your grammars?
You would better have taken up spades and shovels,
Or stone-breaking hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
Confuse their brains in *Colledge-classes*!
They *gang in* Stirks, and *come out* Asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That 's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' A L L A N 'S glee,
Or F E R G U S O N 'S, the bauld an' slee,
Or bright L * * * * * * * K 'S, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be *lear* eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' *real friends* I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fow,
I'se no insist;
But gif ye want ae friend that 's true,
I'm on your list.

A set of dull conceited blockheads,
Who confuse their brains in classes at college!
They go in calves and come out asses,
Plain truth to tell.
And then they think they'll climb Parnassus
By dint of Greek!

Give me one spark of Nature's fire,
That 's all the learning I desire;
Then, though I drudge through puddle and mire
At plough or cart,
My Muse, though homely in dress,
May touch the heart.

A set oa dull consaitit hashiz
Confaiz thur brainz in coaluj-classiz!
Thay gang in stirks, un cum oot assiz,
Plain trith tay speek;
Un sein thay think tay clim Parnassus
Ba dint oa Greek!

Gee mee yay spark oa Naitur'z fiir,
That 's aw the lairnin A diziir;
Than, thoa A druj throo dib un miir
At pyukh or cairt,
Ma Maiz, thoa haimlie in attiir,
May tuch the hert.

O for a spunk oa Allan'z glee,
Or Fairgisun'z, the bawld un slee,
Or brikht Lapraik's, ma freen tay bee,
If A can hit it!
That wid bee lair inyukh fur mee,
If A cood get it.

Noo, Sur, if yee hay freenz inyoo,
Thoa rai-ul freenz A bleev ar fyoo,
Yet if yur cattalog bee foo,
A'z noa insist;
But gif yee want yay freen thut 's troo,
A'm oan yur list.

O for a spark of Allan Ramsay's glee,
Or of Fergusson's, the bold and sly,
Or of bright Lapraik's, who is to be my friend,
If I can manage it!
That would be learning enough for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if you have enough friends—
Though real friends I believe are few—
Yet if your catalogue is full,
I shall not insist.
But if you want one true friend,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about *mysel,*
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends an' folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still,
As far abuse me.

There 's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair:
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But MAUCHLINE Race or MAUCHLINE Fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to *care,*
If we forgather.
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware,*
Wi' ane anither.

The *four-gill chap,* we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

I won't boast about myself,
As I don't like to tell my faults;
But friends and people that wish me well
Sometimes praise me;
Though, I must own, as many again
Abuse me just as much.

There 's one little fault they sometimes ascribe to me—
I like the girls—God forgive me!
For many a penny they wheedle out of me
At a dance or a fair.
Perhaps they give me something else
Which they can well spare.

A winna blaw uboot masel,
Az ull A leik ma fawts tay tell;
But freenz un foak thut wiss mee well (weel),
Thay sumteimz raiz mee;
Thoa A mun own, az munnie still
Az fawr ubaiz mee.

Thur 'z yay wee fawt they hweilz lay tay mee,
A leik the lassiz—Gid furgee mee!
Fur munnie a plack thay hweedul fay mee
At dans or fair;
Mebbee sum ithur thing they gee mee
Thay weel can spair.

But Mawkhlin rais or Mawkhlin fair,
A shid bee prood tay meet yee thair;
Wee'll gee yay nikht's dischairj tay cair,
If wee furgethur;
Un hay a swap oa reimin-wair
Wi yin unithur.

The fowr-jull chap, wee'z gur um clattur,
Un kirsin um wee reekin wattur;
Sein wee'll sit doon un tak oor hwittur,
Tay cheer oor hert;
Un faith, wee'z bee acqwaantit bettur
Ufoar wee pairt.

But at Mauchline race or Mauchline fair
I should be proud to meet you.
We'll give leave to care for one night
If we meet,
And have an exchange of verses
With one another.

We'll make the four-gill pot clatter,
And christen him with steaming water.
Then we'll sit down and take our drink
To cheer our hearts;
And faith, we'll be better acquainted
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish, warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To *catch-the-plack* !
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the *tide of kindness* warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers !

But to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle :
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whistle,
Your friend and servant.

Away, you selfish worldly people,
Who think that good manners, sense, and grace,
And even love and friendship, should give place
To money-grubbing !
I don't like to see your faces
Or hear your conversation.

But you whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,

Uwaw, yee selfish, wawrlie rais,
Hwaw think thut hevinz, sens, un grais,
Een luv un freenship, shid gee plais
Tay cach-the-plack!
A dinna leik tay see yur fais,
Nor heer yur crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But tay coanclid ma lang epissul,
Az ma awl pen'z woarn tay the grissul,
Twaw leinz fay yoo wud gur mee fissul,
Whaw am, maist fairvunt,
Hweil A can aithur sing, or hwussul,
Yoor freen un sairvunt.

Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But to conclude my long letter,
As my old quill-pen is worn to the gristle,
Two lines from you would make me tingle with pleasure,
Who am,
So long as I can either sing or whistle,
Your most fervent friend and servant.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME (J. LAPRAIK).

(As originally printed in the Kilmarnock edition.)

WHILE new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld L * * * * * K,
For his kind *letter*.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten-hours bite,
My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She 's saft at best an' something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy
This month an' mair,
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,
An' something sair.'

Her dowf excuses pat me mad;
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

WHILE newly-calved cows low at the stake
And ponies steam with heat in plough or harrow,
I take this hour on the edge of evening
To own that I am a debtor
To honest-hearted old Lapraik
For his kind letter.

I being sorely tired out, with weary legs,
After scattering the corn-seed over the ridges
Or dealing out among the horses
Their forenoon feed,
My awkward Muse earnestly pleads and begs
Me not to write.

TAY J. LAPRAIK

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Hweil nyoo-cawd kii rowt at the staik,
Un powniez reek in pyukh or braik,
This oor oan eenin'z aij A taik (tak),
Tay oan A'm dettur
Tay oanist-hertit, awl Lapraik,
Fur hiz kein lettur.

Furjeskit sair, wi weerie legz,
Rattlin the coarn ootowr the rigz,
Or dailin throo umang the naigz
Thur ten-oorz beit,
Ma awkurt Maiz sair pleedz un begz
A wudna reit.

The tappitlus, ramfeezult hizzie,
Shee 'z saft at best un sumthing laizie;
Koa shee, 'Yee ken wee'v been say bizzie
This munth un mair,
Thut trowth, ma heed iz grown rikht dizzie,
Un sumthing sair.'

Hur dowf exkaisiz pat mee mad;
'Coanshuns,' says A, 'yee thowlus jawd!
A'll reit, un that a hertie blawd,
This verra nikht;
Say dinna yee uffrunt yur tred,
But reim it rikht.

The benumbed and exhausted hussy—
At the best she 's soft and somewhat lazy—
Said she, 'You know we've been so busy
For a month and more,
That indeed my head has grown quite dizzy
And aches a little.'

Her stupid excuses made me mad.
'On my conscience,' said I, 'you pithless jade!
I'll write, and a hearty lot too,
This very night;
So don't you disgrace your trade,
But make it rhyme properly.

'Shall bauld L * * * * * K, the *king o' hearts,*
Tho' mankind were a *pack o' cartes,*
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms sae friendly,
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
An' thank him kindly?'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it:
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove, I'll prose it!'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that 's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your *moorlan harp*
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp*;
She 's but a b—tch.

'Shall bold Lapraik—the king of hearts
Though mankind were a pack of cards—
Praise you so well for your deserts
In such friendly terms;
And yet you'll neglect to show your skill,
And to thank him kindly?'

So I got paper in a moment,
And down went my stump of a quill pen in the ink.
Said I, 'Before I sleep a wink
I vow I'll finish it.
And if you won't make it rhyme,
By Jove! I'll write it in prose!'

'Shall bawld Lapraik, the keeng oa herts,
Thoa mankein wur a pack oa cairts,
Raiz yee say weel fur yur dizairts,
In tairmz say freenlie;
Yet yee'll nigleck tay shaw yur pairts
Un thenk um keinlie?'

Say A gat paipur in a blink,
Un doon gaid stumpie in the ink:
Koa A, 'Ufoar A sleep a wink,
A voo A'll cloaz it;
Un if yee winna mak it clink,
Ba Joav, A'll proaz it!'

Say A'v bigun tay scrawl, but hwithur
In reim, or proaz, or baith thegithur,
Or sum hoach-poach thut 's rikhtlie naithur,
Let teim mak priff;
But A shall scribbul doon sum blethur
Jist cleen aff-liff.

Ma wurdie freen, neer gruj un carp,
Thoa Foartin yaiz yee hard un sharp;
Cum, kittul up yur mairlun harp
Wi gleesum tuch!
Neer mein hoo Foartin waft un warp;
Shee 'z but a bich.

So I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or in prose, or in both together,
Or in some mixty-maxty that 's neither one nor the other,
Let time prove.
But I shall scribble down some nonsense
Just quite off-hand.

My worthy friend, don't grudge and carp,
Though Fortune may use you hardly and sharply.
Come, tickle up your moorland harp
With a gleeful touch!
Never mind how Fortune weaves the web!
She 's but a jade.

She 's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig ;
But by the L——d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang 's I dow !

Now comes the *sax an' twentieth* simmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year ;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the *city-gent*,
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame,
In some bit *Brugh* to represent
A *Baillie's* name ?

Or is 't the paughty, feudal *Thane*,
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae *sheep-shank bane*,
But lordly stalks,
While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks ?

She has given me many a jerk and kick
Since I could straddle over a furrow.
But, by the Lord ! though I should beg
With a grey head,
I'll laugh and sing and dance
As long as I can !

Now comes the twenty-sixth summer
In which I have seen the bud on the tree,
Still persecuted by the jade
From year to year ;
But yet, in spite of the inconstant hussy,
I, Rob, am here.

Shee 'z geen mee munnie a jirt un fleg
Sin A cood striddul owr a rig;
But by the Loard, thoa A shid beg
Wi liiurt pow,
A'll lakh, un sing, un shaik ma leg,
Az lang 'z A dow!

Noo cumz the sax-un-twintiuth simmur,
A'v seen the bud upoa the timmur,
Still pairsicyootit ba the limmur
Fay yeer tay yeer;
But yet, dispeit the kittul kimmur,
A, Roab, am heer.

Dee yee envii the sittie-jent,
Uhint a kist tay lee un sklent,
Or purs-prood, big wi sent pur sent,
Un muckul waim,
In sum bit brukh tay riprizent
A Beilie 'z naim?

Or is 't the pawkhtie, fyoodul Thain,
Wi ruffuld sark un glansin cain,
Hwaw thinks umsel nay sheep-shank bain,
But loardlie stawks,
Hweil keps un bunnits aff ar tain
Az bii hee wawks?

Do you envy the city-gent,
And long to lie and cheat behind a box,
Or purse-proud, swollen with cent per cent,
And a fat belly,
To represent in some small Borough
The name of Magistrate?

Or the haughty feudal nobleman
With ruffled shirt and polished cane,
Who thinks himself no small beer (bone of a sheep's leg),
But stalks with lordly gait,
While caps and bonnets are doffed
As he walks past?

'O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
Gie me o' *wit* an' *sense* a lift,
Then turn me, if *Thou* please, *adrift*,
Thro' Scotland wide;
Wi' *cits* nor *lairds* I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
'On pain o' *hell* be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to *Heav'n*, that 's no the gate
We learn our *creed*.

For thus the royal *Mandate* ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis *he* fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
And none but *he*.'

O *Mandate*, glorious and divine!
The followers o' the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dark as night!

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a *soul*,
May in some *future carcase* howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting *owl*
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

'O Thoo hwaw geez us each gid gift!
Gee mee oa wut un sens a lift,
Then turn mee, if Thoo pleez, udrift,
Throo Scoatlun weid;
Wi sits or lairdz A wudna shift,
In aw thur preid.'

Wur this the chartur oa oor stait,
'Oan pain oa hell bee rich un grait,'
Damnaishun than wid bee oor fait,
Uyoant rimeed;
But, thenks tay Heevn, that 's noa the gait
Wee lairn oor creed.

(The rest is mainly English.)

'O Thou who givest us each good gift!
Give me a modicum of wit and sense;
Then, if thou pleasest, turn me adrift
Through broad Scotland.
I wouldn't exchange with citizens or squires
In all their pride.'

If this were the charter of our state,
'On pain of hell be rich and great,'
Then damnation would be our fate
Without remedy.
But, thanks to Heaven, that is not the way
We learn our creed.

(The rest is mainly English.)

SONGS

AWA', WHIGS, AWA'!

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Awa', Whigs, awa'!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae gude at a'!

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our ancient crown 's fa'n in the dust,—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't!
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't!
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in Church and State,
Surpasses my describing:
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.
Awa', Whigs, &c.

Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap;
But we may see him wauken:
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!
Awa', Whigs, &c.

CHORUS.

Away, Whigs, away!
Away, Whigs, away!
You're but a pack of traitor rascals,
You'll do no good at all.

OUR thistles blossomed fresh and fair
And prettily bloomed our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June
And withered all our posies.

SONGS

UWAW, HWIGZ, UWAW!

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

Uwaw, Hwigz, uwaw!
Uwaw, Hwigz, uwaw!
Yee'r bit a pack oa traitur loonz,
Yee'll day nay gid uvaw!

OOR thrussulz flurisht fresh un fair,
Un boanie blimd oor roaziz;
But Hwigz cam leik a froast in Jin,
Un withurd aw oor poaziez.

Oor anshunt croon 'z fawn i the dust,—
Deel blin thum wi the stoor oa't!
Un reit thur naimz in hiz black byuk,
Hwaw gay the Hwigz the poor oa't!

Oor sad dicay in Kirk un Stait
Surpassiz ma discreivin;
The Hwigz cam owr us fur a curs,
Un wee hay din wi threivin.

Grim Venjins lang hiz tain a nap;
But wee may see um wawkin.
Gid help the day hwun roayul heedz
Ur huntit leik a mawkin!

Our ancient crown has fallen in the dust,—
The Devil blind its assailants with the dust of it,
And write in his black book the names of those men
Who gave the Whigs the power to pull it down.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my power of description.
The Whigs came over us for a curse
And we no longer thrive.

Grim Vengeance has long been asleep,
But we may see him waken.
God help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a hare!

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

(As usually printed.)

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see:
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.

Chorus.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our e'e;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That 's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
We are na fou, &c.

O Willie brewed a peck of malt,
And Rob and Allan came to see.
Three gayer hearts that livelong night
You wouldn't have found in Christendom.

Chorus.

We aren't drunk, we're not so drunk,
But have only a little drop in our eye.
The cock may crow, the day may dawn,
And still we'll taste the barley-brew (ale).

WULLIE BROOD A PECK OA MAWT.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

O Wullie brood a peck oa mawt,
  Un Roab un Allun cam tay see ;
Three bliithur herts, that lee-lang nikht,
  Yee wudna fun in Crissundee.

Koarus.

Wee arna foo, wee'r noa that foo,
  But jist a drappie in oor ee ;
The coak may craw, the day may daw,
  Un ei wee'll taist the bawrlie bree (bray).

Heer ar wee met, three mairie boaiez,
  Three mairie boaiez, I trow, ar wee ;
Un munnie a nikht wee'v mairie been,
  Un munnie may wee howp tay bee !

It is the min, A ken ur hoarn,
  Thut 's blinkin in the lift say hee ;
Shee sheinz say brikht tay weil us haim,
  But, ba ma sooth, shee'll wait a wee !

Hwaw furst shall reiz tay gang uwaw,
  A cuckuld, coourd loon iz hee !
Hwaw last useid hiz chair shall faw,
  Hee iz the keeng umang us three !

Here are we met, three merry boys ;
  Three merry boys, I trow, are we.
And many a night we've merry been,
  And many more we hope to be !

It is the moon—I know her horn—
  That 's glancing in the sky so high.
She shines so brightly to entice us home ;
  But, by my troth, she must wait a little !

The one who shall first rise to go away
  Is a cuckold coward caitiff.
The one who shall be the last to fall beside his chair
  Is the king among us three !

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spin her tow.

I BOUGHT my wife a stane o' lint,
As gude as e'er did grow;
And a' that she has made o' that,
Is ae poor pund o' tow.
The weary, &c.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
Beyont the ingle lowe;
And ay she took the tither souk,
To drouk the stourie tow.
The weary, &c.

Quoth I, for shame, ye dorty dame,
Gae spin your tap o' tow!
She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
She brak it o'er my pow.
The weary, &c.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
And or I wad anither jad,
I'll wallop in a tow.
The weary, &c.

CHORUS.

The weary pound, the weary pound,
The weary pound of tow;
I think my wife will end her life
Before she spins her tow.

I BOUGHT my wife a stone of lint,
As good as ever grew;
And all that she has made of that
Is one poor pound of tow.

THE WEERIE PUN OA TOW.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

The weerie pun, the weerie pun,
The weerie pun oa tow;
A think ma weif ull en hur leif
Ufoar shee spin hur tow.

A BOAKHT ma weif a stain oa lint,
Az gid az eer did grow;
Un aw thut shee hiz maid oa that,
Iz yay pair pun oa tow.

Thur sat a boatul in a boal
Uyoant the ing-ul low;
Un ei shee took the tithur sook,
Tay drook the stoorie tow.

Koa A, 'Fur shaim, yee dorty daim,
Gay spin yur tap oa tow!'
Shee took the roak, un wi a noak,
Shee brak it owr ma pow.

At last hur feet—A sang tay see't—
Gaid foarmust owr the now;
Un or A wad unithur jawd,
A'll waalup in a tow.

There sat a bottle in a niche
On the other side of the fire;
And she kept on taking another suck from it
To moisten the dusty tow.

Said I, 'For shame, you sulky dame,
Go spin your top of tow!'
She took the distaff, and with a blow
Broke it over my head.

At last her feet—I sang to see it—
Went foremost over the hill (to the churchyard);
And before I wed another jade,
I'll dangle in a rope (be hanged).

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

(As usually printed.)

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, spier nae mair;
But whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek and Meg was mild,
Bonie Meg was Nature's child;
Wiser men than me 's beguil'd—
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me.
How we love and how we gree;
I carena by how few may see—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;
I could write, but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

At first when Maggie was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air.
Now we're married, ask no more—
But whistle over the rest of it.

Mag was meek and Mag was mild,
Pretty Mag was Nature's child.
Wiser men than I are beguiled—
So whistle over the rest of it.

HWUSSUL OWR THE LAIV OA'T.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Furst hwun Maggie wiz ma cair,
Heevn, A thoakht, wiz in hur air;
Noo wee'r mairit, speer nay mair;
But hwussul owr the laiv oa't.

Meg wiz meek un Meg wiz meild,
Boanie Meg wiz Naitur'z cheild;
Weisur men thun mee 'z bigeild—
Say hwussul owr the laiv oa't.

Hoo wee leev, ma Meg un mee,
Hoo wee loo, un hoo wee gree;
A cairna bii hoo fyoo may see—
Hwussul owr the laiv oa't.

Whaw A wish wur magguts' meet,
Disht up in hur weindin-sheet,
A cood reit, but Meg mun see't—
Hwussul owr the laiv oa't.

How we live, my Mag and I,
How we love and how we agree,
I don't care how few may see—
Whistle over the rest of it.

Who I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write, but Mag must see it—
Whistle over the rest of it. (Say no more.)

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD

(As usually printed.)

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie;
Willie was a wabster gude,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O, Tinkler Maidgie was her mither,—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!

She has an e'e—she has but ane—
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither,—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her!

She 's bow-hough'd, she 's hem-shin'd,
Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:

Willie Wastle dwelt on the river Tweed,
The spot they called it Linkumdoddie:
Willie was a good weaver,
Who could have stolen a clew of yarn as well as anybody.
He had a wife who was stubborn and swarthy,—
O Tinker Madge was her mother—
Such a wife as Willie had,
I wouldn't give a button for her!

She has an eye—she has only one,—
The cat has two of the very same colour:
Five rusty teeth, besides a stump,
A tongue like a clapper which would deafen a miller;

SIC A WEIF AZ WULLIE HUD.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Wullie Wassul dwalt oan Tweed,
  The spoat thay cawd it Linkumdoadie ;
Wullie wiz a wabstur gid,
  Cood stown a cloo wi oanie buddie ;
Hee hud a weif wiz door un din,
  O Tinklur Maijie wiz hur mithur,—
Sic a weif az Wullie hud,
  A wudna gee a buttun fur ur.

Shee hiz an ee—shee hiz but yin—
  The cat hiz twaw the vurra cullur :
Fiiv roostie teeth, furbii a stump,
  A clappur-tung wud deev a mullur ;
A hwiskin baird uboot hur moo,
  Hur noaz un chin thay thraitun ithur,—
Sic a weif az Wullie hud,
  A wudna gee a buttun fur ur.

Shee 'z boo-hoakht, shee 'z hem-shind,
  Yay limpin leg a hawn-breed shoartur ;
Shee 'z twustit rikht, shee 'z twustit left,
  Tay balluns fair in ilka quaartur ;

A whisking beard round her mouth ;
  Her nose and chin threaten each other.—
Such a wife as Willie had,
  I wouldn't give a button for her !

Her thighs are bent, her shins are like hames,
  She has one limping leg a hand-breadth shorter than the other ;
She 's twisted right, she 's twisted left,
  To make the balance fair in each direction :

She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther,—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her!

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion:
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
Sic a wife as Willie had,—
I wadna gie a button for her!

She has a hump on her breast,
And another on her shoulder.—
Such a wife as Willie had,
I wouldn't give a button for her!

Old Pussy sits by the fire,
Washing her face with her paw;

Shee hiz a hump upoan hur breest,
The twin oa that upoan hur shoothur,—
Sic a weif az Wullie hud,
A wudna gee a buttun fur ur.

Awl bawdrunz ba the ing-ul sits,
Un wi hur liff hur fais a-waashin;
But Wullie'z weif is noa say trig,
Shee dikhts hur grunyie wi a hushun;
Hur wawlie neevz, leik middun-creelz,
Hur fais wud feil the Loagun-waatur;
Sic a weif az Wullie hud,
A wudna gee a buttun fur ur.

But Willie's wife isn't so tidy,
She wipes her snout with the foot of an old stocking.
Her big fists are like dung-baskets;
Her face would dirty the Logan River.—
Such a wife as Willie had,
I wouldn't give a button for her!

DUNCAN GRAY.

(As usually printed.)

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan Gray came here to woo.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
On gay Christmas night when we were tipsy.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
Maggy tossed her head on high,
Looked askance and mightily disdainful,
Made poor Duncan stand aloof.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!

Duncan begged and Duncan prayed.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
Meg was as deaf as Ailsa Rock.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!

DUNCUN GRAY.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Duncun Gray cam heer tay oo,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't,
On bliith Yill-nikht hwun wee wur foo,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.
Maggee kist hur heed foo heekh,
Lukt usklent un unca skeekh,
Gurt pair Duncun stawn ubeekh;
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.

Duncun fleecht un Duncun prayd,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't,
Meg wuz deef az Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.
Duncun sikht baith oot un in,
Grat his een baith bleert un blin,
Spak oa lowpin owr a linn;
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.

Time un chans ur but a teid,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't,
Slikhtit luv iz sair tay beid,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.
'Shall A, leik a fill,' koa hee,
'Fur a hawkhtie hizzie dee?
Shee may gay tay—Frans fur mee!'
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.

Duncan sighed both out-of-doors and in the house,
Cried till his eyes were both bleared and blind,
Talked of jumping over a waterfall.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!

Time and chance are but a tide.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
Slighted love is hard to bear.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
'Shall I, like a fool,' said he,
'For a haughty girl die?
She may go to—France for me.'
Ha, ha, what a wooing!

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg grew sick as he grew haill,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and cantie baith!
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it happens let doctors tell.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
Meg grew ill as he grew well.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief she fetches a sigh,
And O! her eyes spoke such things.
Ha, ha, what a wooing!

Hoo it cumz let doakturz tell,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't,
Meg groo seek az hee groo hail,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.
Sumthing in hur boazum ringz,
Fur rileef a sikh shee bringz:
Un Oa! hur een thay spak sic thingz.
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.

Duncun wiz a lawd oa grais,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't,
Maggee'z wiz a peetyus cais,
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.
Duncun coodnay bee hur daith,
Swallin peetie smairt hiz rath;
Noo thay'r croos un cantie baith!
Ha, ha, the ooin oa't.

Duncan was a kindly youth,
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
Maggy's was a pitiful case,
Ha, ha, what a wooing!
Duncan couldn't be her death,
Swelling pity smothered his wrath.
Now they're both jolly and happy,
Ha, ha, what a wooing!

SCOTS, WHA HAE.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

(As usually printed.)

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour:
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

Scots, who have bled with Wallace,
Scots, whom Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victory!

Now 's the day, and now 's the hour,
See the front of battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who is so base as to be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

SCOATS, HWAW HAY.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Scoats, hwaw hay wi Waalus bled,
Scoats, hwam Bris hiz oafun led,
Welcum tay yur goarie bed,
Or tay victorie!

Noo 'z the day, un noo 'z the oor;
See the frunt oa battul loor!
See uproach prood Aidwurd's poor—
Chainz un slaivurie!

Hwaw wull bee a traitur naiv?
Hwaw can full a coourd'z graiv?
Hwaw say bais az bee a slaiv?
Let him turn un flee!

Hwaw fur Scoatlun'z keeng un law
Freedum'z swurd wull stroanglie draw,
Freemun stawn, or freemun faw?
Let him foala mee!

Bii oapreshun'z wayz un painz!
Bii yoor sunz in sairveil chainz!
Wee wull drain oor deerist vainz,
But thay shall bee free!

Lay the prood yoozurpurz loa!
Tiirunts faw in ivrie foa!
Leeburtie 'z in ivrie bloa!
Let us day or dee!

Who for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fall?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty 's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

(As usually printed.)

Is there, for honest poverty,
  That hangs his head, and a' that ?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for a' that !
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Our toils obscure, and a' that :
    The rank is but the guinea's stamp ;
      The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hodden-gray, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man 's a man for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
    The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
      Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He 's but a coof for a' that :
    For a' that, and a' that,
      His riband, star, and a' that,
    The man of independent mind,
      He looks and laughs at a' that.

Is there any one who, because of honest poverty,
  Hangs his head and all that ?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
  We dare be poor for all that.
    For all that and all that,
      Our obscure toils and all that,
    The rank is but the stamp on the guinea,
      The man 's the gold for all that.

What though we dine on homely fare,
  Wear homespun cloth and all that ?
Give fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
  A man 's a man for all that.

FUR AW THAT, UN AW THAT.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Iz thur, fur oanist poavurtie,
  Thut hingz hiz heed, un aw that ?
The coourd slaiv, wee pass um bii,
  Wee dawr bee pair fur aw that !
    Fur aw that, un aw that,
      Oor teilz oabscyoor, un aw that ;
    The rank is but the geenie'z stamp ;
      The man 'z the gowd fur aw that.

Hwit thoa oan haimlie fair wee dein,
  Weer hoadun-gray, un aw that ?
Gee fillz thur sulks, un naivz thur wein,
  A man 'z a man fur aw that.
    Fur aw that, un aw that,
      Thur tinsul-shoa, un aw that ;
    The oanist man, thoa eer say pair,
      Iz keeng oa men fur aw that.

Yee see yoan birkie, cawd a loard,
  Hwaw struts, un stairz, un aw that ;
Thoa hunnurz wurship at hiz wurd,
  Hee 'z but a kiff fur aw that.
    Fur aw that, un aw that,
      Hiz ribbun, stawr, un aw that,
    The man oa indipendunt mein,
      Hee luks un lawkhs at aw that.

For all that and all that,
  Their tinsel show and all that,
The honest man, though ever so poor,
  Is king of men for all that.

You see that conceited fellow, called a lord,
  Who struts and stares and all that ;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He 's but a ninny for all that.
    For all that, and all that,
      His ribbon, star, and all that,
    The man of independent mind
      Looks and laughs at all that.

A prince can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith! he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and all that.
But to make an honest man 's beyond his power,
Good faith! he mustn't try that.
For all that, and all that,
Their dignities and all that,
The pith of sense and pride of worth
Are higher rank than all that.

A prinz can mak a beltit nikht,
A markis, dyook, un aw that;
But an oanist man'z ubin hiz mikht,
Gid faith! hee mannay faw that!
Fur aw that, un aw that,
Thur dignitiez, un aw that,
The pith oa sens, un preid oa wurth,
Ar heekhur rank thun aw that.

Than let us pray thut cum it may,
Az cum it wull fur aw that,
Thut sens un wurth owr aw the yurth
May beer the gree, un aw that.
Fur aw that, un aw that,
It 's cummin yet, fur aw that,
Thut man tay man the wawrl owr
Shall brithurz bee fur aw that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for all that,
That over all the earth sense and worth
May hold the foremost place, and all that.
For all that, and all that,
It 's coming yet for all that,
That man to man, the world over,
Shall brothers be for all that.

RANTIN' ROVIN' ROBIN.

(As usually printed.)

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But whatna day o' whatna style,
I doubt it 's hardly worth the while,
To be sae nice wi' Robin.

CHORUS.

Robin was a rovin' boy—
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin'—
Robin was a rovin' boy—
Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
'Twas than a blast o' Jan'war' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
Quo' scho, 'Wha lives will see the proof,
This waly boy will be nae coof,
I think we'll ca' him Robin.

'He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But ay a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit 'till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

'But sure as three times three mak' nine,
I see by ilka score and line,
This chap will dearly like our kin',
So leeze me on thee, Robin.'

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But on what day of which style (old or new),
I doubt it 's hardly worth while
To be so particular about Robin.

CHORUS.

Robin was a roving boy—
Roistering roving, roistering roving—
Robin was a roving boy—
Roistering roving Robin.

Our monarch's last year but one
Was five-and-twenty days begun;
'Twas then a blast of January wind
Blew welcome in on Robin.

RANTIN ROAVIN ROABIN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Thur wiz a lawd wiz boarn in Keil,
But hwitna day oa hwitna steil,
A doot it 's hawrlie wurth the hweil,
  Tay bee say neis wi Roabin.

CHORUS.

Roabin wiz a roavin boaie—
  Rantin roavin, rantin roavin—
Roabin wiz a roavin boaie—
  Rantin roavin Roabin !

Oor moanurk's hinmust yeer but yin
Wiz fiiv un twintie dayz begun,
'Twiz than a blast oa Jenwur win
  Bloo hansul in oan Roabin.

The goasup keekit in hiz liff ;
Koa shee, ' Hwaw leevz wull see the priff,
This wawlie boaie wull bee nay kiff,
  A think wee'll caw um Roabin.

' Hee'll hay misfoartinz grait un smaw,
But ei a hert ubin thum aw ;
Hee'll bee a craidit till us aw ;
  Wee'll aw bee prood oa Roabin.

' But shair az three teimz three maks nein,
A see ba ilka scoar un lein,
This chap wull deerlie leik oor kein,
  Say leez mee oan thee, Roabin.'

The gossip peeped into his palm ;
Said she, ' Who lives will see the proof,
This sturdy boy will be no ninny ;
  I think we'll call him Robin.

' He'll have misfortunes great and small,
But always a heart above them all :
He'll be a credit to us all ;
  We'll all be proud of Robin.

' But as sure as three times three make nine,
I see by every score and line (in his palm),
This lad will dearly like our kind (the fair sex),
  So blessings on thee, Robin.'

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye would na been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met ye on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I!
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that 's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

CHORUS.

O Bella, I have seen the day
When you would not have been so shy.
You despise me for lack of wealth;
But in truth I don't care.

YESTERDAY evening I met you on the moor;
You didn't speak, but went past as quickly as dust.
You mock at me because I am poor;
But devil a bit do I care.

TIBBIE, A HAY SEEN THE DAY.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

O Tibbie, A hay seen the day,
Yee wudna been say shii;
Fur laik oa geer yee likhtlie mee,
But, trowth, A cairna bii.

YISTREEN A met yee oan the mair,
Yee spak na, but gaid bii leik stoor;
Yee geck at mee bicawz A'm pair,
But feent a hair cair Ii!

A dootna, lass, but yee may think,
Bicawz yee hay the naim oa clink,
Thut yee can pleez mee at a wink,
Hwuneer yee leik tay trii.

But soara tak him thut 's say meen,
Ulthoa hiz pooch oa kein wur cleen,
Hwaw foalaz oanie sawsie queen
Thut luks say prood un hii.

I don't doubt, my lass, but that you may think
That, because you have the name of possessing cash,
You can please me at any moment,
Whenever you care to try.

But sorrow take the man that is so mean,
Although his pocket were empty of coin,
As to follow any saucy girl
That looks so proud and high.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart;
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier;
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
Be better than the kye.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice:
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

However smart a youth were,
If he hadn't the yellow dirt (gold),
You'll throw up your head in another direction
And give him a dry answer.

TAM GLEN.

(As usually printed.)

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen':
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There 's Lowrie, the laird o' Dumeller—
'Gude-day to you, brute!'—he comes ben;
He brags and he blaws o' his siller;
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

My heart is breaking, dear sister;
Come lend me some counsel.
It 's a pity to vex all my people;
But what shall I do with Tom Glen?

I do think that with such a fine fellow
I might manage to endure poverty.
What do I care to wallow in riches,
If I mustn't marry Tom Glen?

There 's Laurence, the squire of Dumeller—
He comes in saying, 'Good day to you, you brute!'

TAM GLEN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Ma hert iz a-brekkin, deer tittie,
  Sum coonsul untay mee cum len ;
Tay ang-ur thum aw iz a peetie,
  But hwit wull A day wi Tam Glen ?

A'm thinkin, wi sic a braw falla,
  In pairtith A mikht mak a fen ;
Hwit cair A in richiz tay waala,
  If A manna mairie Tam Glen ?

Thur'z Lowrie, the laird oa Dumellur—
  ' Gid day tay yee, brit ! '—hee cumz ben ;
Hee bragz un hee blawz oa hiz sullur ;
  But hwan wull hee dans leik Tam Glen ?

Ma minnie diz coanstuntlie deev mee,
  Un bidz mee biwair oa yung men ;
Thay flettur, shee sayz, tay diseev mee,
  But hwaw can think say oa Tam Glen ?

Ma daddie sayz, gin A'll fursaik um,
  Hee'll gee mee gid hunnur marks ten :
But if it 's oardaint A mun tak um,
  O hwaw wull A get but Tam Glen ?

He brags and boasts of his money ;
  But when will he dance like Tom Glen ?

My mother constantly deafens me with her advice,
  And bids me beware of young men.
She says that they flatter to deceive me ;
  But who can think so of Tom Glen ?

My father says that, if I'll forsake Tom,
  He'll give me a good thousand marks as a dowry.
But, if it is ordained that I must take him,
  Whom shall I get but Tom Glen ?

Yestreen at the valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen!

The last Halloween I was waukin
My drouket sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
His likeness cam up the house staukin—
The very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen!

Yesterday evening at the dealing out of valentines,
My heart leaped to my mouth;
For thrice without failing I drew one,
And thrice on it was written—'Tom Glen'!

At last All-Hallows'-Eve I was wringing,
As you know, the moistened sleeve of my chemise.
His likeness came stalking up the house—
The actual grey breeches of Tom Glen!

Yistreen at the vallinteenz' dailin,
Ma hert tay ma moo geed a sten;
Fur threis A droo yin weeoot failin,
Un threis it wiz rittun—Tam Glen!

The last Halla-een A wiz wawkin
Ma drookit sark-sleev, az yee ken;
Hiz leiknis cam up the hoos stawkin,
The verra gray breeks oa Tam Glen!

Cum coonsul, deer tittie, doant tairie;
A'll gee yee ma boanie black hen,
Gif yee wull udveiz mee tay mairie
The lawd A loo deerlie—Tam Glen!

Come counsel me, dear sister, don't delay.
I'll give you my pretty black hen,
If you'll advise me to marry
The lad I love dearly—Tom Glen!

THE BRAW WOOER.

(As usually printed.)

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me;
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
And vowed for my love he was deein;
I said he might dee when he liked for Jean—
The Lord forgie me for leein, for leein,
The Lord forgie me for leein!

A well-stockèd mailen—himsel' for the laird—
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenned it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers;
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad you think?—in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak' his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad, I could bear her!

Last May a fine wooer came down the long glen,
And sorely deafened me with his love;
I said there was nothing that I hated like men—
The deuce go with him to believe me!

He spoke of the darts of my pretty black eyes,
And vowed that he was dying for my love;
I said he might die when he liked for Jane—
The Lord forgive me for lying!

THE BRAW OOUR.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Last Mei a braw oour cam doon the lang glen,
  Un sair wi hiz luv hee did deev mee ;
A said thur wiz naything A haitit leik men—
  The dyoos gay wee um tay bileev mee, bileev mee ;
  The dyoos gay wee um tay bileev mee !

Hee spak oa the derts oa ma boanie black een,
  Un vood fur ma luv hee wiz deein ;
A said hee mikht dee hwun hee leikit fur Jeen—
  The Loard furgee mee fur leein, fur leein ;
  The Loard furgee mee fur leein !

A weel-stoakit mailin—himsel fur the laird—
  Un mairij aff-hawn, wur hiz proafurz ;
A nivvur lit oan thut A kend it, or caird,
  But thoakht A mikht hay wawr oafurz, wawr oafurz ;
  But thoakht A mikht hay wawr oafurz.

But hwit wid yee think ?—in a foartnikht or less,
  (The deel tak hiz taist tay gay neer ur !)
Hee up the lang loan tay ma black kizn Bess,—
  Gess yee hoo, the jawd ! A cood beer ur, cood beer ur ;
  Gess yee hoo, the jawd ! A cood beer ur.

A well-stocked farm—with himself for the landlord—
  And marriage at once, were his proffers ;
I never showed that I knew it, or cared,
  But thought I might have worse offers.

But what would you think ?—in a fortnight or less,
  (The devil take his taste to go near her !)
He went off up the long lane to my black cousin Bess—
  You may guess how I could bear her, the jade !

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there ?
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock ;
I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock !

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibors might say I was saucy ;
My wooer he capered as he'd been in drink,
And vowed I was his dear lassie, dear lassie ;
And vowed I was his dear lassie.

I spiered for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recovered her hearin',
And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet—
But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin', a swearin' ;
But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin' !

He beggèd, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow ;
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

But as I fretted with care all the next week,
I went to the Dalgarnock fair ;
And who was there but my fine fickle lover ?
I stared as if I had seen a warlock !

But I gave him a glance over my left shoulder,
Lest neighbours might say I was saucy ;
My wooer capered as if he had been drunk,
And vowed that I was his dear girl.

But aw the neest week az A frettit wi cair,
A gaid tay the treist oa Dalgawrnuck ;
But hwaw but ma fein fickul luvvur wiz thair !
A glowrd az A'd seen a wawrluck, a wawrluck ;
A glowrd az A'd seen a wawrluck !

But owr ma left shoothur A gay um a blink,
Lest neeburz mikht say A wiz sawsie ;
Ma oour hee caipurd az hee'd been in drink,
Un vood A wiz hiz deer lassie, deer lassie ;
Un vood A wiz hiz deer lassie.

A speert fur ma kizn foo coothie un sweet,
Gin shee hud ricuvurd hur heerin,
Un hoo ma awl shin fittit hur shawkhult feet—
But, Heevnz ! hoo hee fell a-sweerin, a-sweerin ;
But, Heevnz ! hoo hee fell a-sweerin !

Hee beggit, fur Gidsaik, A wud bee hiz weif,
Or els A wud kill um wi soara :
Say een tay prizairv the pair buddie in leif,
A think A mun wad um timoara, timoara ;
A think A mun wad um timoara.

I kindly and sweetly asked about my cousin,
Whether she had recovered her hearing,
And how my old shoes fitted her shapeless feet—
But, Heavens ! how he began to swear !

He begged, for Godsake, that I would be his wife,
Or else, he said, I would kill him with sorrow ;
So just to preserve the poor fellow in life,
I think I must wed him to-morrow !

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

O this is no my ain lassie,
Fair though the lassie be;
O weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her e'e.

I SEE a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:
It wants, to me, the witching grace,—
The kind love that 's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

She 's bonie, blooming, straight and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thrall;
And aye it charms my very saul,—
The kind love that 's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
But gleg as light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the e'e.
O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learnèd clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that 's in her e'e.
O this is no, &c.

CHORUS.

O this is not my own girl,
Fair though the girl be;
O well I know my own girl,
Kind love is in her eye.

I SEE a figure, I see a face,
You may well place with the fairest;
To me it wants the witching grace,
The kind love that 's in her eye.

O THIS IZ NOA MA AIN LASSIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

O this iz noa ma ain lassie,
Fair thoa the lassie bee ;
O weel ken A ma ain lassie,
Kein luv iz in hur ee.

A SEE a foarm, A see a fais,
Yee weel may wi the fairist plais,
It waants, tay mee, the wichin grais,
The kein luv thut 's in hur ee.

Shee 'z boanie, blimmin, strawkht un tawl,
Un lang hiz hud ma hert in thrawl ;
Un ei it chermz ma verra sawl,
The kein luv thut 's in hur ee.

A theef say pawkie iz ma Jeen,
Tay steel a blink, ba aw unseen ;
But gleg az likht ur luvvurz' een,
Hwun kein luv iz in the ee.

It may escaip the coortlie sparks,
It may escaip the lairnit clarks ;
But weel the wawchin luvvur marks
The kein luv thut 's in hur ee.

She 's pretty, blooming, straight, and tall,
And long has had my heart in thrall ;
And it always charms my very soul,
The kind love that 's in her eye.

So sly a thief is my Jane,
To steal a glance, unseen by all ;
But quick as light are lovers' eyes,
When kind love is in the eye.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
It may escape the learned clerks ;
But well does the watching lover mark
The kind love that 's in her eye.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she butt and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Earn,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

BY Ochtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonier lass,
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light 's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lawlands I hae been;
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

CHORUS.

Gay, gay and merry was she,
Gay was she all over the house.
Gay by the banks of the Earn,
And gay in Glenturret glen.

THE oak grows by Ochtertyre,
The birchwood grows on the banks of the Yarrow;
But Phemie was a prettier girl
Than the slopes of the Yarrow ever saw.

BLIITH WIZ SHEE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

Bliith, bliith un mairie wiz shee,
Bliith wiz shee butt un ben;
Bliith ba the banks oa Airn,
Un bliith in Glenturrit glen.

BA Oakhturtii-ur growz the aik,
Oan Yarra banks, the birkin shaw;
But Faimie wiz a boaniur lass
Thun brayz oa Yarra ivvur saw.

Hur luks wur leik a floor in Mei,
Hur smeil wiz leik a simmur moarn;
Shee trippit ba the banks oa Airn,
Az likht 's a burd upoan a thoarn.

Hur boanie fais it wiz az meek
Az oanie lam upoan a lee (lei);
The eenin sun wiz neer say sweet
Az wiz the blink oa Faimie'z ee.

The Heelun hullz A'v wawnurt weid,
Un owr the Lawlunz A hay been;
But Faimie wiz the bliithist lass
Thut ivvur troad the dyooie green.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morning.
She tripped by the banks of the Earn
As lightly as a bird upon a thorn.

Her pretty face was as meek
As that of any lamb on a lea.
The evening sun was never so sweet
As was the glance of Phemie's eye.

I've wandered widely over the Highland hills,
And I have been over the Lowlands;
But Phemie was the gayest maid
That ever trod the dewy green.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

Green grow the rashes, O ;
Green grow the rashes, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent amang the lasses, O.

THERE 's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O ;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O ;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !
Green grow, &c.

CHORUS.

Green grow the rushes, O ;
Green grow the rushes, O ;
The sweetest hours that ever I spend
Are spent among the girls, O.

THERE 'S nought but care on every hand,
In every hour that passes.
What signifies the life of man,
If it were not for the girls ?

GREEN GROW THE RASHIZ.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

Green grow the rashiz, O;
Green grow the rashiz, O;
The sweetist oorz thut eer A spen
Ar spent umang the lassiz, O.

THUR 'z noakht but cair oan ivrie hawn,
In ivrie oor thut passiz, O:
Hwit signifeez the leif oa man,
Un 'twurna fur the lassiz, O.

The wawrlie rais may richiz chais,
Un richiz still may flii thum, O;
Un thoa at last thay cach thum fast,
Thur herts can neer injoaie thum, O.

But gee mee a cawnie oor at een,
Ma airmz uboot ma deerie, O;
Un wawrlie cairz, un wawrlie men,
May aw gay tapsulteerie, O.

Worldly people may chase riches,
And riches may still escape them.
And although at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can never enjoy them.

But give me a quiet hour in the evening,
With my arms around my darling;
And worldly cares and worldly men
May all go topsyturvy.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
  Ye're nought but senseless asses, O;
The wisest Man the warl' e'er saw,
  He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
    Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
  Her noblest work she classes, O,
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
  An' then she made the lasses, O.
    Green grow, &c.

As for you who are so sober as to sneer at this,
  You are nought but senseless asses.
The wisest man the world ever saw (Solomon)
  Dearly loved the girls.

Fur yoo say doos, yee sneer at this,
  Yee'r noakht but senslus assiz, O:
The weisist man the wawrl eer saw,
  Hee deerlie lood the lassiz, O.

Awl Naitur sweerz, the luvlie deerz
  Hur noablist wark shee classiz, O;
Hur prentis hawn shee triid oan man,
  Un than shee maid the lassiz, O.

Old Nature swears that she classes
  The lovely dears as her noblest work.
She tried her apprentice hand on man,
  And then she made the girls.

MY NANIE, O.

(As usually printed.)

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night 's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie 's charming, sweet an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

Behind yonder hills, where Lugar flows
Among many moors and bogs,
The wintry sun has closed the day;
And I'll be off to Nanny.

The west wind blows loud and shrill;
The night 's both dark and rainy;
But I'll get my plaid and steal out,
And go over the hill to Nanny.

My Nanny 's charming, sweet and young.
She has no artful wiles to win you.

MA NANNIE, O.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Uhint yoan hullz hwawr Loogur floaz
'Mang mairz un moasiz munnie, O,
The wuntrie sun the day hiz cloazd,
Un A'll uwaw tay Nannie, O.

The waslin wun blawz lood un shill;
The nikht's baith mirk un rainie, O;
But A'll get ma pleid un oot A'll steel,
Un owr the hull tay Nannie, O.

Ma Nannie 'z chermin, sweet un yung;
Nay airtfa weilz tay win yee, O;
May ull bifaw the flattrin tung
Thut wid bigeil ma Nannie, O.

Hur fais iz fair, hur hert iz troo,
Az spoatlus az shee 'z boanie, O;
The oapnin gowun, wat wi dyoo,
Nay pyoorur iz thun Nannie, O.

A cuntra lawd iz ma digree,
Un fyoo thur bee thut ken mee, O;
But hwit cair A hoo fyoo thay bee,
A'm walcum ei tay Nannie, O.

May ill befall the flattering tongue
That would beguile my Nanny.

Her face is fair, her heart is true.
She 's as spotless as she 's pretty.
The opening daisy wet with dew
Is no purer than Nanny.

My degree is that of a country lad,
And there are few that know me.
But what care I how few they be?
I'm always welcome to Nanny.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl 's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

My cash-wage is my only riches,
And I must use it carefully.
But worldly wealth never troubles me.
My only thought is my Nanny.

Our old master delights to see
His sheep and cattle thrive well.

Ma richiz aw'z ma pennie-fee,
Un A mun geid it cannie, O;
But wawrl'z geer neer tribbulz mee,
Ma thoakhts ur aw ma Nannie, O.

Oor awl gidman dilikhts tay vyoo
Hiz sheep un kii threiv boanie, O;
But A'm az bliith thut hawdz hiz ploo,
Un hiz nay cair but Nannie, O.

Cum weel, cum way, A cairna bii,
A'll tak hwit Heevn 'ull sen mee, O.
Nay ithur cair in leif hay Ii
But leev un loo ma Nannie, O.

But I, who hold his plough, am as happy as he,
And have no care but Nanny.

Come weal, come woe, I care not.
I'll take whatever Heaven will send me.
I have no other care in life
Than to live and to love my Nanny.

MY NANNIE 'S AWA'.

(As usually printed.)

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it 's delightless—my Nannie 's awa'.

The snawdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie 's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the gray-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night-fa',
Give over for pity—my Nannie 's awa'.

Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me with tidings o' Nature's decay:
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw
Alane can delight me—now Nannie 's awa'!

Now in her green mantle gay Nature arrays herself,
And listens to the lambkins that bleat on the hillsides,
While birds warble a welcome in every green grove;
But to me it 's delightless—my Nannie 's away.

The snowdrop and primrose adorn our woods,
And violets bathe in the morning dew;
They blossom so sweetly that they bring pain to my sad bosom;
They remind me of Nannie—and Nannie 's away.

MA NANNIE 'Z UWAW.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Noo in hur green mantul bliith Naitur arrayz,
Un lissunz the lamkinz thut bleet owr the brayz;
Hweil burdz waarbul walcum in ilka green shaw,
But tay mee it 's dilikhtlus—ma Nannie 'z uwaw.

The snawdrap un primroaz oor wudlunz udoarn,
Un viiulits baith i the weet oa the moarn;
Thay pain ma sed boazum, say sweetlie thay blaw,
Thay mein mee oa Nannie—un Nannie 'z uwaw.

Thoo laivruck thut springz fay the dyooz oa the lawn,
The sheppurd tay waarn oa the gray-brekkin dawn,
Un thoo mella maivis thut hailz the nikht-faw,
Gee oavur fur peetie—ma Nannie 'z uwaw.

Cum awtum, say pensiv, in yella un gray,
Un sooth mee wi teidinz oa Naitur'z dicay;
The dark dreerie wuntur un weil dreivin snaw
Ulain can dilikht mee—noo Nannie 'z uwäw!

Thou lark that springest from the dews on the grass,
To warn the shepherd of the grey-breaking dawn;
And thou mellow thrush that hailest the approach of night,
For pity's sake cease—my Nannie 's away.

Come autumn, so pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me with tidings of Nature's decay;
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snow
Alone can delight me—now Nannie 's away.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

(As usually printed.)

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright—
Her lips, like roses wat wi' dew—
Her heaving bosom, lily-white,—
It was her een sae bonie blue!

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonie blue.
But, spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonie blue!

I WENT a sorrowful way yesterday evening,
A way, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I got my death-blow from two sweet eyes,
Two pretty eyes of lovely blue.
It was not her bright golden ringlets,
Or her lips like roses wet with dew,
Or her heaving lily-white bosom—
It was her eyes so lovely blue.

THE BLOO-EED LASSIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

A GAID a wayfa gait yistreen,
  A gait, A feer, A'll deerlie roo ;
A gat ma daith fay twaw sweet een,
  Twaw luvli een oa boanie bloo.
'Twiz noa hur gowdun ringlits brikht—
  Hur lips, leik roaziz wat wi dyoo—
Hur heevin boazum, lilie-hweit—
  It wiz hur een say boanie bloo !

Shee tawkt, shee smeild, ma hert shee weild,
  Shee chermd ma sawl—A wist na hoo ;
Un ei the stoon, the deedlie oon,
  Cam fay hur een say boanie bloo.
But, ' spair tay speek, un spair tay speed ' ;
  Shee'll aiblinz lissun tay ma voo ;
Shid shee rifaiz, A'll lay ma deed
  Tay hur twaw een say boanie bloo !

She talked, she smiled, she beguiled my heart,
  She charmed my soul, I knew not how ;
And still the pang, the deadly wound,
  Came from her eyes so lovely blue.
But ' spare to speak, and spare to speed ' ;
  Perhaps she'll listen to my vow.
Should she refuse, I'll ascribe my death
  To her two eyes so lovely blue.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!

WISHFULLY I look and languish,
In that bonie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Bonie wee, &c.

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
Bonie wee, &c.

CHORUS.

Pretty little one, gentle little one,
Lovely little one, if thou wert mine,
I should wear thee in my bosom,
Lest I should lose my jewel.

WISTFULLY I look and languish
In that pretty face of thine;

THE BOANIE WEE THING.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

Boanie wee thing, cawnie wee thing,
  Luvlie wee thing, wert thoo mein,
A wud weer thee in ma boazum,
  Lest ma jooul A shid tein!

WISHFULLY A luk un langwish,
  In that boanie fais oa thein;
Un ma hert it stoonz wi angwish,
  Lest ma wee thing bee na mein.

Wit, un Grais, un Luv, un Byootie,
  In yay coanstulaishun shein;
Tay udoar thee iz ma dyootie,
  Goadess oa this sawl oa mein!

And my heart throbs with anguish,
  Lest my little one be not mine.

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty
  In one constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
  Goddess of this soul of mine!

O FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

An' O for ane-and-twenty, Tam!
And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like bluntie, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun'—
And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na spier,
An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.
An' O for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel' hae plenty, Tam;
But hear'st thou, laddie—there 's my loof—
I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam!
An' O for, &c.

CHORUS.

And O! for one-and-twenty, Tom!
And ho! sweet one-and-twenty, Tom!
I'll teach my family a rattling song,
If I saw one-and-twenty, Tom.

THEY snub me severely, and keep me down,
And make me look stupid, Tom;
But three short years will soon wheel round—
And then comes one-and-twenty, Tom.

O FUR YIN-UN-TWINTIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

Un O fur yin-un-twintie, Tam!
Un hei, sweet yin-un-twintie, Tam!
A'll lairn ma kin a rattlin sang,
Un A saw yin-un-twintie, Tam.

THAY snill mee sair, un hawd mee doon,
Un gur mee luk leik bluntie, Tam;
But three shoart yeerz ull shin hweel roon—
Un than cumz yin-un-twintie, Tam.

A gleeb oa lawn, a clawt oa geer,
Wiz left mee ba ma antie, Tam;
At kith or kin A needna speer,
Un A saw yin-un-twintie, Tam.

Thay'll hay mee wad a walthie kiff,
Thoa A masel hay plentie, Tam;
But heerst thoo, lawdie—thair 'z ma liff—
A'm thein at yin-un-twintie, Tam!

A parcel of land and a handful of wealth
Were left me by my aunt, Tom.
I need not ask leave of friends or kindred,
If I saw one-and-twenty, Tom.

They'd have me wed a wealthy ninny,
Though I myself have plenty, Tom;
But dost thou hear, my lad—there 's my hand—
I'm thine at one-and-twenty, Tom!

WANDERING WILLIE.

(As usually printed.)

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Here awa', there awa', haud awa' hame;
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie;
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he 's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie 's my ain.

Hither, thither, wandering Willie,
Hither, thither, make for home.
Come to my bosom, my own only darling,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cold at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my eye;
Welcome now, Summer, and welcome, my Willie;
The summer to nature, my Willie to me!

WAWNURIN WULLIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

HEER uwaw, thair uwaw, wawnurin Wullie,
  Heer uwaw, thair uwaw, hawd uwaw haim;
Cum tay ma boazum, ma ain oanlie deerie;
  Tell mee thoo bringst mee ma Wullie the saim.

Wuntur wunz bloo lood un cawl at oor pairtin;
  Feerz fur ma Wullie broakht teerz in ma ee;
Walcum noo, simmur, un walcome, ma Wullie;
  The simmur tay Naitur, ma Wullie tay mee.

Rest, yee weil stoarmz, in the caiv oa yur slummurz;
  Hoo yur dreed howlin a luvvur ulermz!
Wawkin, yee breeziz, row jentlie, yee billoaz,
  Un waft my deer lawdie yins mair tay ma airmz.

But oh, if hee 'z faithlus, un meinz na hiz Nannie,
  Floa still utween us, thoo weid-roarin main;
May A nivvur see it, may A nivvur trow it,
  But, deein, bileev thut ma Wullie 'z ma ain.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers;
  How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Awake, ye breezes, roll gently, ye billows,
  And waft my dear sweetheart once more to my arms.

But O, if he 's faithless, and does not remember his Nanny,
  Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never think it,
  But, dying, believe that my Willie 's my own!

GALLA WATER.

(As usually printed.)

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
  Ye wander thro' the blooming heather:
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,
  Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
  Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
  The bonie lad o' Galla water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,
  And tho' I hae na meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
  We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
  That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
  O that 's the chiefest warld's treasure!

Ye handsome lads on the hills of Yarrow,
  You wander through the blooming heather;
But neither the hills of Yarrow nor the woods of Ettrick
  Can match the lads of Gala river.

But there is one, a secret one,
  I love him better than them all;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
  The handsome lad of Gala river.

GALLA WAATUR.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Braw, braw lawdz oan Yarra brayz,
  Yee wawnur throo the blimmin hethur;
But Yarra brayz, nor Ettrick shawz,
  Can mach the lawdz oa Galla waatur.

But thair iz yin, a saicrut yin,
  Ubin thum aw A loo um bettur;
Un A'll bee hiz, un hee'll bee mein,
  The boanie lawd oa Galla waatur.

Ulthoa hiz daddie wiz nay laird,
  Un thoa A hayna muckul toakhur;
Yet rich in keindist, trooist luv,
  Wee'll tent oor floaks ba Galla waatur.

It neer wiz walth, it neer wiz walth,
  Thut coaft coantentmunt, pees, or pleezhur;
The bawnz un bliss oa myootyooul luv,
  O that 's the cheefist wawrl'z treezhur.

Although his father was no squire,
  And though I haven't much dowry;
Yet rich in kindest truest love,
  We'll guard our flocks by Gala river.

It never was wealth, it never was wealth,
  That bought contentment, peace or pleasure;
The ties and bliss of mutual love—
  O that 's the world's best treasure.

A RED, RED ROSE.

(As usually printed.)

O MY luve 's like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June ;
O my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I ;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
O I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve !
And fare-thee-weel awhile !
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile !

O my luve 's like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June ;
O my luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

O MY love 's like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June ;
O my love 's like the melody
That 's sweetly played in tune.

I am as deep in love
As thou art fair, my pretty maiden ;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas go dry.

Till all the seas go dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun :

A RID, RID ROAZ.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

O MA luv 'z leik a rid, rid roaz
  Thut 's nyoolie sprung in Jin ;
O ma luv 'z leik the mailoadie
  Thut 's sweetlie playd in tin.

Az fair ert thoo, ma boanie lass,
  Say deep in luv am Ii ;
Un A wull luv thee still, ma deer,
  Till aw the seez gang drii.

Till aw the seez gang drii, ma deer,
  Un the roaks melt wi the sun ;
O A wull luv thee still, ma deer,
  Hweil the sawnz oa leif shall run (rin).

Un fair-thee-weel, ma oanlie luv !
  Un fair-thee-weel a hweil !
Un A wull cum ugain, ma luv,
  Thoa 'twur ten thoozun meil !

O ma luv 'z leik a rid, rid roaz
  Thut 's nyoolie sprung in Jin ;
O ma luv 'z leik the mailoadie
  Thut 's sweetlie playd in tin.

O I will love thee still, my dear,
  While the sands of life shall run.

And fare-thee-well, my only love !
  And fare-thee-well for a while !
And I will come again, my love,
  Though 'twere ten thousand miles !

O my love 's like a red, red rose
  That 's newly sprung in June ;
O my love 's like the melody
  That 's sweetly played in tune.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

(As usually printed.)

Comin' thro' the rye, poor body,
Comin' thro' the rye;
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye.

Chorus.

Oh, Jenny 's a' weet, poor body,
Jenny 's seldom dry:
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
Comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?
Oh, Jenny 's a' weet, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need the warld ken?
Oh, Jenny 's a' weet, &c.

Coming through the rye, poor thing,
Coming through the rye;
She draggled all her petticoat,
Coming through the rye.

Chorus.

O, Jenny 's quite wet, poor thing,
Jenny 's seldom dry;
She draggled all her petticoat,
Coming through the rye.

CUMMIN THROO THE RII.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Cummin throo the rii, pair buddie,
Cummin throo the rii;
Shee draigult aw hur petticoatie,
Cummin throo the rii.

Koarus.

O, Jennie 'z aw wat, pair buddie,
Jennie 'z seldum drii;
Shee draigult aw hur petticoatie,
Cummin throo the rii.

Gin a buddie meet a buddie
Cummin throo the rii;
Gin a buddie kiss a buddie,
Need a buddie crii?

Gin a buddie meet a buddie
Cummin throo the glen;
Gin a buddie kiss a buddie,
Need the wawrl ken?

If one meet somebody
Coming through the rye;
If one kiss somebody,
Need somebody cry?

If one meet somebody
Coming through the glen;
If one kiss somebody,
Need the world know?

FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY.

(As usually printed.)

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody:
Oh-hon! for somebody,
Oh-hey! for somebody:
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody!

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody:
Oh-hon! for somebody,
Oh-hey! for somebody:
I wad do—what would I not?
For the sake o' somebody!

My heart is sore—I daren't tell—
My heart is sore for somebody;
I could lie awake for a winter night
For the sake of somebody!
O dear for somebody!
O dear for somebody!
I could range round the world,
For the sake of somebody!

FUR THE SAIK OA SUMBUDDIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Ma hert iz sair—A dawrna tell—
  Ma hert iz sair fur sumbuddie.
A cood wawk a wuntur nikht
  Fur the saik oa sumbuddie.
    Oakhoan fur sumbuddie!
    Oakhei fur sumbuddie!
A cood rainj the wawrl uroon,
  Fur the saik oa sumbuddie!

Yee poorz thut smeil oan virtyoous luv,
  O sweetlie smeil oan sumbuddie!
Fay ilka dainjur keep um free,
  Un sen mee saif ma sumbuddie.
    Oakhoan fur sumbuddie!
    Oakhei fur sumbuddie!
A wid day—hwit wid A noa?—
  Fur the saik oa sumbuddie.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
  O, sweetly smile on somebody!
From every danger keep him free,
  And send me safe my somebody.
    O dear for somebody!
    O dear for somebody!
I would do—what would I not?—
  For the sake of somebody!

BONIE LESLEY.

(As usually printed.)

O saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed ower the Border ?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither !

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee ;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee ;
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee ! '

The powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha' na steer thee,
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonie.

Did you see fair Lesley,
As she went across the Border ?
She 's gone, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another like her.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
We are thy subjects before thee ;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
Men's hearts adore thee.

BOANIE LESLIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

O saw yee boanie Leslie,
  Az shee gaid owr the Boardur ?
Shee 'z gain, leik Alixandur,
  Tay spreed hur coanquests fawrdur.

Tay see hur iz tay luv hur,
  Un luv but hur fur ivvur ;
Fur naitur maid ur hwit shee iz,
  Un nivvur maid unithur.

Thoo ert a queen, fair Leslie,
  Thii subjicks wee, ufoar thee ;
Thoo ert divein, fair Leslie,
  The herts oa men udoar thee.

The deel hee coodna skaith thee,
  Or awkht thut wid bilang thee ;
Hee'd luk intay thii boanie fais,
  Un say, 'A canna rang thee.'

The Poorz ubin wull tent thee,
  Misfoartin shanna steer thee ;
Thoo'rt leik thumselz say luvlie,
  Thut ull thay'll neer let neer thee.

Riturn ugain, fair Leslie,
  Riturn tay Calidoanie !
Thut wee may brag wee hay a lass
  Thur 'z nain ugain say boanie.

The Devil couldn't harm thee,
  Or aught that might belong to thee ;
He'd look into thy pretty face,
  And say, 'I cannot wrong thee ! '

The Powers above will guard thee,
  Misfortune shall not disturb thee ;
Thou'rt like themselves so lovely,
  That they'll never let ill come near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
  Return to Scotland !
That we may boast we have a maid
  Compared with whom there is no other so pretty.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

(As usually printed.)

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There 's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There 's not a bonie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green;
There 's not a bonie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Of all the directions from which the wind can blow,
I dearly love the west,
For there the pretty maiden lives,
The maiden I love best.
There are wild woods that grow, and rivers that flow,
And many a hill between:
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever with my Jane.

OA AW THE AIRTS.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Oa aw the airts the wun can blaw,
  A deerlie leik the west,
Fur thair the boanie lassie leevz,
  The lassie A loo best:
Thur 'z weil wudz grow, un rivurz row,
  Un munnie a hull utween;
But day un nikht ma fansie'z flikht
  Iz ivvur wi ma Jeen.

A see hur in the dyooie floorz,
  A see hur sweet un fair:
A heer hur in the tinfa burdz,
  A heer hur cherm the air:
Thur 'z noa a boanie floor thut springz
  Bii foontun, shaw, or green;
Thur 'z noa a boanie burd thut singz,
  But meinz mee oa ma Jeen.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
  I see her sweet and fair,
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
  I hear her charm the air:
There 's not a pretty flower that springs,
  By fountain, grove, or meadow:
There 's not a pretty bird that sings,
  But reminds me of my Jane.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

(*Earlier Version.*)

(As usually printed.)

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

Ye flowery banks of lovely Doon,
How can you bloom so fair!
How can you sing, you little birds,
And I so full of care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou pretty bird,
That singest on the bough;
Thou remindest me of the happy days
When my false love was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou pretty bird,
That singest beside thy mate;

THE BANKS OA DIN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Yee floorie banks oa boanie Din,
  Hoo can yee blim say fair!
Hoo can yee chawnt, yee littil burdz,
  Un mee say foo oa cair!

Thoo'll brek ma hert, thoo boanie burd,
  Thut singz upoan the boo;
Thoo meinz mee oa the happie dayz
  Hwun ma faws luv wiz troo.

Thoo'll brek ma hert, thoo boanie burd,
  Thut singz useid thii mait;
Fur say A sat, un say A sang,
  Un wistna oa ma fait.

Aft hay A roavd ba boanie Din,
  Tay see the wudbein twein;
Un ilka burd sang oa its luv,
  Un say did A oa mein.

Wi likhtsum hert A pood a roaz,
  Fay aff its thoarnie tree;
Un ma faws luvvur staw the roaz,
  But left the thoarn wi mee.

For so I sat, and so I sang,
  And knew not of my fate.

Often have I roamed by lovely Doon,
  To see the honeysuckle twine;
And every bird sang of its love,
  And so did I of mine.

With light heart I pulled a rose
  Off its thorny bush;
And my false lover stole the rose,
  But left the thorn with me.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

(Later Version.)

(As usually printed.)

Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luver staw my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ye banks and slopes of lovely Doon,
How can you bloom so fresh and fair!
How can you sing, ye little birds,
And I so weary full of care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That flittest through the flowery thorn.
Thou remindest me of departed joys,
Departed never to return.

THE BANKS OA DIN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Yee banks un brayz oa boanie Din,
  Hoo can yee blim say fresh un fair!
Hoo can yee chant, yee littil burdz,
  Un mee say weerie foo oa cair!

Thoo'll brek ma hert, thoo waarblin burd,
  Thut waantunz throo the floorin thoarn;
Thoo meinz mee oa dipairtit joaiez,
  Dipairtit nivvur tay riturn.

Aft hay A roavd ba boanie Din,
  Tay see the roaz un wudbein twein;
Un ilka burd sang oa its luv,
  Un foandlie say did A oa mein.

Wi likhtsum hert A pood a roaz,
  Foo sweet upoan its thoarnie tree;
Un ma faws luvvur staw ma roaz,
  But ah! hee left the thoarn wi mee.

Often have I roamed by lovely Doon,
  To see the rose and honeysuckle twine.
And every bird sang of its love,
  And fondly so did I of mine.

With a gay heart I pulled a rose,
  So sweet upon its thorny bush.
And my false lover stole my rose;
  But Ah! he left the thorn with me.

AY WAUKIN O.

(As usually printed.)

SIMMER 's a pleasant time,
  Flowers of ev'ry colour;
The water rins owre the heugh,
  And I long for my true lover!

CHORUS.

Ay waukin O,
  Waukin still and weary:
Sleep I can get nane,
  For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
  When I wauk I'm eerie;
Sleep I can get nane,
  For thinking on my dearie.
Ay waukin, &c.

Lanely night comes on,
  A' the lave are sleepin':
I think on my bonie lad,
  And I bleer my een wi' greetin'.
Ay waukin, &c.

SUMMER 's a pleasant time
  With flowers of every colour;
The river runs into the ravine,
  And I long for my true lover.

CHORUS.

Always awake,
  Still awake and weary.
I can get no sleep
  For thinking on my darling.

EI WAWKIN O.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Simmur 'z a pleezunt teim,
Floorz oa ivrie cullur;
The waatur rinz owr the hyukh,
Un A loang fur ma troo luvvur.

Koarus.

Ei wawkin O,
Wawkin still un weerie.
Sleep A can get nain
Fur thinkin oan ma deerie.

Hwun A sleep A dreem,
Hwun A wawk A'm eerie;
Sleep A can get nain
Fur thinkin oan ma deerie.

Lainlie nikht cumz oan,
Aw the laiv ur sleepin;
A think oan ma boanie lawd,
Un A bleer ma een wi greetin.

When I sleep I dream,
When I awake I'm lonely;
I can get no sleep
For thinking on my darling.

Lonely night comes on,
All the rest are sleeping:
I think on my handsome sweetheart,
And I blear my eyes with weeping.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

BUT warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.
O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as thoug that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black ee,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin ye be,
For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.
O whistle, &c.

CHORUS.

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mother and every one should go mad,
O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

BUT be very careful when you come to court me,
And don't come unless the back-gate is ajar;
Then come up the back-way, and let nobody see,
And come as if you weren't coming to me.

O HWUSSUL, UN A'LL CUM TAY YEE, MA LAWD.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

O hwussul, un A'll cum tay yee, ma lawd,
O hwussul, un A'll cum tay yee, ma lawd;
Thoa faithur un mithur un aw shid gay mad,
O hwussul, un A'll cum tay yee, ma lawd.

BUT wawrilie tent, hwun yee cum tay coort mee,
Un cumna unless the back-yett bee ujee;
Sein up the back-steil, un let naybuddie see,
Un cum az yee werna cummin tay mee.

At kirk, or at markit, hwuneer yee meet mee,
Gang bii mee az thoa thut yee cairdna a flee;
But steel mee a blink oa yur boanie black ee,
Yet luk az yee werna lukkin at mee.

Ei voo un proatest thut yee cairna fur mee,
Un hweilz yee may likhtlie ma byootie a wee.
But coort na unithur, thoa joakin yee bee,
Fur feer thut shee weil yur fansie fay mee.

At church or at market, whenever you meet me,
Go past me as if you didn't care a fly;
But stealthily give me a glance from your pretty black eye,
And yet look as if you weren't looking at me.

Always vow and protest that you don't care for me,
And sometimes you may disparage my beauty a little.
But don't court another girl even in jest,
Lest she should beguile your fancy from me.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE.

(As usually printed.)

When o'er the hill the eastern star
  Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field
  Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks
  Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen at midnight hour,
  I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
  My ain kind dearie, O;
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,
  And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
  Along the burn to steer, my jo:
Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
  It mak's my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
  My ain kind dearie, O.

When the eastern star (Venus) shining over the hill,
  Tells folding-time is near, my dear,
And plough-oxen from the furrowed field
  Return so dull and weary;
Down by the brook, where scented birches
  Are hanging bright with dew, my dear;
I'll meet thee on the lea-ridge (unploughed strip),
  My own kind darling.

In the darkest glen at the hour of midnight,
  I'd roam and never feel afraid,
If through that glen I were going to thee,
  My own kind darling;

MA AIN KEIN DEERIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Hwun owr the hull the eesturn stawr
  Tellz bukhtin-teim iz neer, ma joa,
Un owsun fay the furrad feel
  Riturn say dowf un weerie, O;
Doon ba the burn, hwawr sentit birks
  Wi dyoo ur hingin cleer, ma joa,
A'll meet thee oan the lei-rig,
  Ma ain kein deerie, O.

In mirkist glen at midnikht oor
  A'd roav, un neer bee eerie, O,
If throo that glen A gaid tay thee,
  Ma ain kein deerie, O:
Ulthoa the nikht wur neer say weil,
  Un A wur neer say weerie, O,
A'd meet thee oan the lei-rig,
  Ma ain kein deerie, O.

The huntur looz the moarnin sun,
  Tay raiz the muntun deer, ma joa;
At nin the fishur seeks the glen,
  Ulang the burn tay steer, ma joa;
Gee mee the oor oa gloamin gray,
  It maks ma hert say cheerie, O,
Tay meet thee oan the lei-rig,
  Ma ain kein deerie, O.

Although the night were ever so wild,
  And I were ever so weary,
I'd meet thee on the lea-ridge,
  My own kind darling.

The sportsman loves the morning sun,
  To rouse the mountain deer, my dear;
At noon the fisherman seeks the glen,
  To roam along the brook, my dear;
Give me the hour of grey twilight,
  It makes my heart so cheerful,
To meet thee on the lea-ridge,
  My own kind darling.

MARY MORISON.

(As usually printed.)

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour;
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure—
The lovely Mary Morison!

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

O Mary, come to thy window,
It is the wished-for, the agreed-on hour;
Let me see those smiles and glances
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How gladly would I endure the struggle,
As a weary slave from sun to sun;
If I could secure the rich reward—
The lovely Mary Morison!

Last night, when to the trembling string (of the fiddle)
The dance went through the lighted hall,
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;

MAIRIE MOARISUN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

O Mairie, at thii wunda bee,
  It iz the wisht, the treistit oor!
Thay smeilz un glansiz let mee see,
  Thut mak the miizur'z treezhur poor (pair):
Hoo bliithlie wud A beid the stoor,
  A weerie slaiv fay sun tay sun,
Cood A the rich riwaard sicyoor,—
  The luvli Mairie Moarisun.

Yistreen, hwun tay the trumlin string,
  The dans gaid throo the likhtit haw,
Tay thee ma fansie took its wing,
  A sat, but naithur herd nur saw:
Thoa this wiz fair, un that wiz braw,
  Un yoan the toast oa aw the toon,
A sikht, un said umang thum aw,
  'Yee arna Mairie Moarisun.'

O Mairie, canst thoo reck hiz pees,
  Hwaw fur thii saik wud gledlie dee?
Or canst thoo brek that hert oa hiz,
  Hwawz oanlie fawt iz luvvin thee?
If luv fur luv thoo wilt na gee,
  At leest bee peetie tay mee shoan!
A thoakht unjentil canna bee
  The thoakht oa Mairie Moarisun.

Though this one was fair, and that one was finely dressed,
  And another the toast of the whole village,
I sighed, and said among them all,
  'You are not Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck the peace of him
  Who for thy sake would gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
  Whose only fault is loving thee?
If thou wilt not give love for love,
  At least show me pity;
An ungentle thought cannot be
  The thought of Mary Morison.

CA THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

(As usually printed.)

CHORUS.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonie dearie.

HARK, the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang!
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae chearie.

CHORUS.

Drive the ewes to the hills,
Drive them where the heather grows,
Drive them where the brooklet flows,
My pretty darling.

HARK, the thrush's evening song
Sounding among Clouden's woods!
Then let us go to fold the sheep,
My pretty darling.

CAW THE YOWZ TAY THE NOWZ.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

KOARUS.

Caw the yowz tay the nowz,
Caw thum hwawr the hedhur growz,
Caw thum hwawr the burnie rowz,
Ma boanie deerie.

HARK, the maivis' eenin sang
Soonin Cloodun'z wudz umang!
Than a-fawldin let us gang,
Ma boanie deerie.

Wee'll gay doon ba Cloodun seid,
Throo the haizulz spreedin weid,
Owr the waivz thut sweetlie gleid
Tay the min say cleerlie.

Yoanur Cloodun'z siilunt toorz,
Hwawr at minshein midnikht oorz,
Owr the dyooie bendin floorz,
Fairiez dans say cheerie.

We'll go down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide
Over the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon so clearly.

There are Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonlit midnight hours,
Over the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance so cheerily.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie!
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Thou shalt not fear ghost or goblin.
Thou'rt so dear to love and heaven
That no ill may come near thee,
My pretty darling.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stolen my very heart;

Gaist nur boagul shalt thoo feer;
Thoo'rt tay luv un heevn say deer,
Noakht oa ull may cum thee neer,
Ma boanie deerie.

Fair un luvlie az thoo ert,
Thoo hust stown ma vurra hert;
A can dee—but canna pairt,
Ma boanie deerie.

Hweil waaturz wimpul tay the see,
Hweil day blinks in the lift say hee,
Till clei-cawl daith sal blin ma ee,
Yee sal bee ma deerie!

I can die—but cannot part from thee,
My pretty darling.

While rivers ripple to the sea,
While day shines in the sky so high,
Till clay-cold death shall blind my eye,
You shall be my darling!

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

(As usually printed.)

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt—
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw;
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
That desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

O, if thou wert in the cold blast,
On yonder lea,
With my plaid on the windy side
I'd shelter thee:
Or if misfortune's bitter storms
Blew around thee,
My bosom should be thy shelter,
To share it all.

O, WERT THOO IN THE CAWL BLAST.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

O, WERT thoo in the cawl blast,
  Oan yoandur lee, oan yoandur lee,
Ma pleidie tay the ang-rie airt,
  A'd sheltur thee, A'd sheltur thee.
Or did misfoartin'z bittur stoarmz
  Uroon thee blaw, uroon thee blaw,
Thii beel shid bee ma boazum,
  Tay shair it aw, tay shair it aw.

Or wer A in the weildist waist,
  Say black un bair, say black un bair,
That daizurt wur a paradeis
  If thoo wert thair, if thoo wert thair.
Or wer A moanurk oa the gloab,
  Wi thee tay rain, wi thee tay rain,
The brikhtist jooul in ma croon
  Wud bee ma queen, wud bee ma queen.

Or if I were in the wildest waste,
  So black and bare,
That desert would be a paradise,
  If thou wert there;
Or if I were monarch of the globe,
  To reign with thee,
The brightest jewel in my crown
  Would be my queen.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?

(As usually printed.)

O CAN ye sew cushions? and can ye sew sheets?
And can ye sing bal-lu-loo when the bairn greets?
And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb!
And hee and baw birdie, my bonie wee lamb!
Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi' you?
Black 's the life that I lead wi' you;
Mony o' you, little for to gie you;
Hee, O! wee, O! what would I do wi' you?

O CAN you sew cushions? and can you sew sheets?
And can you sing balluloo when the child cries?
And hee and baw little bird, and hee and baw lamb!
And hee and baw little bird, my pretty little lamb!

O CAN YEE SHOO CUSHUNZ?

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

O CAN yee shoo cushunz ? un can yee shoo sheets ?
Un can yee sing balluloo hwun the bairn greets ?
Un hee un baw burdie, un hee un baw lam !
Un hee un baw burdie, ma boanie wee lam !
Hee O ! wee O ! hwit wid A day wee yee ?
Black 's the leif thut A leed wee yee !
Munnie oa yee, littul fur tay gee yee !
Hee O ! wee O ! hwit wid A day wee yee ?

Hee, O ! wee, O ! what would I do with you ?
Black 's the life that I lead with you !
Many of you, little to give you !
Hee, O ! wee, O ! what would I do with you ?

HIGHLAND MARY.

(As usually printed.)

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery!
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie:
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:

Ye banks and slopes and streams around
The castle of Montgomery!
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never muddy.
There may summer first unfold her robes,
And there tarry the longest;
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birch,
How rich the hawthorn blossom,

HEELUN MAIRIE.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Yee banks un brayz un streemz uroon
The cassul oa Mugumrie!
Green bee yur wudz, un fair yur floorz,
Yur waaturz nivvur drumlie.
Thair simmur furst unfawld hur roabz,
Un thair the lang-ist tairie;
Fur thair A took the last fairweel
Oa ma sweet Heelun Mairie.

Hoo sweetlie blimd the gay green birk,
Hoo rich the hawthoarn'z bloasum,
Az unnurneeth thur fraigrunt shaid
A claspt hur tay ma boazum!
The gowdun oorz, oan ainjul wingz,
Floo owr mee un ma deerie;
Fur deer tay mee, az likht un leif,
Wiz ma sweet Heelun Mairie.

Wi munnie a voo, un loakt embrais,
Oor pairtin wiz foo tendur;
Un plaijin aft tay meet ugain,
Wee toar oorselz usundur.

As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew over me and my darling;
For as dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

With many a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was most tender;
And promising often to meet again
We tore ourselves asunder.

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly:
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

But, oh! cruel death's untimely frost
That nipped my flower so early!
Now green is the sod, and cold is the clay
That wrap my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
That I often have kissed so fondly!

But O fell daith's unteimlie froast,
  Thut nipt ma floor say airlie !
Noo green 'z the soad, un cawl 'z the clei
  Thut raps ma Heelun Mairie !

O pail, pail noo thay roazie lips,
  A aft hay kisst say foanlie !
Un cloazd fur ei the sparklin glans
  Thut dwalt oan mee say keinlie ;
Un moaldrin noo in siilunt dust
  That hert thut lood mee deerlie !
But still within ma boazum'z coar
  Shall leev ma Heelun Mairie.

And closed for ever the sparkling glance
  That dwelt so kindly on me ;
And mouldering now in silent dust
  Is that heart that loved me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
  Shall live my Highland Mary.

AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER.

(As usually printed.)

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever,—
Ae fareweel, and then—for ever,
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee!
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae chearfu' twinkle lights me,—
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her—
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never lov'd sae kindly—
Had we never lov'd sae blindly—
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee!
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

One fond kiss, and then we sever!
One farewell, and then—for ever
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll promise thee.

Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me,
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Nothing could resist my Nancy.
Only to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

YAY FOAND KISS, UN THAN WEE SEVER.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Yay foand kiss, un than wee sever,
Yay fairweel, un than—fur ivvur
Deep in hert-rung teerz A'll plej thee!
Warrin sikhs un grainz A'll waij thee!

Hwaw shall say thut foartin greevz um,
Hweil the stawr oa howp shee leevz um?
Mee, nay cheerfa twinkul likhts mee;
Dawrk dispair uroon binikhts mee.

A'll neer blaim ma parshul fansie,
Naything cood rizist ma Nansie.
But tay see hur wiz tay luv ur,
Luv but hur, un luv fur ivvur.

Hud wee nivvur lood say keinlie,
Hud wee nivvur lood say blinlie,
Nivvur met—or nivvur pairtit,
Wee hud neer been broakun-hertit.

Fair-thee-weel, thoo furst un fairist!
Fair-thee-weel, thoo best un deerist!
Thein bee ilka joaie un treezhur,
Pees, injoaiemint, luv un pleezhur.

Yay foand kiss, un than wee sever,
Yay fairweel, ulas! fur ivvur!
Deep in hert-rung teerz A'll plej thee,
Warrin sikhs un grainz A'll waij thee.

If we had never loved so kindly,
If we had never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We should never have been broken-hearted.

Farewell, thou first and fairest!
Farewell, thou best and dearest!
Thine be every joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.

One fond kiss, and then we sever!
One farewell, alas!—for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll promise thee.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

(As usually printed.)

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo!

JOHN ANDERSON, my dear, John,
When we first knew each other,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your handsome brow was smooth.
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your white head,
John Anderson, my dear!

JOAN ANDURSUN, MA JOA.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

JOAN ANDURSUN, ma joa, Joan,
  Hwun wee wur furst acqwent (acqwaant);
Yur loaks wur leik the raivin,
  Yur boanie broo wiz brent.
But noo yur broo is beld, Joan,
  Yur loaks ur leik the snoa (snaw)
But blissinz oan yur froastie pow,
  Joan Andursun, ma joa!

Joan Andursun, ma joa, Joan,
  Wee clam the hull thigithur;
Un munnie a cantie day, Joan,
  Wee'v hud wi yin unithur:
Noo wee mun toatur doon, Joan,
  Un hawn in hawn wee'll goa (gay);
Un sleep thigithur at the fit,
  Joan Andursun, ma joa!

John Anderson, my dear, John,
  We climbed the hill together,
And many a happy day, John,
  We've had with one another.
Now we must totter down, John,
  And hand in hand we'll go;
And sleep together at the foot,
  John Anderson, my dear!

AULD LANG SYNE.

(As usually printed.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne ?

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidled i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And there 's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie 's a hand o' thine ;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine ;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Should old friendship be forgotten,
And never brought to remembrance ?
Should old friendship be forgotten,
And old long ago ?

Chorus.

For old long ago, my dear,
For old long ago,
We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For old long ago.

We two have run over the hills
And pulled the pretty daisies ;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Since old long ago.

AWL LANG SEIN.

(In Ayrshire Scotch.)

Shid awl acqwantuns bee furgoat,
Un nivvur broakht tay mein ?
Shid awl acqwantuns bee furgoat,
Un awl lang sein ?

Koarus.

Fur awl lang sein, ma deer,
Fur awl lang sein,
Wee'll tak a cup oa keinnus yet,
Fur awl lang sein.

Wee twaw hay run uboot the brayz,
Un pood the gowunz fein ;
But wee'v wawnurt munnie a weerie fit
Sin awl lang sein.

Wee twaw hay paidult in the burn,
Fay moarnin-sun tull dein ;
But seez utween us braid hay roard
Sin awl lang sein.

Un thair 'z a hawn, ma trustie feer,
Un gee 's a hawn oa thein ;
Un wee'll tak a rikht gid-wullie wakht,
Fur awl lang sein.

Un shairlie yoo'll bee yoor peint-stowp,
Un shairlie A'll bee mein ;
Un wee'll tak a cup oa keinnus yet,
Fur awl lang sein.

We two have paddled in the brook,
From morning-sun till dinner-time ;
But broad seas have roared between us
Since old long ago.

And there 's a hand, my trusty comrade,
And give me a hand of thine !
And we'll take a right hearty drink,
For old long ago.

And surely you'll stand your pint-pot (of ale),
And surely I'll stand mine,
And we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
For old long ago.

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